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VOL. II.

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To the Right Honourable

Charles Lord *Hallifax.*

MY LORD,

SImilitude of Manners and Studies is uſually mentioned as one of the ſtrongeſt Motives to Affection

and Eſteem; but the paſſionate Veneration I have for Your Lordſhip, I think, flows from an Admiration of Qualities in You, of which, in the whole courſe of theſe Papers, I have acknowledged my ſelf incapable. While I buſie my ſelf as a Stranger upon Earth, and can pretend to no other than being a Looker-on, You are conſpicuous in the Buſie and Polite



Polite World, both in the World of Men and that of Letters: While I am ſilent and unobſerv'd in publick Meetings, You are admired by all that approach You as the Life and Genius of the Converſation. What an happy Conjunction of different Talents meets in him whoſe whole Diſcourſe is at once animated by the Strength and Force of Reaſon, and adorned

dorned with all the Graces and Embelliſhments of Wit? When Learning irradiates common Life, it is then in its higheſt Uſe and Perfection; and it is to ſuch as Your Lordſhip, that the Sciences owe the Eſteem which they have with the active Part of Mankind. Knowledge of Books in recluſe Men, is like that ſort of Lanthorn which hides him who carries

ries it, and ſerves only to paſs through ſecret and gloomy Paths of his own; but in the Poſſeſſion of a Man of Buſineſs, it is as a Torch in the Hand of one who is willing and able to ſhew thoſe, who are bewildered, the Way which leads to their Proſperity and Welfare. A generous Concern for Your Country, and a Paſſion for every thing which is truly

Great

Great and Noble, are what actuate all Your Life and Actions; and I hope You will forgive me that I have an Ambition this Book may be placed in the Library of ſo good a Judge of what is valuable, in that Library where the Choice is ſuch, that it will not be a Diſparagement to be the meaneſt Author in it. Forgive me, my Lord, for taking this Occaſion of telling

ing all the World how ar-
dently I Love and Honour
You; and that I am with
he utmoſt Gratitude for
ll Your Favours,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

moſt Obliged,

moſt Obedient, and

moſt Humble Servant,

The Spectator.


BRITISH
OCT

THE SPECTATOR.

VOL. II.

Nº 81. *Saturday, June* 2. 1711.

Qualis ubi audito venantum murmure Tigris
Horruit in maculas —— Statius.

ABOUT the Middle of laſt Winter I went to ſee an Opera at the Theatre in the *Hay-Market*, where I could not but take Notice of two Parties of very fine Women, that had placed themſelves in the oppoſite Side-Boxes, and ſeemed drawn up in a kind of Battle-Array one againſt another. After a ſhort Survey of them, I found they were Patched differently; the Faces, on one Hand, being ſpotted on the right Side of the Forehead, and thoſe upon the other on the Left. I quickly perceived that they caſt hoſtile Glances upon one another; and that their Patches were placed in thoſe different Situations, as Party-Signals to diſtinguiſh Friends from Foes. In the Middle-Boxes, between theſe two oppoſite Bodies, were ſeveral Ladies who Patched indifferently on both Sides of their Faces, and ſeemed to ſit there with no other Intention but to ſee the Opera. Upon Enquiry I found, that the Body of *Amazons* on my right Hand were Whigs, and

those on my left, Tories: And that those who had placed themselves in the Middle-Boxes were a Neutral Party, whose Faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their Party with one Side or the other; insomuch that I observed in several of them, the Patches, which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the Whig or Tory Side of the Face. The Censorious say, That the Men whose Hearts are aimed at, are very often the Occasions that one Part of the Face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of Disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the Owner; and that the Patches turn to the Right or to the Left, according to the Principles of the Man who is most in Favour. But whatever may be the Motives of a few fantastical Coquets, who do not Patch for the publick Good so much as for their own private Advantage, it is certain, that there are several Women of Honour who patch out of Principle, and with an Eye to the Interest of their Country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so stedfastly to their Party, and are so far from sacrificing their Zeal for the Publick to their Passion for any particular Person, that in a late Draught of Marriage-Articles a Lady has stipulated with her Husband, That, whatever his Opinions are, she shall be at Liberty to patch on which Side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that *Rosalinda*, a famous Whig Partizan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful Mole on the Tory Part of her Forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many Mistakes, and given an Handle to her Enemies to misrepresent her Face, as tho' it had revolted from the Whig Interest. But, whatever this natural Patch may seem to insinuate, it is well known that her Notions of Government are still the same. This unlucky Mole, however, has mis-led several Coxcombs; and like the Hanging out of false Colours, made some of them converse with *Rosalinda* in what they thought the Spirit of her Party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected Fire, that has sunk them all at once. If *Rosalinda* is unfortunate in her Mole, *Nigranilla* is as unhappy in a Pimple, which forces her, against her Inclinations, to patch on the Whig Side.

I am told that many virtuous Matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial Spotting of the Face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a Zeal for their Cauſe, to what they could not be prompted by a Concern for their Beauty. This way of declaring War upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the Tygreſs, that ſeveral Spots riſe in her Skin when ſhe is angry, or as Mr. *Cowley* has imitated the Verſes that ſtand as the Motto of this Paper,

——— *She ſwells with angry Pride,*
And calls forth all her Spots on ev'ry Side.

WHEN I was in the Theatre the Time above-mentioned, I had the Curioſity to count the Patches on both Sides, and found the Tory Patches to be about Twenty ſtronger than the Whig; but to make Amends for this ſmall Inequality, I the next Morning found the whole Puppet-ſhew filled with Faces ſpotted after the Whiggiſh Manner. Whether or no the Ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their Forces I cannot tell; but the next Night they came in ſo great a Body to the Opera, that they out-numbered the Enemy.

THIS Account of Party-Patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to thoſe who live at a Diſtance from the faſhionable World: but as it is a Diſtinction of a very ſingular Nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a Parallel, I think I ſhould not have diſcharged the Office of a faithful SPECTATOR, had I not recorded it.

I have, in former Papers, endeavoured to expoſe this Party-Rage in Women, as it only ſerves to aggravate the Hatreds and Animoſities that reign among Men, and in a great Meaſure deprives the Fair Sex of thoſe peculiar Charms with which Nature has endowed them.

WHEN the *Romans* and *Sabines* were at War, and juſt upon the Point of giving Battel, the Women who were allied to both of them, interpoſed with ſo many Tears and Intreaties, that they prevented the mutual Slaughter which threatned both Parties, and united them together in a firm and laſting Peace.

I would recommend this noble Example to our *Britiſh* Ladies, at a Time when their Country is torn with ſo many unnatural Diviſions, that if they continue, it will

be a Misfortune to be born in it. The *Greeks* thought it ſo improper for Women to intereſt themſelves in Competitions and Contentions, that for this Reaſon, among others, they forbad them, under Pain of Death, to be preſent at the *Olympick* Games, notwithſtanding theſe were the publick Diverſions of all *Greece*.

AS our *Engliſh* Women excel thoſe of all Nations in Beauty, they ſhould endeavour to outſhine them in all other Accompliſhments proper to the Sex, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves as tender Mothers and faithful Wives, rather than as furious Partizans. Female Virtues are of a Domeſtick Turn. The Family is the proper Province for private Women to ſhine in. If they muſt be ſhewing their Zeal for the Publick, let it not be againſt thoſe who are perhaps of the ſame Family, or at leaſt of the ſame Religion or Nation, but againſt thoſe who are the open, profeſſed, undoubted Enemies of their Faith, Liberty, and Country. When the *Romans* were preſſed with a Foreign Enemy, the Ladies voluntarily contributed all their Rings and Jewels to aſſiſt the Government under a publick Exigence, which appeared ſo laudable an Action in the Eyes of their Countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a Law to pronounce publick Orations at the Funeral of a Woman in Praiſe of the deceaſed Perſon, which till that Time was peculiar to Men. Would our *Engliſh* Ladies, inſtead of ſticking on a Patch againſt thoſe of their own Country, ſhew themſelves ſo truly Publick-ſpirited as to ſacrifice every one her Necklace againſt the Common Enemy, what Decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

SINCE I am recollecting upon this Subject ſuch Paſſages as occur to my Memory out of ancient Authors, I cannot omit a Sentence in the celebrated Funeral Oration of *Pericles*, which he made in Honour of thoſe brave *Athenians* that were ſlain in a Fight with the *Lacedemonians*. After having addreſſed himſelf to the ſeveral Ranks and Orders of his Countrymen, and ſhewn them how they ſhould behave themſelves in the Publick Cauſe, he turns to the Female Part of his Audience; 'And as 'for you (ſays he) I ſhall adviſe you in very few Words: 'Aſpire only to thoſe Virtues that are peculiar to your 'Sex; follow your natural Modeſty, and think it your 'greateſt

'greateſt Commendation not to be talked of one way or 'other. C.

Nº 82. *Monday, June* 4.

——*Caput domina venale ſub haſta.* Juv.

PASSING under *Ludgate* the other Day, I heard a Voice bawling for Charity, which I thought I had ſomewhere heard before. Coming near to the Grate, the Priſoner called me by my Name, and deſired I would throw ſomething into the Box: I was out of Countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half-a-Crown. I went away reflecting upon the ſtrange Conſtitution of ſome Men, and how meanly they behave themſelves in all Sorts of Conditions. The Perſon who begged of me is now, as I take it, Fifty: I was well acquainted with him till about the Age of Twenty-five; at which Time a good Eſtate fell to him by the Death of a Relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good Fortune, he ran into all the Extravagancies imaginable; was frequently in drunken Diſputes, broke Drawers Heads, talked and ſwore loud, was unmannerly to thoſe above him, and inſolent to thoſe below him. I could not but remark, that it was the ſame Baſeneſs of Spirit which worked in his Behaviour in both Fortunes: The ſame little Mind was inſolent in Riches, and ſhameleſs in Poverty. This Accident made me muſe upon the Circumſtance of being in Debt in general, and ſolve in my Mind what Tempers were moſt apt to fall into this Error of Life, as well as the Misfortune it muſt needs be to languiſh under ſuch Preſſures. As for my ſelf, my natural Averſion to that Sort of Converſation which makes a Figure with the Generality of Mankind, exempts me from any Temptations to Expence; and all my Buſineſs lies within a very narrow Compaſs, which is only to give an honeſt Man who takes care of my Eſtate, proper Vouchers for his quarterly Payments to me, and obſerve what Linnen my Laundreſs brings and takes away with

her once a Week: my Steward brings his Receipt ready for my Signing; and I have a pretty Implement with the reſpective Names of Shirts, Cravats, Handkerchiefs and Stockings, with proper Numbers to know how to reckon with my Landreſs. This being almoſt all the Buſineſs I have in the World for the Care of my own Affairs, I am at full Leiſure to obſerve upon what others do, with relation to their Equipage and Oeconomy.

WHEN I walk the Street, and obſerve the Hurry about me in this Town,

Where with like Haſte, tho' different Ways, they run;
Some to undo, and ſome to be undone;

I ſay, when I behold this vaſt Variety of Perſons and Humours, with the Pains they both take for the Accompliſhment of the Ends mentioned in the above Verſes of *Denham*, I cannot much wonder at the Endeavour after Gain, but am extreamly aſtoniſhed that Men can be ſo inſenſible of the Danger of running into Debt. One would think it impoſſible a Man who is given to contract Debts ſhould know, that his Creditor has from that Moment in which he tranſgreſſes Payment, ſo much as that Demand comes to in his Debtor's Honour, Liberty and Fortune. One would think he did not know, that his Creditor can ſay the worſt Thing imaginable of him, to wit, *That he is unjuſt*, without Defamation; and can ſeize his Perſon, without being guilty of an Aſſault. Yet ſuch is the looſe and abandoned Turn of ſome Mens Minds, that they can live under theſe conſtant Apprehenſions, and ſtill go on to encreaſe the Cauſe of them. Can there be a more low and ſervile Condition, than to be aſhamed, or afraid, to ſee any one Man breathing? Yet he that is much in Debt, is in that Condition with relation to twenty different People. There are indeed Circumſtances wherein Men of honeſt Natures may become liable to Debts, by ſome unadviſed Behaviour in any great Point of their Life, or mortgaging a Man's Honeſty as a Security for that of another, and the like; but theſe Inſtances are ſo particular and circumſtantiated, that they cannot come within general Conſiderations:

For

For one ſuch Caſe as one of theſe, there are ten, where a Man, to keeep up a Farce of Retinue and Grandeur within his own Houſe, ſhall ſhrink at the Expectation of ſurly Demands at his Doors. The Debtor is the Creditor's Criminal, and all the Officers of Power and State, whom we behold make ſo great a Figure, are no other than ſo many Perſons in Authority to make good his Charge againſt him. Human Society depends upon his having the Vengeance Law allots him; and the Debtor owes his Liberty to his Neighbour, as much as the Murderer does his Life to his Prince.

OUR Gentry are, generally ſpeaking, in Debt; and many Families have put it into a Kind of Method of being ſo from Generation to Generation. The Father mortgages when his Son is very young; and the Boy is to marry as ſoon as he is at Age to redeem it, and find Portions for his Siſters. This, forſooth, is no great Inconvenienee to him; for he may Wench, keep a publick Table, or feed Dogs, like a worthy *Engliſh* Gentleman, till he has out-run half his Eſtate, and leave the ſame Incumbrance upon his Firſt-born, and ſo on, till one Man of more Vigour than ordinary goes quite through the Eſtate, or ſome Man of Senſe comes into it, and ſcorns to have an Eſtate in Partnerſhip, that is to ſay, liable to the Demand or Inſult of any Man living. There is my Friend Sir ANDREW, tho' for many Years a great and general Trader, was never the Defendant in a Law-Suit, in all the Perplexity of Buſineſs, and the Iniquity of Mankind at preſent: No one had any Colour for the leaſt Complaint againſt his Dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its Proportion as laudable in a Citizen, as it is in a General never to have ſuffered a Diſadvantage in Fight. How different from this Gentleman is *Jack Truepenny*, who has been an old Acquaintance of Sir ANDREW and my ſelf from Boys, but could never learn our Caution. *Jack* has a whoriſh unreſiſting good Nature, which makes him incapable of having a Property in any Thing. His Fortune, his Reputation, his Time, and his Capacity, are at any Man's Service that comes firſt. When he was at School, he was whipped thrice a Week for Faults he took upon him to excuſe others; ſince he

came into the Buſineſs of the World, he has been arreſted twice or thrice a Year for Debts he had nothing to do with, but as Surety for others; and I remember when a Friend of his had ſuffered in the Vice of the Town, all the Phyſick his Friend took was conveyed to him by *Jack*, and inſcribed, 'A Bolus or an Electuary for Mr. *Trueſ penny.*' *Jack* had a good Eſtate left him, which came to nothing; becauſe he believed all who pretended to Demands upon it. This Eaſineſs and Credulity deſtroy all the other Merit he has; and he has all his Life been a Sacrifice to others, without ever receiving Thanks, or doing one good Action.

I will end this Diſcourſe with a Speech which I heard *Jack* make to one of his Creditors, (of whom he deſerved gentler Uſage) after lying a whole Night in Cuſtody at his Suit.

SIR,

'YOUR Ingratitude for the many Kindneſſes I have 'done you, ſhall not make me unthankful for the 'Good you have done me, in letting me ſee there is ſuch 'a Man as you in the World. I am obliged to you for the 'Diffidence I ſhall have all the reſt of my Life: *I ſhall 'hereafter truſt no Man ſo far as to be in his Debt.* R

Nº 83. *Tueſday, June 5.*

——*Animum* pictura *paſcit* inani. Virg.

WHEN the Weather hinders me from taking my Diverſions without Doors, I frequently make a little Party with two or three ſelect Friends, to viſit any thing curious that may be ſeen under Covert. My principal Entertainments of this Nature are Pictures, inſomuch that when I have found the Weather ſet in to be very bad, I have taken a whole Day's Journey to ſee a Gallery that is furniſhed by the Hands of great Maſters. By this means, when the Heavens are filled with Clouds,

Clouds, when the Earth ſwims in Rain, and all Nature wears a low'ring Countenance, I withdraw my ſelf from theſe uncomfortable Scenes into the viſionary Worlds of Art; where I meet with ſhining Landskips, gilded Triumphs, beautiful Faces, and all thoſe other Objects that fill the Mind with gay Ideas, and diſperſe that Gloomineſs which is apt to hang upon it in thoſe dark diſconſolate Seaſons.

I was ſome Weeks ago in a Courſe of theſe Diverſions; which had taken ſuch an entire Poſſeſſion of my Imagination, that they formed in it a ſhort Morning's Dream, which I ſhall communicate to my Reader, rather as the firſt Sketch and Outlines of a Viſion, than as a finiſhed Piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long ſpacious Gallery, which had one ſide covered with Pieces of all the famous Painters who are now living, and the other with the Works of the greateſt Maſters that are dead.

ON the Side of the *Living*, I ſaw ſeveral Perſons buſie in Drawing, Colouring, and Deſigning; on the Side of the *Dead* Painters, I could not diſcover more than one Perſon at Work, who was exceeding ſlow in his Motion, and wonderfully nice in his Touches.

I was reſolved to examine the ſeveral Artiſts that ſtood before me, and accordingly applied my ſelf to the Side of the *Living*. The firſt I obſerved at Work in this Part of the Gallery was VANITY, with his Hair tied behind him in a Ribbon, and dreſſed like a *Frenchman*. All the Faces he drew were very remarkable for their Smiles, and a certain ſmirking Air which he beſtowed indifferently on every Age and Degree of either Sex. The *Toujours Gai* appeared even in his Judges, Biſhops, and Privy-Counſellors: In a Word, all his Men were *Petits Maitres*, and all his Women *Coquets*. The Drapery of his Figures was extremely well-ſuited to his Faces, and was made up of all the glaring Colours that could be mixt together; every Part of the Dreſs was in a Flutter, and endeavoured to diſtinguiſh it ſelf above the reſt.

ON the left Hand of VANITY ſtood a laborious Workman, who I found was his humble Admirer, and

copied after him. He was dreſſed like a *German*, and had a very hard Name that ſounded ſomething like STUPIDITY.

THE third Artiſt that I looked over was FANTASQUE, dreſſed like a *Venetian* Scaramouch. He had an excellent Hand at *Chimera*, and dealt very much in Diſtortions and Grimaces. He would ſometimes affright himſelf with the Phantoms that flowed from his Pencil. In ſhort, the moſt elaborate of his Pieces was at beſt but a terrifying Dream; and one could ſay nothing more of his fineſt Figures, than that they were agreeable Monſters.

THE fourth Perſon I examined, was very remarkable for his haſty Hand, which left his Pictures ſo unfiniſhed, that the Beauty in the Picture (which was deſigned to continue as a Monument of it to Poſterity) faded ſooner than in the Perſon after whom it was drawn. He made ſo much Haſte to diſpatch his Buſineſs, that he neither gave himſelf Time to clean his Pencils, nor mix his Colours. The Name of this expeditious Workman was AVARICE.

NOT far from this Artiſt I ſaw another of a quite different Nature, who was dreſſed in the Habit of a *Dutchman*, and known by the Name of INDUSTRY. His Figures were wonderfully laboured: If he drew the Portraiture of a Man, he did not omit a ſingle Hair in his Face; if the Figure of a Ship, there was not a Rope among the Tackle that eſcaped him. He had likewiſe hung a great Part of the Wall with Night-Pieces, that ſeemed to ſhew themſelves by the Candles which were lighted up in ſeveral Parts of them; and were ſo inflamed by the Sun-ſhine which accidentally fell upon them, that at firſt Sight I could ſcarce forbear crying out, *Fire*.

THE five foregoing Artiſts were the moſt conſiderable on this Side the Gallery; there were indeed ſeveral others whom I had not Time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear obſerving, who was very buſy in retouching the fineſt Pieces, though he produced no Originals of his own. His Pencil aggravated every Feature that was before over-charged, loaded every Defect, and poiſoned every Colour it touched. Though this Workman did ſo much Miſchief on the Side of the

Li-

Living, he never turned his Eye towards that of the Dead. His Name was ENVY.

HAVING taken a curſory View of one Side of the Gallery, I turned my ſelf to that which was filled by the Works of thoſe great Maſters that were dead; when immediately I fancied my ſelf ſtanding before a Multitude of Spectators, and thouſands of Eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared ſo like Men and Women, that I almoſt forgot they were Pictures. *Raphael*'s Figures ſtood in one Row, *Titian*'s in another, *Guido Rheni*'s in a third. One Part of the Wall was peopled by *Hannibal Carrache*, another by *Correggio*, and another by *Rubens*. To be ſhort, there was not a great Maſter among the Dead who had not contributed to the Embelliſhment of this Side of the Gallery. The Perſons that owed their Being to theſe ſeveral Maſters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the Variety of their Shapes, Complexions, and Cloaths; ſo that they looked like different Nations of the ſame Species.

OBSERVING an old Man (who was the ſame Perſon I before mentioned, as the only Artiſt that was at work on this Side of the Gallery) creeping up and down from one Picture to another, and retouching all the fine Pieces that ſtood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his Motions. I found his Pencil was ſo very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thouſand Touches, ſcarce produced any viſible Effect in the Picture on which he was employed. However, as he buſied himſelf inceſſantly, and repeated Touch after Touch without Reſt or Intermiſſion, he wore off inſenſibly every little diſagreeable Gloſs that hung upon a Figure. He alſo added ſuch a beautiful Brown to the Shades, and Mellowneſs to the Colours, that he made every Picture appear more perfect than when it came freſh from the Maſter's Pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the Face of this ancient Workman, and immediately, by the long Lock of Hair upon his Forehead, diſcovered him to be TIME.

WHETHER it were becauſe the Thread of my Dream was at an End I cannot tell, but upon my taking a Survey of this imaginary old Man, my Sleep left me. C

Wedneſday,

Nº 84. *Wedneſday, June 6.*

——— *Quis talia fando*
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles Ulyſſei
Temperet a Lachrymis. Virg.

LOOKING over the old Manuſcript wherein the private Actions of *Pharamond* are ſet down by way of Table-Book, I found many Things which gave me great Delight; and as human Life turns upon the ſame Principles and Paſſions in all Ages, I thought it very proper to take Minutes of what paſſed in that Age, for the Inſtruction of this. The Antiquary who lent me theſe Papers, gave me a Character of *Eucrate*, the Favourite of *Pharamond*, extracted from an Author who liv'd in that Court. The Account he gives both of the Prince and this his faithful Friend, will not be improper to inſert here, becauſe I may have Occaſion to mention many of their Converſations, into which theſe Memorials of them may give Light.

'*PHARAMOND*, when he had a Mind to retire 'for an Hour or two from the Hurry of Buſineſs and Fatigue of Ceremony, made a Signal to *Eucrate*, by putting his Hand to his Face, placing his Arm negligently 'on a Window, or ſome ſuch Action as appeared indifferent to all the reſt of the Company. Upon ſuch Notice, unobſerved by others, (for their entire Intimacy 'was always a Secret) *Eucrate* repaired to his own Apartment to receive the King. There was a ſecret Acceſs 'to this Part of the Court, at which *Eucrate* uſed to admit many whoſe mean Appearance in the Eyes of the 'ordinary Waiters and Door-keepers made them be repulſed from other Parts of the Palace. Such as theſe 'were let in here by Order of *Eucrate*, and had Audiences of *Pharamond*. This Entrance *Pharamond* called, '*the Gate of the Unhappy*, and the Tears of the Afflicted 'who came before him, he would ſay were Bribes received

ceived by *Eucrate*; for *Eucrate* had the moſt compaſſionate Spirit of all Men living, except his generous Maſter, who was always kindled at the leaſt Affliction which was communicated to him. In the Regard for the Miſerable, *Eucrate* took particular Care, that the common Forms of Diſtreſs, and the idle Pretenders to Sorrow, about Courts, who wanted only Supplies to Luxury, ſhould never obtain Favour by his Means: But the Diſtreſſes which ariſe from the many inexplicable Occurrences that happen among Men, the unaccountable Alienation of Parents from their Children, Cruelty of Husbands to Wives, Poverty occaſioned from Shipwreck or Fire, the falling out of Friends, or ſuch other terrible Diſaſters to which the Life of Man is expoſed; In Caſes of this Nature, *Eucrate* was the Patron; and enjoyed this Part of the royal Favour ſo much without being envied, that it was never enquired into by whoſe Means, what no one elſe cared for doing, was brought about.

'ONE Evening when *Pharamond* came into the Apartment of *Eucrate*, he found him extremely dejected; upon which he asked (with a Smile which was natural to him) "What, is there any one too miſerable to be relieved by *Pharamond*, that *Eucrate* is melancholy? I fear there is, anſwered the Favourite; a Perſon without, of a good Air, well Dreſſed, and tho' a Man in the Strength of his Life, ſeems to faint under ſome inconſolable Calamity: All his Features ſeem ſuffuſed with Agony of Mind; but I can obſerve in him, that it is more inclined to break away in Tears than Rage. I asked him what he would have; he ſaid he would ſpeak to *Pharamond*. I defired his Buſineſs; he could hardly ſay to me, *Eucrate*, carry me to the King, my Story is not to be told twice, I fear I ſhall not be able to ſpeak it at all. *Pharamond* commanded *Eucrate* to let him enter; he did ſo, and the Gentleman approached the King with an Air which ſpoke him under the greateſt Concern in what Manner to demean himſelf. The King, who had a quick Diſcerning, relieved him from the Oppreſſion he was under; and with the moſt beautiful Complacency ſaid to him, "Sir, do not add to that Load of Sorrow I ſee in your Countenance

" the Awe of my Preſence: Think you are ſpeaking to
" your Friend; if the Circumſtances of your Diſtreſs
" will admit of it, you ſhall find me ſo. To whom the
' Stranger: " Oh excellent *Pharamond*, name not a
" Friend to the unfortunate *Spinamont*. I had one, but
" he is dead by my own Hand; but, oh *Pharamond*,
" tho' it was by the Hand of *Spinamont*, it was by the
" Guilt of *Pharamond*. I come not, oh excellent Prince,
" to implore your Pardon; I come to relate my Sorrow,
" a Sorrow too great for human Life to ſupport: From
" henceforth ſhall all Occurrences appear Dreams or
" ſhort Intervals of Amuſement, from this one Afflicti-
" on which has ſeiz'd my very Being: Pardon me, oh
" *Pharamond*, if my Griefs give me Leave, that I lay
" before you, in the Anguiſh of a wounded Mind, that
" you, good as you are, are guilty of the generous Blood
" ſpilt this Day by this unhappy Hand: Oh that it had
" periſhed before that Inſtant! Here the Stranger pauſed,
' and recollecting his Mind, after ſome little Medi-
' tation, he went on in a calmer Tone and Geſture as
' follows.

" THERE is an Authority due to Diſtreſs, and to
" none of humane Race is above the Reach of Sorrow,
" none ſhould be above the Hearing the Voice of it; I
" am ſure *Pharamond* is not. Know then, that I have
" this Morning unfortunately killed in a Duel, the Man
" whom of all Men living I moſt loved. I command
" my ſelf too much in your royal Preſence, to ſay, *Pha-*
" *ramond*, give me my Friend! *Pharamond* has taken
" him from me! I will not ſay, ſhall the merciful *Pha-*
" *ramond* deſtroy his own Subjects? Will the Father
" of his Country murder his People? But, the merci-
" ful *Pharamond* does deſtroy his Subjects, the Father of
" his Country does murder his People. Fortune is ſo
" much the Purſuit of Mankind, that all Glory and Ho-
" nour is in the Power of a Prince, becauſe he has the
" Diſtribution of their Fortunes. It is therefore the
" Inadvertency, Negligence, or Guilt of Princes, to let
" any Thing grow into Cuſtom which is againſt their
" Laws. A Court can make Faſhion and Duty walk
" together; it can never, without the Guilt of a Court,
" happen, that it ſhall not be unfaſhionable to do what

is unlawful. But alas! in the Dominions of *Pharamond*, by the Force of a Tyrant Cuſtom, which is miſ-named a Point of Honour, the Duelliſt kills his Friend whom he loves; and the Judge condemns the Duelliſt, while he approves his Behaviour. Shame is the greateſt of all Evils; what avail Laws, when Death only attends the Breach of them, and Shame Obedience to them? As for me, oh *Pharamond*, were it poſſible to deſcribe the nameleſs Kinds of Compunctions and Tenderneſſes I feel, when I reflect upon the little Accidents in our former Familiarity, my Mind ſwells into Sorrow which cannot be reſiſted enough to be ſilent in the Preſence of *Pharamond*. With that he fell into a Flood of Tears, and wept aloud. Why ſhould not *Pharamond* hear the Anguiſh he only can relieve others from in Time to come? Let him hear from me, what they feel who have given Death by the falſe Mercy of his Adminiſtration, and form to himſelf the Vengeance called for by thoſe who have periſhed by his Negligence. R

N° 85. *Thurſday, June 7.*

Interdum ſpecioſa locis, morataque recte
Fabula nullius Veneris, ſine pondere & Arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliuſque moratur,
Quam verſus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ. Hor.

IT is the Cuſtom of the *Mahometans*, if they ſee any printed or written Paper upon the Ground, to take it up and lay it aſide carefully, as not knowing but it may contain ſome Piece of their *Alcoran*. I muſt confeſs I have ſo much of the *Muſſulman* in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed Paper which comes in my Way, under whatſoever deſpicable Circumſtances it may appear: For as no mortal Author, in the ordinary Fate and Viciſſitude of Things, knows to what Uſe his Works may, ſome Time or other, be applied, a Man may often meet with very celebrated Names in a Paper

Paper of Tobacco. I have lighted my Pipe more than once with the Writings of a Prelate; and know a Friend of mine, who, for theſe ſeveral Years, has converted the Eſſays of a Man of Quality into a kind of Fringe for his Candleſticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a Poem of an eminent Author on a Victory, I met with ſeveral Fragments of it upon the next rejoicing Day, which had been employed in Squibs and Crackers, and by that Means celebrated its Subject in a double Capacity. I once met with a Page of Mr. *Baxter* under a *Chriſtmas* Pye. Whether or no the Paſtry-Cook had made uſe of it through Chance or Waggery, for the Defence of that ſuperſtitious *Viande*, I know not; but upon the Peruſal of it, I conceived ſo good an Idea of the Author's Piety, that I bought the whole Book. I have often profited by theſe accidental Readings, and have ſometimes found very curious Pieces, that are either out of Print, or not to be met with in the Shops of our *London* Bookſellers. For this Reaſon, when my Friends take a Survey of my Library, they are very much ſurprized to find, upon the Shelf of Folios, two long Band-boxes ſtanding upright among my Books, till I let them ſee that they are both of them lined with deep Erudition and abſtruſe Literature. I might likewiſe mention a Paper Kite, from which I have received great Improvement; and a Hat-Caſe, which I would not exchange for all the Beavers in *Great Britain*. This my inquiſitive Temper, or rather impertinent Humour of prying into all Sorts of Writing, with my natural Averſion to Loquacity, give me a good deal of Employment when I enter any Houſe in the Country, for I cannot for my Heart leave a Room, before I have thoroughly ſtudied the Walls of it, and examined the ſeveral printed Papers which are uſually paſted upon them. The laſt Piece that I met with upon this Occaſion, gave me a moſt exquiſite Pleaſure. My Reader will think I am not ſerious, when I acquaint him that the Piece I am going to ſpeak of was the old Ballad of the *Two Children in the Wood*, which is one of the darling Songs of the common People, and has been the Delight of moſt *Engliſhmen* in ſome Part of their Age.

THIS

THIS Song is a plain ſimple Copy of Nature, deſtitute of all the Helps and Ornaments of Art. The Tale of it is a pretty tragical Story, and pleaſes for no other Reaſon but becauſe it is a Copy of Nature. There is even a deſpicable Simplicity in the Verſe; and yet becauſe the Sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the Mind of the moſt polite Reader with inward Meltings of Humanity and Compaſſion. The Incidents grow out of the Subject, and are ſuch as are the moſt proper to excite Pity; for which reaſon the whole Narration has ſomething in it very moving, notwithſtanding the Author of it (whoever he was) has deliver'd it in ſuch an abject Phraſe and Poorneſs of Expreſſion, that the quoting any Part of it would look like a Deſign of turning it into Ridicule. But though the Language is mean, the Thoughts, as I have before ſaid, from one End to the other are natural, and therefore cannot fail to pleaſe thoſe who are not Judges of Language, or thoſe who, notwithſtanding they are Judges of Language, have a true and unprejudiced Taſte of Nature. The Condition, Speech, and Behaviour of the dying Parents, with the Age, Innocence, and Diſtreſs of the Children, are ſet forth in ſuch tender Circumſtances, that it is impoſſible for a Reader of common Humanity not to be affected with them. As for the Circumſtance of the *Robin-red-breaſt*, it is indeed a little poetical Ornament; and to ſhew the Genius of the Author amidſt all his Simplicity, it is juſt the ſame kind of Fiction which one of the greateſt of the *Latin* Poets has made uſe of upon a parallel Occaſion; I mean that Paſſage in *Horace*, where he deſcribes himſelf when he was a Child, fallen aſleep in a deſart Wood and covered with Leaves by the Turtles that took pity on him.

Me fabuloſa Vulture in Appulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque ſomno
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes
Texere ———

I have heard that the late Lord *Dorſet*, who had the greateſt Wit tempered with the greateſt Candour, and was one of the fineſt Criticks as well as the beſt Poets

of his Age, had a numerous Collection of old *Engliſh* Ballads, and took a particular Pleaſure in the Reading of them. I can affirm the ſame of Mr. *Dryden*, and know ſeveral of the moſt refined Writers of our preſent Age who are of the ſame Humour.

I might likewiſe refer my Reader to *Moliere*'s Thoughts on this Subject, as he has expreſſed them in the Character of the *Miſanthrope*; but thoſe only who are endowed with a true Greatneſs of Soul and Genius can diveſt themſelves of the little Images of Ridicule, and admire Nature in her Simplicity and Nakedneſs. As for the little conceited Wits of the Age, who can only ſhew their Judgment by finding Fault, they cannot be ſuppoſed to admire theſe Productions which have nothing to recommend them but the Beauties of Nature, when they do not know how to reliſh even thoſe Compoſitions that, with all the Beauties of Nature, have alſo the additional Advantages of Art. L

Nº 86. *Friday, June* 8.

Heu quam difficile eſt crimen non prodere vultu! Ovid.

THERE are ſeveral Arts which all Men are in ſome meaſure Maſters of, without having been at the Pains of learning them. Every one that ſpeaks or reaſons is a Grammarian and a Logician, tho' he may be wholly unacquainted with the Rules of Grammar or Logick, as they are delivered in Books and Syſtems. In the ſame manner, every one is in ſome Degree a Maſter of that Art which is generally diſtinguiſhed by the Name of Phiſiognomy; and naturally forms to himſelf the Character or Fortune of a Stranger, from the Features and Lineaments of his Face. We are no ſooner preſented to any one we never ſaw before, but we are immediately ſtruck with the Idea of a proud, a reſerved, an affable, or a good-natured Man; and upon our firſt going into a Company of Strangers, our Benevolence or Averſion, Awe or Contempt, riſes naturally

ally towards ſeveral particular Perſons, before we ve heard them ſpeak a ſingle Word, or ſo much as ow who they are.

EVERY Paſſion gives a particular Caſt to the Coun- nance, and is apt to diſcover it ſelf in ſome Feature or er. I have ſeen an Eye curſe for half an Hour toge- r, and an Eye-brow call a Man Scoundrel. Nothing more common than for Lovers to complain, reſent, guiſh, deſpair, and die, in dumb Show. For my own rt, I am ſo apt to frame a Notion of every Man's Hu- our or Circumſtances by his Looks, that I have ſome- nes employed my ſelf from *Charing-Croſs* to the *Royal- change* in drawing the Character of thoſe who have ſſed by me. When I ſee a Man with a ſour rivell'd ce, I cannot forbear pitying his Wife; and when I eet with an open ingenuous Countenance, think on e Happineſs of his Friends, his Family, and Relations.

I cannot recollect the Author of a famous Saying to a anger who ſtood ſilent in his Company, *Speak that I y ſee thee:* But, with Submiſſion, I think we may be tter known by our Looks than by our Words, and t a Man's Speech is much more eaſily diſguiſed than Countenance. In this Caſe, however, I think the r of the whole Face is much more expreſſive than the nes of it: The Truth of it is, the Air is generally thing elſe but the inward Diſpoſition of the Mind ade viſible.

THOSE who have eſtabliſhed Phyſiognomy into an t, and laid down Rules of judging Mens Tempers by ir Faces, have regarded the Features much more than e Air. *Martial* has a pretty Epigram on this Subject.

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine laſus;
Rem magnam praſtas, Zoile, ſi bonus es.

Thy Beard and Head are of a different Die;
Short of one Foot, diſtorted in an Eye:
With all theſe Tokens of a Knave compleat,
Should'ſt thou be honeſt, thou'rt a dev'liſh Cheat.

I have ſeen a very ingenious Author on this Subject, ho founds his Speculations on the Suppoſition, That as Man hath in the Mould of his Face a remote Likeneſs

to

to that of an Ox, a Sheep, a Lion, an Hog, or any oth
Creature; he hath the ſame Reſemblance in the Fra
of his Mind, and is ſubject to thoſe Paſſions which a
predominant in the Creature that appears in his Cou
tenance. Accordingly he gives the Prints of ſeve
Faces that are of a different Mould, and by a little ov
charging the Likeneſs, diſcovers the Figures of theſe
veral Kinds of brutal Faces in human Features. I r
member in the Life of the famous Prince of *Conde* t
Writer obſerves, the Face of that Prince was like t
Face of an Eagle, and that the Prince was very w
pleaſed to be told ſo. In this Caſe therefore we may
ſure, that he had in his Mind ſome general implicit N
tion of this Art of Phiſiognomy which I have juſt no
mentioned; and that when his Courtiers told him
Face was made like an Eagle's, he underſtood them
the ſame Manner as if they had told him, there w
ſomething in his Looks which ſhewed him to be ſtro
active, piercing, and of a royal Deſcent. Whether
no the different Motions of the animal Spirits in differ
Paſſions, may have any Effect on the Mould of the Fa
when the Lineaments are pliable and tender, or whet
the ſame kind of Souls require the ſame kind of Hab
tations, I ſhall leave to the Conſideration of the Curio
In the mean Time I think nothing can be more glo
ous than for a Man to give the Lie to his Face, and
be an honeſt, juſt, good-natured Man, in ſpite of
thoſe Marks and Signatures which Nature ſeems to h
ſet upon him for the Contrary. This very often ha
pens among thoſe, who inſtead of being exaſperated
their own Looks, or envying the Looks of others, a
ply themſelves entirely to the cultivating of their Min
and getting thoſe Beauties which are more laſting a
more ornamental. I have ſeen many an amiable Pie
of Deformity; and have obſerved a certain Chearfuln
in as bad a Syſtem of Features as ever was clapped t
gether, which hath appeared more lovely than all t
blooming Charms of an inſolent Beauty. There is
double Praiſe due to Virtue, when it is lodged in a Bo
that ſeems to have been prepared for the Reception
Vice; in many ſuch Caſes the Soul and the Body do n
ſeem to be Fellows.

SOCR

SOCRATES was an extraordinary Inſtance of this ature. There chanced to be a great Phyſiognomiſt his Time at *Athens*, who had made ſtrange Diſco- ries of Mens Tempers and Inclinations by their outwad pearances. *Socrates*'s Diſciples, that they might put s Artiſt to the Tryal, carried him to their Maſter, om he had never ſeen before, and did not know he s then in Company with him. After a ſhort Exami- ion of his Face, the Phyſiognomiſt pronounced him moſt lewd, libidinous, drunken old Fellow that he d ever met with in his whole Life. Upon which the ſciples all burſt out a laughing, as thinking they had ected the Falſhood and Vanity of his Art. But *So- tes* told them, that the Principles of his Art might be y true, notwithſtanding his preſent Miſtake; for that himſelf was naturally inclined to thoſe particular Vices ich the Phyſiognomiſt had diſcovered in his Counte- nce, but that he had conquered the ſtrong Diſpoſitions was born with by the Dictates of Philoſophy.

WE are indeed told by an ancient Author, that *So- tes* very much reſembled *Silenus* in his Face; which find to have been very rightly obſerved from the tues and Buſts of both, that are ſtill extant; as well on ſeveral antique Seals and precious Stones, which frequently enough to be met with in the Cabinets of Curious. But however Obſervations of this Nature y ſometimes hold, a wiſe Man ſhould be particularly utious how he gives Credit to a Man's outward Ap- rance. It is an irreparable Injuſtice we are guilty of wards one another, when we are prejudiced by the oks and Features of thoſe whom we do not know. w often do we conceive Hatred againſt a Perſon of orth, or fancy a Man to be proud and ill-natured by Aſpect, whom we think we cannot eſteem too much en we are acquainted with his real Character? Dr. *ore*, in his admirable Syſtem of Echicks, reckons this ticular Inclination to take a Prejudice againſt a Man his Looks, among the ſmaller Vices in Morality, d if I remember, gives it the Name of a *Proſopo- ſia*.

L

Saturday.

N° 87. *Saturday, June* 9.

——*Nimium ne crede colori.* Virg.

IT has been the Purpoſe of ſeveral of my Speculati to bring People to an unconcerned Behaviour, w relation to their Perſons, whether beautiful or d ctive. As the Secrets of the *Ugly Club* were expo to the Publick, that Men might ſee there were ſo noble Spirits in the Age, who were not at all diſple with themſelves upon Conſiderations which they had Choice in; ſo the Diſcourſe concerning *Idols* tended leſſen the Value People put upon themſelves from pe nal Advantages and Gifts of Nature. As to the la Species of Mankind, the Beauties, whether Male Female; they are generally the moſt untractable Pe of all others. You are ſo exceſſively perplexed with Particularities in their Behaviour, that, to be at E one would be apt to wiſh there were no ſuch Creatu They expect ſo great Allowances, and give ſo little others, that they who have to do with them find in main, a Man with a better Perſon than ordinary, a beautiful Woman, might be very happily changed ſuch to whom Nature has been leſs liberal. The Ha ſome Fellow is uſually ſo much a Gentleman, and fine Woman has ſomething ſo becoming, that there no enduring either of them. It has therefore been ge rally my Choice to mix with chearful ugly Creatur rather than Gentlemen who are graceful enough to o or do what they pleaſe; or Beauties who have Cha enough to do and ſay what would be diſobliging in a but themſelves.

DIFFIDENCE and Preſumption, upon accou of our Perſons, are equally Faults; and both ariſe fr the Want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to kno our ſelves, and for what we ought to be valued or ne lected. But indeed, I did not imagine theſe little Con derations and Coquetries could have the ill Conſequen

I find they have by the following Letters of my Cor-ſpondents, where it ſeems Beauty is thrown into the ſcompt, in Matters of Sale, to thoſe who receive no vour from the Charmers.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *June* 4.

AFTER I have aſſured you I am in every reſpect ' one of the handſomeſt young Girls about Town — need be particular in nothing but the Make of my Face, which has the Misfortune to be exactly Oval. This I take to proceed from a Temper that naturally nclines me both to ſpeak and to hear.

' WITH this Account you may wonder how I can ave the Vanity to offer my ſelf as a Candidate, which now do, to a Society, where the SPECTATOR and *Hecatiſſa* have been admitted with ſo much Applauſe. don't want to be put in mind how very defective I m in every Thing that is ugly: I am too ſenſible of ny own Unworthineſs in this Particular, and therefore only propoſe my ſelf as a Foil to the Club.

' YOU ſee how honeſt I have been to confeſs all my mperfections, which is a great deal to come from a Woman, and what, I hope, you will encourage with he Favour of your Intereſt.

' THERE can be no Objection made on the Side of he matchleſs *Hecatiſſa*, ſince it is certain I ſhall be in o Danger of giving her the leaſt Occaſion of Jealouſy: And then, a Joint-Stool in the loweſt Place at the Table, is all the Honour that is coveted by

Your moſt Humble

and Obedient Servant,

ROSALINDA.

' P. S. I have ſacrificed my Necklace to put into the Publick Lottery againſt the Common Enemy. And laſt *Saturday*, about Three a Clock in the Afternoon, I began to patch indifferently on both Sides of my Face.

My

Mr. SPECTATOR, *London, June* 7, 1711.

'UPON reading your late Diſſertation concerning
'*Idols*, I cannot but complain to you that there
'are, in ſix or ſeven Places of this City, Coffee-houſes
'kept by Perſons of that Siſterhood. Theſe *Idols* ſit and
'receive all Day long the Adoration of the Youth within
'ſuch and ſuch Diſtricts: I know in particular, Goods
'are not entered as they ought to be at the Cuſtom-houſe,
'nor Law-Reports peruſed at the Temple: by reaſon of
'one Beauty who detains the young Merchants too long
'near Change, and another Fair one who keeps the
'Students at her Houſe when they ſhould be at Study.
'It would be worth your while to ſee how the Idola-
'ters alternately offer Incenſe to their *Idols*, and what
'Heart-burnings ariſe in thoſe who wait for their Turn
'to receive kind Aſpects from thoſe little Thrones
'which all the Company, but theſe Lovers, call the Bar.
'I ſaw a Gentleman turn as pale as Aſhes, becauſe a
'*Idol* turned the Sugar in a Tea-Diſh for his Rival, and
'careleſly called the Boy to ſerve him, with a *Sirrah!*
'*Why don't you give the Gentleman the Box to pleaſe him-*
'*ſelf?* Certain it is, that a very hopeful young Man was
'taken with Leads in his Pockets below Bridge, when
'he intended to drown himſelf, becauſe his *Idol* would
'waſh the Diſh in which ſhe had but juſt drank Tea, before
'ſhe would let him uſe it.

'I am, Sir, a Perſon paſt being Amorous, and do not
'give this Information out of Envy or Jealouſie, but
'am a real Sufferer by it. Theſe Lovers take any thing
'for Tea and Coffee; I ſaw one Yeſterday ſurfeit to
'make his Court; and all his Rivals, at the ſame time
'loud in the Commendation of Liquors that were
'againſt every Body in the Room that was not in Love.
'While theſe young Fellows reſign their Stomachs
'with their Hearts, and drink at the *Idol* in this manner, we who come to do Buſineſs, or talk Politicks
'are utterly poiſoned: They have alſo Drams for
'thoſe who are more enamoured than ordinary,
'and it is very common for ſuch as are too low
'in Conſtitution to ogle the *Idol* upon the Strength
'of Tea, to fluſter themſelves with warmer Li-

'quors

quors: Thus all Pretenders advance, as faſt as they can, to a Feaver or a Diabetes. I muſt repeat to you, that I do not look with an evil Eye upon the Profit of the *Idols*, or the Diverſions of the Lovers; what I hope from this Remonſtrance, is only that we plain People may not be ſerved as if we were Idolaters; but that from the time of publiſhing this in your Paper, the *Idols* would mix Ratsbane only for their Admirers, and take more Care of us who don't love them. I am,

SIR, Yours,

T. T.

N° 88. *Monday, June* 11.

Quid Domini facient, audent cum talia Fures? Virg.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *May* 30, 1711.

'I Have no ſmall Value for your Endeavours to lay 'before the World what may eſcape their Obſer-'vation, and yet highly conduces to their Ser-vice. You have, I think, ſucceeded very well on many Subjects; and ſeem to have been converſant in very different Scenes of Life. But in the Conſiderations of Mankind, as a SPECTATOR, you ſhould not omit Circumſtances which relate to the inferior Part of the World, any more than thoſe which concern the greater. There is one thing in particular which I wonder you have not touched upon, and that is the general Corruption of Manners in the Servants of *Great Britain*. I am a Man that have travelled and ſeen many Nations, but have for ſeven Years laſt paſt reſided conſtantly in *London*, or within twenty Miles of it: In this Time I have contracted a numerous Acquaintance among the beſt Sort of People, and have hardly found one of them happy in their Servants. This is Matter of great Aſtoniſhment to Foreigners, and all ſuch as have viſited Foreign Countries; eſpecially ſince we cannot but obſerve, That

'there is no Part of the World where Servants have 'thoſe Privileges and Advantages as in *England*: They 'have no where elſe ſuch plentiful Diet, large Wages, 'or indulgent Liberty: There is no Place wherein they 'labour leſs, and yet where they are ſo little reſpectful, 'more waſteful, more negligent, or where they ſo fre-'quently change their Maſters. To this I attribute, in a 'great meaſure, the frequent Robberies and Loſſes which 'we ſuffer on the high Road and in our own Houſes. 'That indeed which gives me the preſent Thought of 'this kind, is, that a careleſs Groom of mine has ſpoiled 'me the prettieſt Pad in the World with only riding him 'ten Miles; and I aſſure you, if I were to make a Re-'giſter of all the Horſes I have known thus abuſed by 'Negligence of Servants, the Number would mount a 'Regiment. I wiſh you would give us your Obſerva-'tions, that we may know how to treat theſe Rogues, 'or that we Maſters may enter into Meaſures to reform 'them. Pray give us a Speculation in general about Ser-'vants, and you make me

Yours,

Philo-Britannicus.

'P. S. PRAY do not omit the Mention of Grooms 'in particular.

THIS honeſt Gentleman, who is ſo deſirous that I ſhould write a Satyr upon Grooms, has a great deal of Reaſon for his Reſentment; and I know no Evil which touches all Mankind ſo much as this of the Behaviour of Servants.

THE Complaint of this Letter runs wholly upon Men-Servants; and I can attribute the Licentiouſneſs which has at preſent prevailed among them, to nothing but what an hundred before me have aſcribed it to, The Cuſtom of giving Board-Wages: This one Inſtance of falſe Oeconomy is ſufficient to debauch the whole Na-tion of Servants, and makes them as it were but for ſome Part of their Time in that Quality. They are either at-tending in Places where they meet and run into Clubs, or elſe, if they wait at Taverns, they eat after their Maſters

and reſerve their Wages for other Occaſions. From hence it ariſes, That they are but in a lower Degree what their Maſters themſelves are; and uſually affect an Imitation of their Manners: And you have in Liveries, Beaux, Fops, and Coxcombs, in as high Perfection as among People that keep Equipages. It is a common Humour among the Retinue of People of Quality, when in their Revels, that is when they are out of their Maſters Sight, to aſſume in a humorous Way the Names and Titles of thoſe whoſe Liveries they wear. By which means Characters and Diſtinctions become ſo familiar to them, that it is to this, among other Cauſes, one may impute a certain Inſolence among our Servants, that they take no Notice of any Gentleman though they know him ever ſo well, except he is an Acquaintance of their Maſter's.

MY Obſcurity and Taciturnity leave me at Liberty, without Scandal, to dine, if I think fit, at a common Ordinary, in the meaneſt as well as the moſt ſumptuous Houſe of Entertainment. Falling in the other Day at a Victualling-Houſe near the Houſe of Peers, I heard the Maid come down and tell the Landlady at the Bar, That my Lord Biſhop ſwore he would throw her out at Window if ſhe did not bring up more Mild Beer, and that my Lord Duke would have a double Mug of Purle. My Surprize was encreaſed, in hearing loud and ruſtick Voices ſpeak and anſwer to each other upon the publick Affairs, by the Names of the moſt Illuſtrious of our Nobility; till of a ſudden one came running in, and cry'd the Houſe was riſing. Down came all the Company together, and away! The Ale-Houſe was immediately filled with Clamour and ſcoring one Mug to the Marquiſs of ſuch a Place, Oyl and Vinegar to ſuch an Earl, three Quarts to my new Lord for wetting his Title, and ſo forth. It is a Thing too notorious to mention the Crowds of Servants, and their Inſolence, near the Courts of Juſtice, and the Stairs towards the Supreme Aſſembly, where there is an univerſal Mockery of all Order, ſuch riotous Clamour and licentious Confuſion, that one would think the whole Nation lived in Jeſt, and there were no ſuch thing as Rule and Diſtinction among us.

THE next Place of Reſort, wherein the ſervile World are let looſe, is at the Entrance of *Hide-Park*, while the Gentry are at the Ring. Hither People bring their Lacquies out of State, and here it is that all they ſay at their Tables, and act in their Houſes, is communicated to the whole Town. There are Men of Wit in all Conditions of Life; and mixing with theſe People at their Diverſions, I have heard Coquets and Prudes as well rallied, and Inſolence and Pride expoſed, (allowing for want of Education) with as much Humour and good Senſe, as in the politeſt Companies. It is a general Obſervation, That all Dependants run in ſome meaſure into the Manners and Behaviour of thoſe whom they ſerve: You ſhall frequently meet with Lovers and Men of Intrigue among the Lacquies, as well as at *White*'s or in the Side-Boxes. I remember ſome Years ago an Inſtance of this Kind. A Footman to a Captain of the Guard uſed frequently, when his Maſter was out of the Way, to carry on Amours and make Aſſignations in his Maſter's Cloaths. The Fellow had a very good Perſon, and there are very many Women that think no further than the Outſide of a Gentleman; beſides which, he was almoſt as learned a Man as the Colonel himſelf: I ſay, thus qualified, the Fellow could ſcrawl *Billets doux* ſo well, and furniſh a Converſation on the common Topicks, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good Buſineſs on his Hands. It happened one Day, that coming down a Tavern Stairs in his Maſter's fine Guard Coat, with a well-dreſs'd Woman masked, he met the Colonel coming up with other Company; but with a ready Aſſurance he quitted his Lady, came up to him, and ſaid, *Sir, I know you have too much Reſpect for your ſelf to cane me in this honourable Habit: But you ſee there is a Lady in the Caſe, and I hope on that Score alſo you will put off your Anger till I have told you all another time.* After a little Pauſe the Colonel cleared up his Countenance, and with an Air of Familiarity whiſpered his Man apart, *Sirrah, bring the Lady with you to ask Pardon for you*; then aloud, *Look to it*, Will, *I'll never forgive you elſe.* The Fellow went back to his Miſtreſs, and telling her with a loud Voice and an Oath, That was the honeſteſt Fellow in the World, conveyed her to a Hackney-Coach.

BUT

BUT the many Irregularities committed by Servants in the Places above-mentioned, as well as in the Theatres, of which Maſters are generally the Occaſions, are too various not to need being reſumed on another Occaſion. R.

Nº 89. *Tueſday, June* 12.

——*Petite hinc juveneſque ſeneſque*
Finem animo certum, miſeriſque viatica canis.
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quaſi magnum
Nempe diem donas; ſed cum lux altera venit,
Jam cras heſternum conſumpſimus; ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, & ſemper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope te, quamvis temone ſub uno
Vertentum ſeſe fruſtra ſectabere canthum. Per.

AS my Correſpondents upon the Subject of Love are very numerous, it is my Deſign, if poſſible, to range them under ſeveral Heads, and addreſs my ſelf to them at different Times. The firſt Branch of them, to whoſe Service I ſhall dedicate this Paper, are thoſe that have to do with Women of dilatory Tempers, who are for ſpinning out the Time of Courtſhip to an immoderate Length, without being able either to cloſe with their Lovers, or to diſmiſs them. I have many Letters by me filled with Complaints againſt this ſort of Women. In one of them no leſs a Man than a Brother of the Coif tells me, that he began his Suit *Viceſſimo nono Caroli ſecundi*, before he had been a Twelve-month at the *Temple*; that he proſecuted it for many Years after he was called to the Bar; that at preſent he is a Serjeant at Law; and notwithſtanding he hoped that Matters would have been long ſince brought to an Iſſue, the Fair One ſtill *demurrs*. I am ſo well pleaſed with this Gentleman's Phraſe, that I ſhall diſtinguiſh this Sect of Women by the Title of *Demurrers*. I find by another Letter from one that calls himſelf *Thirſis*, that his Miſtreſs has been demurring above theſe ſeven Years. But among

all my Plaintiffs of this Nature, I moſt pity the unfortunate *Philander*, a Man of a conſtant Paſſion and plentiful Fortune, who ſets forth that the timorous and irreſolute *Sylvia* has demurred till ſhe is paſt Child-bearing. *Strephon* appears by his Letter to be a very cholerick Lover, and irrevocably ſmitten with one that demurrs out of Self-Intereſt. He tells me with great Paſſion that ſhe has bubbled him out of his Youth; that ſhe drilled him to five and fifty, and that he verily believes ſhe will drop him in his old Age, if ſhe can find her Account in another. I ſhall conclude this Narrative with a Letter from honeſt SAM. HOPEWELL, a very pleaſant Fellow, who it ſeems has at laſt married a *Demurrer*: I muſt only premiſe, that SAM. who is a very good Bottle-Companion, has been the Diverſion of his Friends, upon account of his Paſſion, ever ſince the Year one thouſand ſix hundred and eighty one.

Dear Sir,

'YOU know very well my Paſſion for Mrs. *Martha*, 'and what a Dance ſhe has led me: She took 'me out at the Age of Two and twenty, and dodged 'with me above Thirty Years. I have loved her till ſhe is 'grown as grey as a Cat, and am with much ado become 'the Maſter of her Perſon, ſuch as *it* is at preſent. She 'is however in my Eye a very charming old Woman. 'We often lament that we did not marry ſooner, but ſhe 'has no Body to blame for it but her ſelf: You know 'very well that ſhe would never think of me whilſt ſhe 'had a Tooth in her Head. I have put the Date of my 'Paſſion (*Anno Amoris Trigeſſimo primo*) inſtead of a Poſy, 'on my Wedding-Ring. I expect you ſhould ſend me a 'Congratulatory Letter, or, if you pleaſe, an *Epithalamium*, upon this Occaſion.

Mrs. Martha's *and yours eternally,*

SAM. HOPEWELL.

IN order to baniſh an Evil out of the World, that does not only produce great Uneaſineſs to private Perſons, but has alſo a very bad Influence on the Publick, I ſhall endeavour to ſhew the Folly of *demurring* from two or three Re-

Reflections, which I earneſtly recommend to the Thoughts of my fair Readers.

FIRST of all I would have them ſeriouſly think on the Shortneſs of their Time. Life is not long enough for a Coquet to play all her Tricks in. A timorous Woman drops into her Grave before ſhe has done deliberating. Were the Age of Man the ſame that it was before the Flood, a Lady might ſacrifice half a Century to a Scruple, and be two or three Ages in demurring. Had ſhe Nine hundred Years good, ſhe might hold out to the Converſion of the *Jews* before ſhe thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! ſhe ought to play her Part in haſte, when ſhe conſiders that ſhe is ſuddenly to quit the Stage, and make Room for others.

IN the ſecond Place, I would deſire my Female Readers to conſider, that as the Term of Life is ſhort, that of Beauty is much ſhorter. The fineſt Skin wrinkles in a few Years, and loſes the Strength of its Colouring ſo ſoon, that we have ſcarce Time to admire it. I might embelliſh this Subject with Roſes and Rainbows, and ſeveral other ingenious Conceits, which I may poſſibly reſerve for another Opportunity.

THERE is a third Conſideration which I would likewiſe recommend to a Demurrer, and that is the great Danger of her falling in Love when ſhe is about Threeſcore, if ſhe cannot ſatisfie her Doubts and Scruples before that Time. There is a kind of *latter Spring*, that ſometimes gets into the Blood of an old Woman and turns her into a very odd ſort of an Animal. I would therefore have the Demurrer conſider what a ſtrange Figure ſhe will make, if ſhe chances to get over all Difficulties, and comes to a final Reſolution, in that unſeaſonable Part of her Life.

I would not however be underſtood, by any thing I have here ſaid, to diſcourage that natural Modeſty in the Sex, which renders a Retreat from the firſt Approaches of a Lover both faſhionable and graceful; All that I intend, is, to adviſe them, when they are prompted by Reaſon and Inclination, to demurr only out of Form, and ſo far as Decency requires. A virtuous Woman ſhould reject the firſt Offer of Marriage, as a good Man does that of a Biſhoprick; but I would adviſe neither the one nor the o-

ther to perſiſt in refuſing what they ſecretly approve. I would in this Particular propoſe the Example of *Eve* to all her Daughters, as *Milton* has repreſented her in the following Paſſage, which I cannot forbear tranſcribing entire, tho' only the twelve laſt Lines are to my preſent Purpoſe.

THE Rib he form'd and faſhion'd with his Hands;
Under his forming Hands a Creature grew,
Manlike, but diff'rent Sex; ſo lovely fair!
That what ſeem'd fair in all the World, ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her Looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my Heart, unfelt before:
And into all things from her Air inſpir'd
The Spirit of Love and amorous Delight.
SHE diſappear'd, and left me dark! I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her Loſs, and other Pleaſures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I ſaw her in my Dream, adorn'd
With what all Earth or Heaven could beſtow
To make her amiable. On ſhe came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unſeen,
And guided by his Voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial Sanctity and Marriage Rites:
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every Geſture Dignity and Love.
I overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud.
THIS Turn hath made Amends; thou haſt fulfill'd
Thy Words, Creator bounteous and benign!
Giver of all things fair! but faireſt this
Of all thy Gifts, nor envieſt. I now ſee
Bone of my Bone, Fleſh of my Fleſh, my Self ....
SHE heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modeſty,
Her Virtue, and the Conſcience of her Worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unſought be won,
Not obvious, not obtruſive, but retir'd
The more deſirable; or, to ſay all,

Natur

Nature her ſelf, though pure of ſinful Thought,
Wrought in her ſo, that ſeeing me ſhe turn'd.
I followed her: She what was Honour knew,
And with obſequious Majeſty approved
My pleaded Reaſon. To the nuptial Bower
I led her bluſhing like the Morn ——— L

N° 90. *Wedneſday, June* 13.

—— *Magnus ſine viribus Ignis*
Incaſſum furit ——— Virg.

THERE is not, in my Opinion, a Conſideration more effectual to extinguiſh inordinate Deſires in the Soul of Man, than the Notions of *Plato* and is Followers upon that Subject. They tell us, that e-ery Paſſion which has been contracted by the Soul dur-g her Reſidence in the Body, remains with her in a ſe-arate State; and that the Soul in the Body, or out of e Body, differs do more than the Man does from himſelf hen he is in his Houſe, or in open Air. When there-re the obſcene Paſſions in particular have once taken oot, and ſpread themſelves in the Soul, they cleave to r inſeparably, and remain in her for ever, after the Body caſt off and thrown aſide. As an Argument to confirm is their Doctrine they obſerve, that a lewd Youth who es on in a continued Courſe of Voluptuouſneſs, advan-s by Degrees into a libidinous old Man; and that the aſſion ſurvives in the Mind when it is altogether dead in e Body; nay, that the Deſire grows more violent, and ke all other Habits) gathers Strength by Age, at the me time that it has no Power of executing its own urpoſes. If, ſay they, the Soul is the moſt ſubject to eſe Paſſions at a Time when it has the leaſt Inſtigation om the Body, we may well ſuppoſe ſhe will retain them hen ſhe is entirely diveſted of it. The very Subſtance the Soul is feſtered with them, the Gangrene is gone too to be ever cured; the Inflammation will rage to all ernity.

IN this therefore (ſay the *Platoniſts*) conſiſts the Puniſhment of a voluptuous Man after Death: He is tormented with Deſires which it is impoſſible for him to gratifie, ſollicited by a Paſſion that has neither Objects nor Organs adapted to it: He lives in a State of invincible Deſire and Impotence, and always burns in the Purſuit of what he always deſpairs to poſſeſs. It is for this Reaſon (ſays *Plato*) that the Souls of the Dead appear frequently in Cœmiteries, and hover about the Places where their Bodies are buried, as ſtill hankering after their old brutal Pleaſures, and deſiring again to enter the Body that gave them an Opportuuity of fulfilling them.

SOME of our moſt eminent Divines have made uſe of this *Platonick* Notion, ſo far as it regards the Subſiſtence of our Paſſions after Death, with great Beauty and Strength of Reaſon. *Plato* indeed carries his Thought very far, when he grafts upon it his Opinions of Ghoſts appearing in Places of Burial. Though, I muſt confeſs, if one did believe that the departed Souls of Men and Women wandered up and down theſe lower Regions, and entertained themſelves with the Sight of their Species, one could not deviſe a more proper Hell for an impure Spirit than that which *Plato* has touched upon.

THE Ancients ſeem to have drawn ſuch a State of Torments in the Deſcription of *Tantalus*, who was puniſhed with the Rage of an eternal Thirſt, and ſet up to the Chin in Water that fled from his Lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

VIRGIL, who has caſt the whole Syſtem of *Platonick* Philoſophy, ſo far as it relates to the Soul of Man, into beautiful Allegories, in the ſixth Book of his *Æneis* gives us the Puniſhment of a Voluptuary after Death, not unlike that which we are here ſpeaking of.

—— Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris, epulaque ante ora parata
Regifico luxu; Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat, & manibus prohibet contingere menſas;
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.

They lie below on Golden Beds diſplay'd,
And genial Feaſts with regal Pomp are made,

The

The Queen of Furies by their Side is ſet.
And ſnatches from their Mouths th' untaſted Meat;
Which if they touch, her hiſſing Snakes ſhe rears,
Toſſing her Torch, and thund'ring in their Ears. Dryd.

THAT I may a little alleviate the Severity of this my ſpeculation (which otherwiſe may loſe me ſeveral of my polite Readers) I ſhall tranſlate a Story that has been quoted upon another Occaſion by one of the moſt learned men of the preſent Age, as I find it in the Original. The Reader will ſee it is not foreign to my preſent Subject, and I dare ſay will think it a lively Repreſentation of a Perſon lying under the Torments of ſuch a kind of Tantaliſm, or *Platonick* Hell, as that which we have now under Conſideration. Monſieur *Pontignan*, ſpeaking of a Love-Adventure that happened to him in the Country, gives the following Account of it.

'WHEN I was in the Country laſt Summer, I was often in Company with a Couple of charming Women, who had all the Wit and Beauty one could deſire in Female Companions, with a Daſh of Coquetry, that from time to time gave me a great many agreeable Torments. I was, after my Way, in Love with both of them, and had ſuch frequent Opportunities of pleading my Paſſion to them when they were aſunder, that I had Reaſon to hope for particular Favours from each of them. As I was walking one Evening in my Chamber with nothing about me but my Night-Gown, they both came into my Room and told me, they had a very pleaſant Trick to put upon a Gentleman that was in the ſame Houſe, provided I would bear a part in it. Upon this they told me ſuch a plauſible Story, that I laughed at their Contrivance, and agreed to do whatever they ſhould require of me. They immediately began to ſwaddle me up in my Night-Gown with long Pieces of Linnen, which they folded about me till they had wrapt me in above an hundred Yards of Swathe: My Arms were preſſed to my Sides, and my Legs cloſed together by ſo many Wrappers one over another, that I looked like an *Egyptian* Mummy. As I ſtood bolt upright upon one End in this antique Figure, one of the La-

' dies burſt out a laughing. " And now *Pontignan*, ſay
' ſhe, we intend to perform the Promiſe that we fin
" you have extorted from each of us. You have ofte
" asked the Favour of us, and I dare ſay you are
" better bred Cavalier than to refuſe to go to Bed t
" Ladies that deſire it of you. After having ſtood a Fi
' of Laughter, I begged them to uncaſe me, and do wit
' me what they pleaſed. No, no, ſay they, we lik
' you very well as you are; and upon that ordered m
' to be carried to one of their Houſes, and put to Be
' in all my Swaddles. The Room was lighted up on a
' Sides: and I was laid very decently between a Pair o
' Sheets, with my Head (which was indeed the on
' Part I could move) upon a very high Pillow: Th
' was no ſooner done, but my two Female Friends cam
' into Bed to me in their fineſt Night-Cloaths. Yo
' may eaſily gueſs at the Condition of a Man that fi
' a Couple of the moſt beautiful Women in the Wor
' undreſt and abed with him, without being able t
' ſtir Hand or Foot. I begged them to releaſe me, a
' ſtruggled all I could to get looſe, which I did with
' much Violence, that about Mid-night they both leap
' out of the Bed, crying out they were undone. B
' ſeeing me ſafe, they took their Poſts again, and re
' newed their Raillery. Finding all my Prayers an
' Endeavours were loſt, I compoſed my ſelf as well a
' I could; and told them, that if they would not unbi
' me, I would fall aſleep between them, and by th
' means diſgrace them for ever: But alas! this was im
' poſſible; could I have been diſpoſed to it, they woul
' have prevented me by ſeveral little ill-natured C
' reſſes and Endearments which they beſtowed upon m
' As much devoted as I am to Womankind, I would n
' paſs ſuch another Night to be Maſter of the whol
' Sex. My Reader will doubtleſs be curious to know
' what became of me the next Morning: Why tru
' my Bed-fellows left me about an Hour before Da
' and told me if I would be good and lie ſtill, the
' would ſend ſome Body to take me up as ſoon as it wa
' time for me to riſe: Accordingly about Nine a Cloc
' in the Morning an old Woman came to unſwathe m
' I bore all this very patiently, being reſolved to take m

'Revenge of my Tormentors, and to keep no Meaſures 'with them as ſoon as I was at Liberty; but upon asking 'my old Woman what was become of the two Ladies, 'ſhe told me ſhe believed they were by that Time with-'in Sight of *Paris*, for that they went away in a Coach 'and ſix before five a Clock in the Morning. L

N° 91. *Thurſday, June* 14.

In furias ignemque ruunt, Amor omnibus Idem. Virg.

THO' the Subject I am now going upon would be much more properly the Foundation of a Comedy, I cannot forbear inſerting the Circumſtances which pleaſed me in the Account a young Lady gave me of the Loves of a Family in Town, which ſhall be nameleſs; or rather for the better Sound and Elevation of the Hiſtory, inſtead of Mr. and Mrs. ſuch-a-one, I ſhall call them by feigned Names. Without further Preface, you are to know, that within the Liberties of the City of *Weſtminſter* lives the Lady *Honoria*, a Widow about the Age of Forty, of a healthy Conſtitution, gay Temper, and elegant Perſon. She dreſſes a little too much like a Girl, affects a childiſh Fondneſs in the Tone of her Voice, ſometimes a pretty Sullenneſs in the leaning of her Head, and now and then a Down-caſt of her Eyes on her Fan: Neither her Imagination nor her Health would ever give her to know that ſhe is turned of Twenty; but that in the midſt of thoſe pretty Softneſſes, and Airs of Delicacy and Attraction, ſhe has a tall Daughter with a Fortnight of Fifteen, who impertinently comes into the Room, and towers ſo much towards Woman, that her Mother is always checked by her Preſence, and every Charm of *Honoria* droops at the Entrance of *Flavia*. The agreeable *Flavia* would be what ſhe is not, as well as her Mother *Honoria*; but all their Beholders are more partial to an Affectation of what a Perſon is growing up to, than of what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for ever. It

therefore

therefore allowed to *Flavia* to look forward, but not to *Honoria* to look back. *Flavia* is no way dependant on her Mother with relation to her Fortune, for which Reaſon they live almoſt upon an Equality in Converſation; and as *Honoria* has given *Flavia* to underſtand, that it is ill bred to be always calling Mother, *Flavia* is as well pleaſed never to be called Child. It happens by this Means, that theſe Ladies are generally Rivals in all Places where they appear; and the Words Mother and Daughter never paſs between them but out of Spite. *Flavia* one Night at a Play obſerving *Honoria* draw the Eyes of ſeveral in the Pit, called to a Lady who ſat by her, and bid her ask her Mother to lend her her Snuff-Box for one Moment. Another Time, when a Lover of *Honoria* was on his Knees beſeeching the Favour to kiſs her hand, *Flavia* ruſhing into the Doom kneeled down by him and asked Bleſſing. Several of theſe contradictory Acts of Duty have raiſed between them ſuch a Coldneſs, that they generally converſe when they are in mixed Company by way of talking at one another, and not to one another. *Honoria* is ever complaining of a certain Sufficiency in the young Women of this Age, who aſſume to themſelves an Authority of carrying all things before them, as if they were Poſſeſſors of the Eſteem of Mankind; and all, who were but a Year before them in the World, were neglected or deceaſed. *Flavia*, upon ſuch a Provocation, is ſure to obſerve, that there are People who can reſign nothing, and know not how to give up what they know they cannot hold; that there are thoſe who will not allow Youth their Follies, not becauſe they are themſelves paſt them, but becauſe they love to continue in them. Theſe Beauties rival each other on all Occaſions, not that they have always had the ſame Lovers, but each has kept up a Vanity to ſhew the other the Charms of her Lover. *Dick Craſtin* and *Tom Tulip*, among many others, have of late been Pretenders in this Family: *Dick* to *Honoria*, *Tom* to *Flavia*. *Dick* is the only ſurviving Beau of the laſt Age, and *Tom* almoſt the only one that keeps up that Order of Men in this.

I wiſh I could repeat the little Circumſtances of a Converſation of the four Lovers with the Spirit in which

which the young Lady, I had my Account from, repre-
nted it at a Viſit where I had the Honour to be preſent;
ut it ſeems *Dick Craſtin*, the Admirer of *Honoria*, and
om Tulip, the Pretender to *Flavia*, were purpoſely ad-
mitted together by the Ladies, that each might ſhew
he other that her Lover had the Superiority in the Ac-
ompliſhments of that Sort of Creature whom the ſil-
er Part of Women call a fine Gentleman. As this Age
as a much more groſs Taſte in Courtſhip, as well as
n every thing elſe, than the laſt had, theſe Gentlemen are
nſtances of it in their different Manner of Application.
ulip is ever making Alluſions to the Vigour of his Per-
on, the ſinewy Force of his Make; while *Craſtin* pro-
eſſes a wary Obſervation of the Turns of his Miſtreſs's
Mind. *Tulip* gives himſelf the Air of a reſiſtleſs Raviſher,
Craſtin practiſes that of a skilful Lover. Poetry is the
nſeparable Property of every Man in Love; and as Men
f Wit write Verſes on thoſe Occaſions, the reſt of the
World repeat the Verſes of others. Theſe Servants of
he Ladies were uſed to imitate their Manner of Con-
erſation, and allude to one another, rather than inter-
hange Diſcourſe in what they ſaid when they met. *Tulip*
he other Day ſeized his Miſtreſs's Hand, and repeated out
f *Ovid*'s *Art of Love*,

'Tis I can in ſoft Battles paſs the Night,
Yet riſe next Morning vigorous for the Fight,
Freſh as the Day, and active as the Light.

UPON hearing this, *Craſtin*, with an Air of Defe-
ence, played *Honoria*'s Fan, and repeated,

Sidley *has that prevailing gentle Art,*
That can, with a reſiſtleſs Charm, impart
The looſeſt Wiſhes to the chaſteſt Heart:
Raiſe ſuch a Conflict, kindle ſuch a Fire,
Between declining Virtue and Deſire,
Till the poor vanquiſh'd Maid diſſolves away
In Dreams all Night, in Sighs and Tears all Day.

WHEN *Craſtin* had uttered theſe Verſes, with a
Tenderneſs which at once ſpoke Paſſion and Reſpect,

Ho-

Honoria caſt a triumphant Glance at *Flavia*, as exulting in the Elegance of *Craſtin*'s Courtſhip, and upbraiding her with the Homelineſs of *Tulip*'s. *Tulip* underſtood the Reproach, and in Return began to applaud the Wiſdom of old amorous Gentlemen, who turned their Miſtreſs's Imagination as far as poſſible from what they had loſt themſelves forgot, and ended his Diſcourſe with a ſhort Commendation of the Doctrine of *Platonick Love*; at the ſame time he ran over, with a laughing Eye, *Craſtin*'s thin Legs, meagre Looks, and ſpare Body. The old Gentleman immediately left the Room with ſome Diſorder, and the Converſation fell upon untimely Paſſion, After-Love, and unſeaſonable Youth. *Tulip* ſung, danced, moved before the Glaſs, led his Miſtreſs half a Minuet, hummed

Celia *the Fair, in the Bloom of Fifteen,*

when there came a Servant with a Letter to him, which was as follows.

SIR,

'I Underſtand very well what you meant by your Mention of *Platonick Love*. I ſhall be glad to meet you immediately in *Hide-Park*, or behind *Montague-Houſe*, or attend you to *Barn-Elms*, or any other faſhionable Place that's fit for a Gentleman to die in, that you ſhall appoint for,

Sir, Your moſt Humble Servant,
Richard Craſtin.

TULIP's Colour changed at the reading of this Epiſtle; for which Reaſon his Miſtreſs ſnatched it to read the Contents. While ſhe was doing ſo *Tulip* went away, and the Ladies now agreeing in a Common Calamity, bewailed together the Danger of their Lovers. They immediately undreſſed to go out, and took Hackneys to prevent Miſchief: but, after alarming all Parts of the Town, *Craſtin* was found by his Widow in his Pumps at *Hide Park*, which Appointment *Tulip* never kept, but made his Eſcape into the Country. *Flavia* tears her Hair for his inglorious Safety, curſes and deſpiſes her Charmer, is fallen in Love with *Craſtin*: Which is the firſt Part of the Hiſtory of the *Rival Mother*.

R

Friday,

N° 92. *Friday, June* 15.

——*Convivæ prope diſſentire videntur,*
Poſcentes vario multum diverſa palato
Quid dem? Quid non dem? —— Hor.

LOOKING over the late Packets of Letters which have been ſent to me, I found the following one.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOUR Paper is a Part of my Tea-Equipage; and my Servant knows my Humour ſo well, that calling for my Breakfaſt this Morning (it being paſt my uſual Hour) ſhe anſwer'd, the SPECTATOR was not yet come in; but that the Tea-Kettle boiled, and ſhe expected it every Moment. Having thus in Part ſignified to you the Eſteem and Veneration which I have for you, I muſt put you Mind of the Catalogue of Books which you have promiſed to recommend to our Sex; for I have deferred furniſhing my Cloſet with Authors, till I receive your Advice in this Particular, being your daily Diſciple and humble Servant,

LEONORA.

IN Anſwer to my fair Diſciple, whom I am very proud of, I muſt acquaint her and the reſt of my Readers, that ſince I have called out for Help in my Catalogue of a Lady's Library, I have received many Letters upon that Head, ſome of which I ſhall give an Account of.

IN the firſt Claſs I ſhall take Notice of thoſe which came to me from eminent Bookſellers, who every one of them mention with Reſpect the Authors they have printed, and conſequently have an Eye to their own Advantage more than to that of the Ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it ſo abſolutely neceſſary for Women to have true Notions of Right and Equity, and that therefore they cannot peruſe a better Book than *Dalton's Country Juſtice*: Another thinks they cannot be without

The

The Compleat Jockey. A third obſerving the Curioſi and Deſire of prying into Secrets, which he tells me natural to the fair Sex, is of Opinion this female Incli tion, if well directed, might turn very much to their A vantage, and therefore recommends to me *Mr.* Mede *u the Revelations.* A fourth lays it down as an unqueſtio ed Truth, that a Lady cannot be throughly accompliſh who has not read *The ſecret Treaties and Negociations Marſhal* D'Eſtrades. Mr. *Jacob Tonſon Jun.* is of Opi on, that *Bayle's Dictionary* might be of very great uſe the Ladies, in order to make them general Scholars. A nother whoſe Name I have forgotten, thinks it highly pr per that every Woman with Child ſhould read *Mr.* Wa *Hiſtory of Infant Baptiſm*; as another is very impor nate with me to recommend to all my female Read *The finiſhing Stroke*; *being a Vindication of the Patriarc Scheme*, &c.

IN the ſecond Claſs I ſhall mention Books which recommended by Husbands, if I may believe the W ters of them. Whether or no they are real Husbands perſonated ones I cannot tell, but the Books they reco mend are as follow. *A Paraphraſe on the Hiſtory of S ſanna. Rules to keep* Lent. *The Chriſtian's Overthrow p vented. A Diſſuaſive from the Play-Houſe. The Virtue Camphire, with Directions to make Camphire Tea. The Pl ſures of a Country Life. The Government of the Tong* A Letter dated from *Cheapſide* deſires me that I wo adviſe all young Wives to make themſelves Miſtreſſes *Wingate's Arithmetick*, and concludes with a Poſtſcr that he hopes I will not forget *The Countes of* Kent's *ceipts.*

I may reckon the Ladies themſelves as a third Clas mong theſe my Correſpondents and Privy-Counſell In a Letter from one of them, I am adviſed to place *P ramond* at the Head of my Catalogue, and, if I think p per, to give the ſecond Place to *Caſſandra. Coquet* begs me not to think of nailing Women upon their K with Manuals of Devotion, nor of ſcorching their Fa with Books of Houſewifry. *Florella* deſires to know there are any Books written againſt Prudes, and intre me, if there are, to give them a Place in my Libra Plays of all Sorts have their ſeveral Advocates: *All*

L

e is mentioned in above fifteen Letters; *Sophonisba*, or *nibal's Overthrow*, in a Dozen; the *Innocent Adultery* kewiſe highly approved of: *Mithridates King of Pontus* many Friends; *Alexander the Great* and *Aurengzebe* e the ſame Number of Voices; but *Theodoſius*, or *the e of Love*, carries it from all the reſt.

ſhould, in the laſt Place, mention ſuch Books as have n propoſed by Men of Learning, and thoſe who appear npetent Judges of this Matter, and muſt here take Oc-on to thank *A. B.* whoever it is that conceals himſelf er thoſe two Letters, for his Advice upon this Subject: as I find the Work I have undertaken to be very difficult, all defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted h the Thoughts of my judicious Contemporaries, and e Time to examine the ſeveral Books they offer to me; g reſolved, in an Affair of this Moment, to proceed h the greateſt Caution.

N the mean while, as I have taken the Ladies under particular Care, I ſhall make it my Buſineſs to find in the beſt Authors ancient and modern ſuch Paſſages may be for their uſe, and endeavour to accommodate m as well as I can to their Taſte; not queſtioning the valuable Part of the Sex will eaſily pardon me, rom Time to Time I laugh at thoſe little Vanities and lies which appear in the Behaviour of ſome of them, which are more proper for Ridicule than a ſerious nſure. Moſt Books being calculated for Male Readers, generally written with an Eye to Men of Learning, kes a Work of this Nature the more neceſſary; be-es, I am the more encouraged, becauſe I flatter my that I ſee the Sex daily improving by theſe my Spe-ations. My fair Readers are already deeper Scholars n the Beaus: I could name ſome of them who talk ch better than ſeveral Gentlemen that make a Figure *Will's*; and as I frequently receive Letters from the *Ladies* and *pretty Fellows*, I cannot but obſerve that the mer are ſuperior to the others not only in the Senſe in the Spelling. This cannot but have a good Effect on the female World, and keep them from being armed by thoſe empty Coxcombs that have hitherto en admired among the Women, tho' laughed at among Men.

I am credibly informed that *Tom Tattle* passes for
impertinent Fellow, that *Will Trippet* begins to be smoke
and that *Frank Smoothly* himself is within a Month of
Coxcomb, in case I think fit to continue this Paper. F
my Part, as it is my Business in some measure to det
such as would lead astray weak Minds by their false P
tences to Wit and Judgment, Humour and Gallantry,
shall not fail to lend the best Lights I am able to the f
Sex for the Continuation of these Discoveries.

Nº 93. *Saturday, June* 16.

——— *Spatio brevi*
Spem longam reseces: dum loquimur, fugeret Invida
Ætas: carpe Diem, quam minimum credula postero. H

WE all of us complain of the Shortness of Tim
saith *Seneca*, and yet have much more than w
know what to do with. Our Lives, says h
are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing n
thing to the Purpose, or in doing nothing that we ough
to do: We are always complaining our Days are fe
and acting as though there would be no End of the
That noble Philosopher has described our Inconsisten
with our selves in this Particular, by all those varie
Turns of Expression and Thought which are peculiar
his Writings.

I often consider Mankind as wholly inconsistent wi
itself in a Point that bears some Affinity to the form
Though we seem grieved at the Shortness of Life in g
neral, we are wishing every Period of it at an End. T
Minor longs to be at Age, then to be a Man of Busine
then to make up an Estate, then to arrive at Honou
then to retire. Thus although the whole Life is a
lowed by every one to be short, the several Divisions
it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening o
Span in general, but would fain contract the Parts
which it is composed. The Usurer would be very w
fai

ſhed to have all the Time annihilated that lies be-
en the preſent Moment and next Quarter-day. The
itician would be contented to loſe three Years in his
e, could he place things in the Poſture which he fan-
s they will ſtand in after ſuch a Revolution of Time.
e Lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his Exiſtence
the Moments that are to paſs away before the happy
eting. Thus, as faſt as our Time runs, we ſhould
very glad in moſt Parts of our Lives that it ran much
er than it does. Several Hours of the Day hang up-
our Hands, nay we wiſh away whole Years; and
el through Time as through a Country filled with
ny wild and empty Waſtes, which we would fain
ry over, that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little
lements or imaginary Points of Reſt which are diſ-
ſed up and down in it.

IF we divide the Life of moſt Men into twenty Parts,
ſhall find that at leaſt nineteen of them are meer
ps and Chaſms, which are neither filled with Plea-
e nor Buſineſs. I do not however include in this
culation the Life of thoſe Men who are in a perpetual
rry of Affairs, but of thoſe only who are not always
gaged in Scenes of Action; and I hope I ſhall not do
unacceptable Piece of Service to theſe Perſons if I
nt out to them certain Methods for the filling up their
pty Spaces of Life. The Methods I ſhall propoſe to
m are as follow

THE firſt is the Exerciſe of Virtue, in the moſt ge-
al Acceptation of the Word. That particular Scheme
ich comprehends the Social Virtues, may give Em-
yment to the moſt induſtrious Temper, and find a
n in Buſineſs more than the moſt active Station of
e. To adviſe the Ignorant, relieve the Needy, com-
t the Afflicted, are Duties that fall in our way almoſt
ry Day in our Lives. A Man has frequent Opportu-
es of mitigating the Fierceneſs of a Party; of doing
ſtice to the Character of a deſerving Man; of ſoft-
g the Envious, quieting the Angry, and rectifying
Prejudiced; which are all of them Employments
ted to a reaſonable Nature, and bring great Satisfacti-
to the Perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with
ſcretion.

THERE

THERE is another kind of Virtue that may find E ployment for thoſe retired Hours in which we are a gether left to our ſelves, and deſtitute of Company Converſation; I mean that Intercourſe and Commun tion which every reaſonable Creature ought to main with the great Author of his Being. The Man who l under an habitual Senſe of the Divine Preſence keeps u perpetual Chearfulneſs of Temper, and enjoys every m ment the Satisfaction of thinking himſelf in Comp with his deareſt and beſt of Friends. The Time never heavy upon him: It is impoſſible for him to be alone. Thoughts and Paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch H when thoſe of other Men are the moſt unactive: He ſooner ſteps out of the World but his Heart burns w Devotion, ſwells with Hope, and triumphs in the C ſciouſneſs of that Preſence which every where ſurro him; or, on the contrary, pours out its Fears, its Sorro its Apprehenſions, to the great Supporter of its Exiſte

I have here only conſidered the Neceſſity of a M being virtuous, that he may have ſomething to do; bu we conſider further, that the Exerciſe of Virtue is not ly an Amuſement for the time it laſts, but that its In ence extends to thoſe Parts of our Exiſtence which lie yond the Grave, and that our whole Eternity is to tak Colour from thoſe Hours which we here employ in Vi or in Vice, the Argument redoubles upon us for pu in Practice this Method of paſſing away our Time.

WHEN a Man has but a little Stock to improve, has Opportunities of turning it all to good Account, w ſhall we think of him if he ſuffers nineteen Parts of i lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to Ruin or Diſadvantage? But becauſe the Mind cannot always in its Fervours, nor ſtrained up to a Pitch Virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper Employments it in its Relaxations.

THE next Method therefore that I would propoſe fill up our Time, ſhould be uſeful and innocent Diver ons. I muſt confeſs I think it is below reaſonable C tures to be altogether converſant in ſuch Diverſions are meerly innocent, and have nothing elſe to reco mend them, but that there is no Hurt in them. Whe any kind of Gaming has even thus much to ſay for

f, I ſhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful ſee Perſons of the beſt Senſe paſſing away a dozen Hours gether in ſhuffling and dividing a Pack of Cards, with other Converſation but what is made up of a few me Phraſes, and no other Ideas but thoſe of black or d Spots ranged together in different Figures. Would not Man laugh to hear any one of this Species complaining at Life is ſhort?

THE *Stage* might be made a perpetual Source of the oſt noble and uſeful Entertainments, were it under pro- r Regulations.

BUT the Mind never unbends it ſelf ſo agreeably as the Converſation of a well-choſen Friend. There is deed no Bleſſing of Life that is any way comparable to e Enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous Friend. It eaſes d unloads the Mind, clears and improves the Under- nding, engenders Thoughts and Knowledge, animates irtue and good Reſolutions, ſooths and allays the Paſſi- s, and finds Employment for moſt of the vacant Hours Life.

NEXT to ſuch an Intimacy with a particular Perſon, e would endeavour after a more general Converſation ith ſuch as are able to entertain and improve thoſe with hom they converſe, which are Qualifications that ſeldom aſunder.

THERE are many other uſeful Amuſements of Life, hich one would endeavour to multiply, that one might all occaſions have Recourſe to ſomething, rather than ffer the Mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any Paſſion at chances to riſe in it.

A Man that has a Taſte of Muſick, Painting, or Archi- ecture, is like one that has another Senſe, when compared ith ſuch as have no Reliſh of thoſe Arts. The Floriſt, e Planter, the Gardiner, the Husbandman, when they e only as Accompliſhments to the Man of Fortune, are reat Reliefs to a Country Life, and many ways uſeful to hoſe who are poſſeſſed of them.

BUT of all the Diverſions of Life, there is none ſo roper to fill up its empty Spaces as the reading of uſeful nd entertaining Authors. But this I ſhall only touch up- n, becauſe it in ſome meaſure interferes with the third Method, which I ſhall propoſe in another Paper, for the Employ-

Employment of our dead unactive Hours, and which shall only mention in general to be the Purſuit of Knowledge.

N° 94. *Monday, June* 18.

——— *Hoc eſt*
Vivere bis, vita poſſe priore frui. Mart.

THE laſt Method which I propoſed in my *Saturday*'s Paper, for filling up thoſe empty Spaces of Life which are ſo tedious and burthenſome to most People, is the employing our ſelves in the Purſuit of Knowledge. I remember Mr. *Boyle*, ſpeaking of a certain Miner, tells us That a Man may conſume his whole Life in the Study of it, without arriving at the Knowledge of all its Qualities. The Truth of it is, there is not a ſingle Science or any Branch of it, that might not furniſh a Man with Buſineſs for Life, though it were much longer than it is.

I ſhall not here engage on thoſe beaten Subjects of the Uſefulneſs of Knowledge, nor of the Pleaſure and Perfection it gives the Mind, nor on the Methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular Branch of it, all which have been the Topicks of many other Writers; but ſhall indulge my ſelf in a Speculation that is more uncommon and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before ſhewn how the unemployed parts of Life appear long and tedious, and ſhall here endeavour to ſhew how thoſe Parts of Life which are exerciſed in Study, Reading, and the Purſuits of Knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that Means diſcover a Method of lengthening our Lives, and at the ſame time of turning all the Parts of them to our Advantage.

Mr. *Lock* obſerves "That we get the Idea of Time "or Duration, by reflecting on that Train of Ideas which "ſucceed one another in our Minds: That for this Reaſon, when we ſleep ſoundly without dreaming, we "have no Perception of Time, or the Length of it

"whil

whilſt we ſleep; and that the Moment wherein we leave off to think, till the Moment we begin to think again, ſeem to have no Diſtance. To which the Author adds, And ſo I doubt not but it would be to a waking Man, if it were poſſible for him to keep only one *Idea* in his Mind, without Variation, and the Succeſſion of others: And we ſee, that one who fixes his Thoughts very intently on one thing, ſo as to take but little Notice of the Succeſſion of *Ideas* that paſs in his Mind whilſt he is taken up with that earneſt Contemplation, lets ſlip out of his Account a good Part of that Duration, and thinks that Time ſhorter than it is.

WE might carry this Thought further, and conſider a an as, on one Side, ſhortening his Time by thinking on othing, or but a few things; ſo, on the other, as length- ing it, by employing his Thoughts on many Subjects, by entertaining a quick and conſtant Succeſſion of Ideas. ccordingly Monſieur *Mallebranche*, in his *Enquiry after uth*, (which was publiſhed ſeveral Years before Mr. *Lock*'s *ſay on Human Underſtanding*) tells us, That it is poſſible me Creatures may think Half an Hour as long as we do thouſand Years; or look upon that Space of Duration hich we call a Minute, as an Hour, a Week, a Month, an whole Age.

THIS Notion of Monſieur *Mallebranche* is capable of me little Explanation from what I have quoted out of r. *Lock*; for if our Notion of Time is produced by our flecting on the Succeſſion of Ideas in our Mind, and this ccceſſion may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will llow, that different Beings may have different Notions the ſame Parts of Duration, according as their Ideas, hich we ſuppoſe are equally diſtinct in each of them, llow one another in a greater or leſs degree of Rapidity.

THERE is a famous Paſſage in the *Alcoran*, which oks as if *Mahomet* had been poſſeſſed of the Notion e are now ſpeaking of. It is there ſaid, That the An- l *Gabriel* took *Mahomet* out of his Bed one Morning give him a Sight of all Things in the Seven Hea- ns, in Paradiſe, and in Hell, which the Prophet took diſtinct View of; and after having held Ninety thou- nd Conferences with God, was brought back again to

his Bed. All this, says the *Alcoran*, was transacted in so small a Space of Time, that *Mahomet* at his Return found his Bed still warm, and took up an Earthen Pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very Instant that the Angel *Gabriel* carried him away) before the Water was all spilt.

THERE is a very pretty Story in the *Turkish* Tales which relates to this Passage of the famous Impostor, and bears some Affinity to the Subject we are now upon. A Sultan in *Egypt*, who was an Infidel, used to laugh at this Circumstance in *Mahomet*'s Life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: But conversing one Day with a great Doctor in the Law, who had the Gift of working Miracles, the Doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the Truth of this Passage in the History of *Mahomet*, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by an huge Tub of Water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the Tub amidst a Circle of his great Men, the Holy Man bid him plunge his Head into the Water, and draw it up again: The King accordingly thrust his Head into the Water, and at the same time found himself at the Foot of a Mountain on a Sea-Shore. The King immediately began to rage against his Doctor for this Piece of Treachery and Witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper Methods for getting a Livelihood in this strange Country: Accordingly he applied himself to some People whom he saw at Work in a neighbouring Wood; these People conducted him to a Town that stood at a little Distance from the Wood, where, after some Adventures, he married a Woman of great Beauty and Fortune. He lived with this Woman so long till he had by her seven Sons and seven Daughters: He was afterwards reduced to great Want, and forced to think of plying in the Streets as a Porter for his Livelihood. One Day as he was walking alone by the Sea-Side, being seized with many melancholy Reflections upon his former and his present State of Life, which had raised a Fit of Devotion in him, he threw off his Cloaths with a Design to wash himself, according to the Custom of the *Mahometans*, before he said his Prayers.

AFTER

AFTER his firſt Plunge into the Sea, he no ſooner raiſed his Head above the Water but he found himſelf ſtanding by the Side of the Tub, with the great Men of his Court about him, and the holy Man at his Side. He immediately upbraided his Teacher for having ſent him on ſuch a Courſe of Adventures, and betrayed him into ſo long a State of Miſery and Servitude; but was wonderfully ſurprized when he heard that the State he talked of was only a Dream and Deluſion; that he had not ſtirred from the Place where he then ſtood; and that he had only dipped his Head into the Water, and immediately taken it out again.

THE *Mahometan* Doctor took this Occaſion of inſtructing the Sultan, that nothing was impoſſible with God; and that *He*, with whom a Thouſand Years are but as one Day, can, if he pleaſes, make a ſingle Day, nay a ſingle Moment, appear to any of his Creatures as a Thouſand Years.

I ſhall leave my Reader to compare theſe Eaſtern Fables with the Notions of thoſe two great Philoſophers whom I have quoted in this Paper; and ſhall only, by way of Application, deſire him to conſider how we may extend Life beyond its natural Dimenſions, by applying our ſelves diligently to the Purſuits of Knowledge.

THE Hours of a wiſe Man are lengthened by his Ideas, as thoſe of a Fool are by his Paſſions: The Time of the one is long, becauſe he does not know what to do with it; ſo is that of the other, becauſe he diſtinguiſhes every Moment of it with uſeful or amuſing Thoughts; or in other Words, becauſe the one is always wiſhing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

HOW different is the View of paſt Life, in the Man who is grown old in Knowledge and Wiſdom, from that of him who is grown old in Ignorance and Folly? The latter is like the Owner of a barren Country that fills his Eye with the Proſpect of naked Hills and Plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and ſpacious Landskip, divided into delightful Gardens, green Meadows, fruitful Fields, and can ſcarce caſt his Eye on a ſingle Spot of his Poſſeſſions, that is not covered with ſome beautiful Plant or Flower.

L

N° 95. *Tuesday, June* 19.

Curæ Leves loquuntur, Ingentes stupent.

HAVING read the two following Letters with much Pleasure, I cannot but think the good Sense of them will be as agreeable to the Town as any thing I could say either on the Topicks they treat of, or any other. They both allude to former Papers of mine, and I do not question but the first, which is upon inward Mourning, will be thought the Production of a Man who is well acquainted with the generous Earnings of Distress in a manly Temper, which is above the Relief of Tears. A Speculation of my own on that Subject I shall defer till another Occasion.

THE second Letter is from a Lady of a Mind as great as her Understanding. There is perhaps something in the Beginning of it which I ought in Modesty to conceal; but I have so much Esteem for this Correspondent, that I will not alter a Tittle of what she writes, tho' I am thus scrupulous at the Price of being ridiculous.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Was very well pleased with your Discourse upon 'general Mourning, and should be obliged to you 'if you would enter into the Matter more deeply, and 'give us your Thoughts upon the common Sense the or-'dinary People have of the Demonstrations of Grief, who 'prescribe Rules and Fashions to the most solemn Affli-'ction; such as the Loss of the neareſt Relations and 'deareſt Friends. You cannot go to visit a sick Friend, 'but some impertinent Waiter about him observes the 'Muscles of your Face, as strictly as if they were Prog-'nosticks of his Death or Recovery. If he happens to be 'taken from you, you are immediately surrounded with 'Numbers of these Spectators, who expect a melancholy 'Shrug of your Shoulders, a pathetical Shake of your 'Head, and an expressive Distortion of your Face, to

m,easure

'measure your Affection and Value for the Deceaſed: But 'there is nothing, on theſe Occaſions, ſo much in their 'Favour as immoderate Weeping. As all theſe Paſſions 'are ſuperficial, they imagine the Seat of Love and Friend-'ſhip to be placed viſibly in the Eyes: They judge what 'Stock of Kindneſs you had for the Living, by the Quan-'tity of Tears you pour out for the Dead; ſo that if one 'Body wants that Quantity of Salt-water another abounds 'with, he is in great Danger of being thought inſenſible 'or ill-natured: They are Strangers to Friendſhip, whoſe 'Grief happens not to be moiſt enough to wet ſuch a 'Parcel of Handkerchiefs. But Experience has told us 'nothing is ſo fallacious as this outward Sign of Sorrow; 'and the natural Hiſtory of our Bodies will teach us, that 'this Flux of the Eyes, this Faculty of Weeping, is pecu-'liar only to ſome Conſtitutions. We obſerve in the ten-'der Bodies of Children, when croſſed in their little Wills 'and Expectations, how diſſolvable they are into Tears: 'If this were what Grief is in Men, Nature would not 'be able to ſupport them in the Exceſs of it for one Mo-'ment. Add to this Obſervation, how quick is their 'Tranſition from this Paſſion to that of their Joy. I 'won't ſay we ſee often, in the next tender Things to 'Children, Tears ſhed without much Grieving. Thus it is 'common to ſhed Tears without much Sorrow, and as 'common to ſuffer much without ſhedding Tears. Grief 'and Weeping are indeed frequent Companions: But, I 'believe, never in their higheſt Exceſſes. As Laughter 'does not proceed from profound Joy, ſo neither does 'Weeping from profound Sorrow. The Sorrow which 'appears ſo eaſily at the Eyes, cannot have pierced deeply 'into the Heart. The Heart, diſtended with Grief, ſtops 'all Paſſages for Tears or Lamentations.

'NOW, Sir, what I would incline you to in all 'this, is, that you would inform the ſhallow Criticks 'and Obſervers upon Sorrow, that true Affliction labours 'to be inviſible, that it is a Stranger to Ceremony, 'and that it bears in its own Nature a Dignity much 'above the little Circumſtances which are affected 'under the Notion of Decency. You muſt know, Sir, 'I have lately loſt a dear Friend, for whom I have

'not yet ſhed a Tear, and for that Reaſon your Animad-
'verſions on that Subject would be the more acceptable
'to,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

B. D.

Mr. SPECTATOR, June *the* 15*th*.

'AS I hope there are but few that have ſo little Gra-
'titude as not to acknowledge the Uſefulneſs of
'your Pen, and to eſteem it a publick Benefit; ſo I am
'ſenſible, be that as it will, you muſt nevertheleſs find
'the ſecret and incomparable Pleaſure of doing Good, and
'be a great Sharer in the Entertainment you give. I ac-
'knowledge our Sex to be much obliged, and I hope im-
'proved by your Labours, and even your Intentions more
'particularly for our Service. If it be true, as 'tis ſome-
'times ſaid, that our Sex have an Influence on the other,
'your Paper may be a yet more general Good. Your di-
'recting us to Reading is certainly the beſt Means to our
'Inſtruction; but I think, with you, Caution in that Par-
'ticular very uſeful, ſince the Improvement of our Un-
'derſtandings may, or may not, be of Service to us, ac-
'cording as it is managed. It has been thought we are
'not generally ſo Ignorant as Ill-taught, or that our Sex
'does ſo often want Wit, Judgment, or Knowledge, as
'the right Application of them: You are ſo well-bred,
'as to ſay your fair Readers are already deeper Scholars
'than the Beaus, and that you could name ſome of them
'that talk much better than ſeveral Gentlemen that make
'a Figure at *Will's*: This may poſſibly be, and no great
'Compliment, in my Opinion, even ſuppoſing your Com-
'pariſon to reach *Tom*'s and the *Grecian*: Sure you are
'too wiſe to think that a real Commendation of a Woman.
'Were it not rather to be wiſhed we improved in our
'own Sphere, and approved our ſelves better Daughters,
'Wives, Mothers, and Friends?

'I can't but agree with the Judicious Trader in *Cheap-
'ſide* (though I am not at all prejudiced in his Favour) in
'recommending the Study of Arithmetick; and muſt diſ-
'ſent even from the Authority which you mention, when
'it adviſes the making our Sex Scholars. Indeed a little

'more

more Philoſophy, in order to the ſubduing our Paſſions to our Reaſon, might be ſometimes ſerviceable, and a Treatiſe of that Nature I would approve of, even in exchange for *Theodoſius, or the Force of Love*; but as I well know you want not Hints, I will proceed no further than to recommend the Biſhop of *Cambray*'s Education of a Daughter, as 'tis tranſlated into the only Language I have any Knowledge of, tho' perhaps very much to its Diſadvantage. I have heard it objected againſt the Piece, that its Inſtructions are not of general Uſe, but only fitted for a great Lady; but I confeſs I am not of that Opinion; for I don't remember that there are any Rules laid down for the Expences of a Woman, in which Particular only I think a Gentlewoman ought to differ from a Lady of the beſt Fortune, or higheſt Quality, and not in their Principles of Juſtice, Gratitude, Sincerity, Prudence, or Modeſty. I ought perhaps to make an Apology for this long Epiſtle; but as I rather believe you a Friend to Sincerity, than Ceremony, ſhall only aſſure you I am,

SIR,

Your moſt Humble Servant,

T ANABELLA.

N° 96. *Wedneſday, June* 20.

——— *Amicum*
Mancipium domine, & frugi ——— Hor.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Have frequently read your Diſcourſe upon Servants, and, as I am one my ſelf, have been much offended, that in that Variety of Forms wherein you conſidered the Bad, you found no Place to mention the Good. There is however one Obſervation of yours I approve, which is, That there are Men of Wit and good Senſe among all Orders of Men, and that Servants report moſt of the Good or Ill which is ſpoken of their

'Masters. That there are Men of Sense who live in Ser-
'vitude, I have the Vanity to say I have felt to my wo-
'ful Experience. You attribute very justly the Source of
'our general Iniquity to Board-Wages, and the Manner
'of living out of a domestick Way: But I cannot give
'you my Thoughts on this Subject any Way so well, as
'by a short account of my own Life to this the Forty
'fifth year of my Age; that is to say, from my being
'first a Foot-boy at fourteen, to my present Station of a
'Nobleman's Porter in the Year of my Age above-men-
'tioned.

'I KNOW then, that my Father was a poor Tenant to
'the Family of Sir *Stephen Rackrent*: Sir *Stephen* put me
'to School, or rather made me follow his Son *Harry* to
'School, from my Ninth Year; and there, tho' Sir *Ste-*
'*phen* paid something for my Learning, I was used like
'a Servant, and was forced to get what Scraps of Learn-
'ing I could by my own Industry, for the School-master
'took very little Notice of me. My young Master was
'a Lad of very sprightly Parts; and my being constantly
'about him, and loving him, was no small Advantage to
'me. My Master loved me extreamly, and has often
'been whipped for not keeping me at a Distance. He
'used always to say, That when he came to his Estate I
'should have a Lease of my Father's Tenement for no-
'thing. I came up to Town with him to *Westminster*
'School; at which time he taught me at Night all he
'learnt, and put me to find out Words in the Dictionary
'when he was about his Exercise. It was the Will of
'Providence that Master *Harry* was taken very ill of a Fever,
'of which he died within Ten Days after his first falling
'sick. Here was the first Sorrow I ever knew; and I
'assure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, I remember the beau-
'tiful Action of the sweet Youth in his Fever, as fresh
'as if it were Yesterday. If he wanted any thing, it
'must be given him by *Tom*: When I let any thing fall
'through the Grief I was under, he would cry, Do not
'beat the poor Boy: Give him some more Julep for
'me, no Body else shall give it me. He would strive
'to hide his being so bad, when he saw I could not
'bear his being so much in Danger, and comforted me,
'saying, *Tom*, *Tom*, have a good Heart. When I

'was

was holding a Cup at his Mouth, he fell into Convulſions; and at this very Time I hear my dear Maſter's laſt Groan. I was quickly turned out of the Room, and left to ſob and beat my Head againſt the Wall at my Leiſure. The Grief I was in was inexpreſſible; and every Body thought it would have coſt me my Life. In a few Days my old Lady, who was one of the Houſewives of the World, thought of turning me out of Doors, becauſe I put her in mind of her Son. Sir *Stephen* propoſed putting me to Prentice, but my Lady being an excellent Manager, would not let her Husband throw away his Money in acts of Charity. I had Senſe enough to be under the utmoſt Indignation, to ſee her diſcard with ſo little Concern, one her Son had loved ſo much; and went out of the Houſe to ramble where-ever my Feet would carry me.

'THE third Day after I left Sir *Stephen*'s Family, I was ſtrolling up and down the Walks in the *Temple*. A young Gentleman of the Houſe, who (as I heard him ſay afterwards) ſeeing me half-ſtarved and well dreſſed, thought me an Equipage ready to his Hand, after very little Enquiry more than *Did I want a Maſter?* bid me follow him; I did ſo, and in a very little while thought my ſelf the happieſt Creature in this World. My Time was taken up in carrying Letters to Wenches, or Meſſages to young Ladies of my Maſter's Acquaintance. We rambled from Tavern to Tavern, to the Play-houſe, the Mulberry-Garden, and all Places of Reſort; where my Maſter engaged every Night in ſome new Amour, in which and Drinking he ſpent all his Time when he had Money. During theſe Extravagances I had the Pleaſure of lying on the Stairs of a Tavern half a Night, playing at Dice with other Servants, and the like Idleneſſes. When my Maſter was Monyleſs, I was generally employed in tranſcribing amorous Pieces of Poetry, old Songs, and new Lampoons. This Life held till my Maſter married, and he had then the Prudence to turn me off, becauſe I was in the Secret of his Intreagues.

'I was utterly at a Loſs what Courſe to take next; when at laſt I applied my ſelf to a Fellow-ſufferer, one of his Miſtreſſes, a Woman of the Town. She hap-

'pening at that Time to be pretty full of Money, cloathed 'me from Head to Foot; and knowing me to be a ſharp 'Fellow, employed me accordingly. Sometimes I was 'to go abroad with her, and when ſhe had pitched upon 'a young Fellow ſhe thought for her Turn, I was to be 'dropped as one ſhe could not truſt. She would often 'cheapen Goods at the *New Exchange*; and when ſhe 'had a Mind to be attacked, ſhe would ſend me away on 'an Errand. When an humble Servant and ſhe were be-'ginning a Parley, I came immediately, and told her Sir 'John was come home; then ſhe would order another 'Coach to prevent being dogged. The Lover makes 'Signs to me as I get behind the Coach, I ſhake my Head 'it was impoſſible: I leave my Lady at the next Turn-'ing, and follow the Cully to know how to fall in his 'Way on another Occaſion. Beſides good Offices of this 'Nature, I writ all my Miſtreſs's Love-Letters; ſome 'from a Lady that ſaw ſuch a Gentleman at ſuch a Place 'in ſuch a coloured Coat, ſome ſhewing the Terrour ſhe 'was in of a jealous old Husband, others explaining that 'the Severity of her Parents was ſuch (tho' her Fortune 'was ſettled) that ſhe was willing to run away with ſuch 'a one, tho' ſhe knew he was but a younger Brother. In 'a Word, my Half-Education and Love of idle Books 'made me outwrite all that made Love to her by way of 'Epiſtle; and as ſhe was extremely cunning, ſhe did well 'enough in Company by a skilful Affectation of the great-'eſt Modeſty. In the midſt of all this, I was ſurprized 'with a Letter from her and a Ten Pound Note.

Honeſt Tom,

"YOU will never ſee me more. I am married to "a very cunning Country Gentleman, who "might poſſibly gueſs ſomething if I kept you ſtill; "therefore farewel.

'WHEN this Place was loſt alſo in Marriage, I was 'reſolved to go among quite another People for the fu-'ture; and got in Butler to one of thoſe Families where 'there is a Coach kept, three or four Servants, a clean 'houſe, and a good general Outſide upon a ſmall E-'ſtate.

'ſtate. Here I lived very comfortably for ſome Time, 'till I unfortunately found my Maſter, the very graveſt 'Man alive, in the Garret with the Chambermaid. I 'knew the World too well to think of ſtaying there; and 'the next Day pretended to have received a Letter out of 'the Country that my Father was dying, and got my 'Diſcharge with a Bounty for my Diſcretion.

'THE next I lived with was a peeviſh ſingle Man, 'whom I ſtayed with for a Year and a half. Moſt Part 'of the Time I paſſed very eaſily; for when I began to 'know him, I minded no more than he meant what 'he ſaid; ſo that one Day in good Humour he ſaid, *I 'was the beſt Man he ever had, by my want of Reſpect to 'him.*

'THESE, Sir, are the chief Occurrences of my Life, 'and I will not dwell upon very many other Places I 'have been in, where I have been the ſtrangeſt Fellow in 'the World, where no Body in the World had ſuch Ser-'vants as they, where ſure they were the unluckieſt Peo-'ple in the World in Servants, and ſo forth. All I mean 'by this Repreſentation, is, To ſhew you that we poor 'Servants are not (what you called us too generally) all 'Rogues; but that we are what we are, according to the 'Example of our Superiors. In the Family I am now 'in, I am guilty of no one Sin but Lying; which I do 'with a grave Face in my Gown and Staff every Day I 'live, and almoſt all Day long, in denying my Lord to 'impertinent Suitors, and my Lady to unwelcome Viſi-'tants. But, Sir, I am to let you know, that I am, when 'I can get abroad, a Leader of the Servants: I am he that 'keeps Time with beating my Cudgel againſt the Boards 'in the Gallery at an Opera; I am he that am touched ſo 'properly at a Tragedy, when the People of Quality are 'ſtaring at one another during the moſt Important Inci-'dents: When you hear in a Crowd a Cry in the right 'Place, an Humm where the Point is touched in a Speech, 'or an Huſſa ſet up where it is the Voice of the People; 'you may conclude it is begun, or joined by,

SIR,

Your more than humble Servant,

T Thomas Truſty.

Thurſday,

N° 97. *Thurſday, June* 21.

Projicere animas ——— Virg.

AMONG the looſe Papers which I have frequently ſpoken of heretofore, I find a Converſation between *Pharamond* and *Eucrate* upon the Subject of Duels, and the Copy of an Edict iſſued in Conſequence of that Diſcourſe.

EUCRATE argued, That nothing but the moſt ſevere and vindictive Puniſhments, ſuch as placing the Bodies of the Offenders in Chains, and putting them to Death by the moſt exquiſite Torments, would be ſufficient to extirpate a Crime which had ſo long prevailed and was ſo firmly fixed in the Opinion of the World as great and laudable; but the King anſwered, That indeed Inſtances of Ignominy were neceſſary in the Cure of this Evil; but conſidering that it prevailed only among ſuch as had a Nicety in their Senſe of Honour, and that it often happened that a Duel was fought to ſave Appearances to the World, when both Parties were in their Hearts in Amity and Reconciliation to each other; it was evident, that turning the Mode another way would effectually put a ſtop to what had Being only as a Mode. That to ſuch Perſons, Poverty and Shame were Torments ſufficient; That he would not go further in puniſhing in others Crimes which he was ſatisfied he himſelf was moſt guilty of, in that he might have prevented them by ſpeaking his Diſpleaſure ſooner. Beſides which the King ſaid, he was in general averſe to Tortures, which was putting human Nature it ſelf, rather than the Criminal, to Diſgrace; and that he would be ſure not to uſe this Means where the Crime was but an ill Effect ariſing from a laudable Cauſe, the Fear of Shame. The King, at the ſame time, ſpoke with much Grace upon the Subject of Mercy; and repented of many Acts of that kind which had a magnificent Aſpect in the doing, but dreadful Conſequences in the Example. Mercy to Particulars, he obſerved,

, was Cruelty in the General: That though a Prince ld not revive a dead Man by taking the Life of him o killed him, neither could he make Reparation to next that ſhould die by the evil Example; or anr to himſelf for the Partiality, in not pardoning the xt as well as the former Offender. 'As for me, ſays *aramond*. 'I have conquered *France*, and yet have iven Laws to my People: The Laws are my Methods f Life; they are not a Diminution but a Direction to ny Power. I am ſtill abſolute to diſtinguiſh the Innoent and the Virtuous, to give Honours to the Brave nd Generous: I am abſolute in my Good-Will; none an oppoſe my Bounty, or preſcribe Rules for my Faour. While I can, as I pleaſe, reward the Good, I m under no Pain that I cannot pardon the Wicked: or which Reaſon, continued *Pharamond*, I will effectuly put a Stop to this Evil, by expoſing no more the enderneſs of my Nature to the Importunity of having he ſame Reſpect to thoſe who are miſerable by their ault, and thoſe who are ſo by their Misfortune. Flatrers (concluded the King ſmiling) repeat to us Prines, that we are Heaven's Vicegerents; let us be ſo, and t the only thing out of our Power be *to do ill*.

SOON after the Evening wherein *Pharamond* and *rate* had this Converſation, the following Edict was liſhed.

Pharamond's Edict againſt Duels.

ramond, *King of the* Gauls, *to all his loving Subjects ſendeth Greeting.*

WHEREAS it has come to our Royal Notice ' and Obſervation, that in Contempt of all aws Divine and Human, it is of late become a Cuom among the Nobility and Gentry of this our Kingom, upon ſlight and trivial, as well as great and urent Provocations, to invite each other into the Field, here by their own Hands, and of their own Authori, to decide their Controverſies by Combat; We have hought fit to take the ſaid Cuſtom into our Royal onſideration, and find, upon Enquiry into the uſual auſes whereon ſuch fatal Deciſions have ariſen, that

' by

‘ by this Wicked Cuſtom, maugre all the Precepts of O
‘ holy Religion, and the Rules of right Reaſon, t
‘ greateſt Act of the human Mind, *Forgiveneſs of Injur*
‘ is become vile and ſhameful; that the Rules of go
‘ Society and virtuous Converſation are hereby inverte
‘ that the Looſe, the Vain, and the Impudent, i
‘ ſult the Careful, the Diſcreet, and the Modeſt; that
‘ Virtue is ſuppreſſed, and all Vice ſupported, in the o
‘ Act of being capable to dare to the Death. We have
‘ ſo further, with great Sorrow of Mind, obſerved t
‘ this dreadful Action, by long Impunity, (Our Ro
‘ Attention being employed upon Matters of more ge
‘ ral Concern) is become honourable, and the Refu
‘ to engage in it ignominious. In theſe Our Ro
‘ Cares and Enquiries We are yet farther made to und
‘ derſtand, that the Perſons of moſt eminent Worth, a
‘ moſt hopeful Abilities, accompanied with the Strong
‘ Paſſion for true Glory, are ſuch as are moſt liable to
‘ involved in the Dangers ariſing from this Licen
‘ Now taking the ſaid Premiſes into our ſerious Con
‘ deration, and well weighing that all ſuch Emergenci
‘ (wherein the Mind is incapable of commanding it ſ
‘ and where the Injury is too ſudden or exquiſite to
‘ born) are particularly provided for by Laws heretof
‘ enacted; and that the Qualities of leſs Injuries, l
‘ thoſe of Ingratitude, are too nice and delicate to co
‘ under general Rules; we do reſolve to blot this Fa
‘ on, or Wantonneſs of Anger, out of the Minds of O
‘ Subjects, by Our Royal Reſolutions declared in this E
‘ dict, as follow.

‘ NO Perſon who either ſends or accepts a Challen
‘ or the Poſterity of either, tho' no Death enſues there
‘ on, ſhall be, after the Publication of this our Edict, c
‘ pable of bearing Office in theſe our Dominions.

‘ THE Perſon who ſhall prove the ſending or rec
‘ ving a Challenge, ſhall receive, to his own Uſe and Pr
‘ perty, the whole perſonal Eſtate of both Parties; a
‘ their real Eſtate ſhall be immediately veſted in the ne
‘ Heir of the Offenders, in as ample Manner as if the ſa
‘ Offenders were actually deceaſed.

‘ IN Caſes where the Laws (which we have already gra
‘ ted to our Subjects) admit of an Appeal for Blood; wh

the Criminal is condemned by the ſaid Appeal, he ſhall not only ſuffer Death, but his whole Eſtate, real, mixed, and perſonal, ſhall from the Hour of his Death be veſted in the next Heir of the Perſon whoſe Blood he ſpilt.

'THAT it ſhall not hereafter be in Our Royal Power, or of that of Our Succeſſors, to pardon the ſaid Offences, or reſtore the Offenders in their Eſtates, Honour, or Blood for ever.

Given at our Court at Blois *the* 8*th of* February, 420. *In the Second Year of our Reign.* T

N° 98. *Friday, June* 22.

——*Tanta eſt quærendi cura decoris.* Juv.

THERE is not ſo variable a thing in Nature as a Lady's Head-dreſs: Within my own Memory I have known it riſe and fall above thirty Degrees. About ten Years ago it ſhot up to a very great height, inſomuch that the female Part of our Species were much taller than the Men. The Women were of ſuch an enormous Stature, that *we appeared as Graſshoppers before them:* At preſent the whole Sex is in a manner dwarfed and ſhrunk into a Race of Beauties that ſeems almoſt another Species. I remember ſeveral Ladies, who were once very near ſeven Foot high, that at preſent want ſome Inches of five: How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole Sex be at preſent under any Penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have caſt their Head-dreſſes in order to ſurprize us with ſomething in that kind which ſhall be entirely new; or whether ſome of the talleſt of the Sex, being too cunning for the reſt, have contrived this Method to make themſelves appear ſizeable, is ſtill a ſecret; tho' I find moſt are of Opinion, they are at preſent like Trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly ſprout up and flouriſh with greater Heads than before. For my own Part, as I do not love to be inſulted by Women who are taller than my ſelf, I admire the Sex

Sex much more in their preſent Humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural Dimenſions, than when they had extended their Perſons, and lengthened themſelves out into formidable and gigantick Figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful Edifice of Nature, nor for raiſing any whimſical Superſtructure upon her Plans: I muſt therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleaſed with the Coiffure now in Faſhion, and think it ſhews the good Senſe which at preſent very much reigns among the valuable Part of the Sex. One may obſerve, that Women in all Ages have taken more Pains than Men to adorn the outſide of their Heads; and indeed I very much admire, that thoſe female Architects, who raiſe ſuch wonderful Structures out of Ribbands, Lace, and Wire, have not been recorded for their reſpective Inventions. It is certain there has been as many Orders in theſe kinds of Building, as in thoſe which have been made of Marble. Sometimes they riſe in the Shape of a Pyramid, ſometimes like a Tower, and ſometimes like a Steeple. In *Juvenal*'s Time the Building grew by ſeveral Orders and Stories, as he has very humourouſly deſcribed it.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput: Andromachen a fronte videbis;
Poſt minor eſt: Aliam credas. Juv.

But I do not remember, in any Part of my Reading, that the Head-dreſs aſpired to ſo great an Extravagance as in the fourteenth Century; when it was built up in a Couple of Cones or Spires, which ſtood ſo exceſſively high on each Side of the Head, that a Woman who was but a *Pigmy* without her Head-dreſs, appeared like a *Coloſſus* upon putting it on. Monſieur *Paradin* ſays, 'That theſe old faſhioned 'Fontanges roſe an Ell above the Head; that they were 'pointed like Steeples, and had long looſe Pieces of Crape 'faſtned to the Tops of them, which were curiouſly 'fringed, and hung down their Backs like Streamers.

THE Women might poſſibly have carried this Gothick Building much higher, had not a famous Monk, *Thomas Connecte* by Name, attacked it with great Zeal and Reſolution. This holy Man travelled from Place to Place to preach down this monſtrous Commode; and ſucceeded

well in it, that as the Magicians ſacrificed their Books to Flames upon the Preaching of an Apoſtle, many of the omen threw down their Head-dreſſes in the Middle of Sermon, and made a Bonfire of them within Sight of Pulpit. He was ſo renowned, as well for the Sanctity his Life as his Manner of Preaching, that he had often a ngregation of Twenty thouſand People; the Men placing mſelves on the one Side of his Pulpit, and the Women on other, that appeared (to uſe the Similitude of an inge-us Writer) like a Foreſt of Cedars with their Heads ching to the Clouds. He ſo warmed and animated the ple againſt this monſtrous Ornament, that it lay under kind of Perſecution; and whenever it appeared in pub-k was pelted down by the Rabble, who flung Stones the Perſons that wore it. But notwithſtanding this odigy vaniſhed while the Preacher was among them, it gan to appear again ſome Months after his Departure, to tell it in Monſieur *Paradin*'s own Words, 'The Women that, like Snails in a Fright, had drawn in their Horns, ſhot them out again as ſoon as the Danger was over. This Extravagance of the Womens Head-dreſſes that Age is taken Notice of by Monſieur *d' Argentre* in Hiſtory of *Bretagne*, and by other Hiſtorians as well as Perſon I have here quoted.

IT is uſually obſerved, That a good Reign is the only per Time for the making of Laws againſt the Exorbi-ce of Power; in the ſame Manner an exceſſive Head-eſs may be attacked the moſt effectually when the Fa-ion is againſt it. I do therefore recommend this Paper my female Readers by way of Prevention.

I would deſire the fair Sex to conſider how impoſſi-it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamen-to what is already the Maſter-piece of Nature. The ad has the moſt beautiful Appearance, as well as the heſt Station, in a human Figure. Nature has laid all her Art in beautifying the Face: She has touched with Vermillion, planted in it a double Row of Ivo-made it the Seat of Smiles and Bluſhes, lighted it up enlivened it with the Brightneſs of the Eyes, hung on each Side with curious Organs of Senſe, given it res and Graces that cannot be deſcribed, and ſurround-it with ſuch a flowing Shade of Hair as ſets all its

Beau-

Beauties in the moſt agreeable Light: In ſhort, ſhe ſeem to have deſigned the Head as the Cupola to the moſt gl rious of her Works; and when we load it with ſuch Pile of ſupernumerary Ornaments, we deſtory the Sy metry of the human Figure, and fooliſhly contrive to c off the Eye from great and real Beauties, to childiſh Ge gaws, Ribbands, and Bone-lace.

N° 99. *Saturday, June* 23.

——*Turpi ſecernis Honeſtum.* Ho

THE Club, of which I have often declared my f a Member, were laſt Night engaged in a Diſcou upon that which paſſes for the chief Point of H nour among Men and Women; and ſtarted a great m Hints upon the Subject, which I thought were entir new: I ſhall therefore methodize the ſeveral Reflecti that aroſe upon this Occaſion, and preſent my Rea with them for the Speculation of this Day; after havi premiſed, that if there is any thing in this Paper wh ſeems to differ with any Paſſage of laſt *Thurſday*'s, t Reader will conſider this as the Sentiments of the Cl and the other as my own private Thoughts, or rat thoſe of *Pharamond*.

THE great Point of Honour in Men is Courage, a in Women Chaſtity. If a Man loſes his Honour in o Rencounter, it is not impoſſible for him to regain it another; a Slip in a Woman's Honour is irrecoverab I can give no Reaſon for fixing the Point of Honour t theſe two Qualities, unleſs it be that each Sex ſets it greateſt Value on the Qualification which renders the the moſt amiable in the Eyes of the contrary Sex. H Men choſen for themſelves, without Regard to the Op nions of the fair Sex, I ſhould believe the Choice wo have fallen on Wiſdom or Virtue; or had Women det mined their own Point of Honour, it is probable that W or Good-nature would have carried it againſt Chaſtity.

N

NOTHING recommends a Man more to the female than Courage; whether it be that they are pleaſed to one who is a Terror to others fall like a Slave at their , or that this Quality ſupplies their own principal De- , in guarding them from Inſults, and avenging their rrels, or that Courage is a natural Indication of a ſtrong ſprightly Conſtitution. On the other Side, nothing es a Woman more eſteemed by the oppoſite Sex than ſtity; whether it be that we always prize thoſe moſt are hardeſt to come at, or that nothing beſides Cha- , with its collateral Attendants, Truth, Fidelity, and ſtancy, gives the Man a Property in the Perſon he s, and conſequently endears her to him above all things. am very much pleaſed with a Paſſage in the Inſcrip- on a Monument erected in *Weſtminſter* Abby to the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Newcaſtle:* 'Her Name was *argaret Lucas*, youngeſt Siſter to the Lord *Lucas* of *lcheſter*; *a noble Family, for all the Brothers were vali- t, and all the Siſters virtuous.*

N Books of Chivalry, where the Point of Honour is ined to Madneſs, the whole Sory runs on Chaſtity Courage. The Damſel is mounted on a white Pal- as an Emblem of her Innocence; and, to avoid dal, muſt have a Dwarf for her Page. She is not hink of a Man, till ſome Misfortune has brought a ght-Errant to her Relief. The Knight falls in Love, did not Gratitude reſtrain her from murdering her verer, would die at her Feet by her Diſdain. How- , he muſt waſte many Years in the Deſart, before Virgin Heart can think of a Surrender. The Knight off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and ger than himſelf, ſeeks all Opportunities of being cked on the Head, and after ſeven Years Rambling rns to his Miſtreſs, whoſe Chaſtity has been attacked he mean Time by Giants and Tyrants, and undergone any Tryals as her Lover's Valour.

N *Spain*, where there are ſtill great Remains of this antick Humour, it is a tranſporting Favour for a Lady aſt an accidental Glance on her Lover from a Window, it be two or three Stories high; as it is uſual for the er to aſſert his Paſſion for his Miſtreſs, in ſingle Combat a mad Bull.

THE great Violation of the Point of Honour fr
Man to Man, is giving the Lie. One may tell another
whores, drinks, blaſphemes, and it may paſs unreſen
but to ſay he lies, tho' but in jeſt, is an Affront tha
thing but Blood can expiate. The Reaſon perhaps may
becauſe no other Vice implies a want of Courage ſo m
as the making of a Lie; and therefore telling a Man he l
is touching him in the moſt ſenſible Part of Honour,
indirectly calling him a Coward. I cannot omit u
this Head what *Herodotus* tells us of the ancient *Per*
That from the Age of five Years to twenty they inſtr
their Sons only in three things, to manage the Horſe,
make uſe of the Bow, and to ſpeak Truth.

THE placing the Point of Honour in this falſe kind
Courage, has given Occaſion to the very refuſe of Mank
who have neither Virtue nor common Senſe, to ſet up
Men of Honour. An *Engliſh* Peer, who has not been l
dead, uſed to tell a pleaſant Story of a *French* Gentle
that viſited him early one Morning at *Paris*, and after g
Profeſſions of Reſpect, let him know that he had it in
Power to oblige him; which in ſhort, amounted
this, that he believed he could tell his Lordſhip the Per
Name who juſtled him as he came out from the Op
but before he would proceed, he begged his Lordſhip tha
would not deny him the Honour of making him
Second. The *Engliſh* Lord to avoid being drawn in
very fooliſh Affair, told him that he was under Eng
ments for his two next Duels to a Couple of partic
Friends. Upon which the Gentleman immediately w
drew, hoping his Lordſhip would not take it ill if
meddled no farther in an Affair from whence he hi
was to receive no Advantage.

THE beating down this falſe Notion of Honour, i
vain and lively a People as thoſe of *France*, is deſerv
looked upon as one of the moſt glorious Parts of their
ſent King's Reign. It is pity but the Puniſhment of t
miſchievous Notions ſhould have in it ſome partic
Circumſtances of Shame and Infamy; that thoſe who
Slaves to them may ſee, that inſtead of advancing t
Reputations, they lead them to Ignominy and Diſhono

DEATH is not ſufficient to deter Men who mak
their Glory to deſpiſe it; but if every one that fough

l were to ſtand in the Pillory, it would quickly leſſen Number of theſe imaginary Men of Honour, and put nd to ſo abſurd a Practice.

WHEN Honour is a Support to virtuous Principles, runs parallel with the Laws of God and our Coun- it cannot be too much cheriſhed and encouraged: But n the Dictates of Honour are contrary to thoſe of gion and Equity, they are the greateſt Depravations uman Nature, by giving wrong Ambitions and falſe s of what is good and laudable; and ſhould therefore xploded by all Governments, and driven out as the and Plague of human Society. L

100. *Monday, June 25.*

Nil ego contulerim jucundo ſanus amico. Hor.

Man advanced in Years that thinks fit to look back upon his former Life, and calls that only Life which was paſſed with Satisfaction and En- ent, excluding all Parts which were not pleaſant to will find himſelf very young, if not in his Infan- Sickneſs, ill Humour, and Idleneſs, will have robbed of a great Share of that Space we ordinarily call our It is therefore the Duty of every Man that would ue to himſelf, to obtain, if poſſible, a Diſpoſition e pleaſed, and place himſelf in a conſtant Aptitude he Satisfaction of his Being. Inſtead of this, you y ſee a Man who is not uneaſy in Proportion to his ncement in the Arts of Life. An affected Delicacy e common Improvement we meet with in thoſe who nd to be refined above others: They do not aim at Pleaſures themſelves, but turn their Thoughts upon ving the falſe Pleaſures of other Men. Such Peo- re Valetudinarians in Society, and they ſhould no come into Company than a ſick Man ſhould come the Air: If a Man is too weak to bear what is a eſhment to Men in Health, he muſt ſtill keep his nber. When any one in Sir ROGER's Company plains he is out of Order, he immediately calls for ſome

ſome Poſſet-Drink for him; for which Reaſon that Sort People who are ever bewailing their Conſtitution in o Places, are the Chearfulleſt imaginable when he is pre

IN is a wonderful thing that ſo many, and they reckoned abſurd, ſhall entertain thoſe with whom converſe by giving them the Hiſtory of their Pains Aches; and imagine ſuch Narrations their Quota of Converſation. This is of all other the meaneſt Help Diſcourſe, and a Man muſt not think at all, or himſelf very inſignificant, when he finds an Account his Head-ach anſwered by another's asking what N in the laſt Mail? Mutual good Humour is a Dreſs ought to appear in where-ever we meet, and we ſh make no Mention of what concerns our ſelves, wit it be of Matters wherein our Friends ought to joyce: But indeed there are Crowds of People who themſelves in no Method of pleaſing themſelves or oth ſuch are thoſe whom we uſually call indolent Perſ Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate State betw Pleaſure and Pain, and very much unbecoming any of our Life after we are out of the Nurſe's Arms. S an Averſion to Labour creates a conſtant Wearineſs, one would think ſhould make Exiſtence it ſelf a Burt The indolent Man deſcends from the Dignity of his ture, and makes that Being which was Rational m Vegetative: His Life conſiſts only in the meer Enc and Decay of a Body, which, with Relation to the of the World, might as well have been uninforme the Habitation of a reaſonable Mind.

OF this kind is the Life of that extraordinary C *Harry Terſett* and his Lady. *Harry* was in the Da his Celibacy one of thoſe pert Creatures who have Vivacity and little Underſtanding; Mrs. *Rebecca* whom he married, had all that the Fire of Youth lively Manner could do towards making an agreeable man. Theſe two People of ſeeming Merit fell into others Arms; and Paſſion being ſated, and no Reaſo good Senſe in either to ſucceed it, their Life is now Stand; their Meals are inſipid, and their Time tedi their Fortune has placed them above Care, and their of Taſte reduced them below Diverſion. When talk of theſe as Inſtances of Inexiſtence, we do

an, that in order to live it is neceſſary we ſhould ays be in jovial Crews, or crowned with Chaplets Roſes, as the merry Fellows among the Ancients are cribed; but it is intended by conſidering theſe Conies to Pleaſure, Indolence, and too much Delicacy, ſhew that it is Prudence to preſerve a Diſpoſition in ſelves to receive a certain Delight in all we hear and

THIS portable Quality of good Humour ſeaſons all Parts and Occurrences we meet with, in ſuch a man-, that there are no Moments loſt; but they all paſs h ſo much Satisfaction, that the heavieſt of Loads, hen it is a Load) that of Time, is never felt by us. *ilas* has this Quality to the higheſt Perfection, and nmunicates it where-ever he appears: The Sad, the rry, the Severe, the Melancholy, ſhew a new Chearneſs when he comes amongſt them. At the ſame e no one can repeat any thing that *Varilas* has ever that deſerves Repetition; but the Man has that in- Goodneſs of Temper, that he is welcome to every dy, becauſe every Man thinks he is ſo to him. He s not ſeem to contribute any thing to the Mirth of Company; and yet upon Reflection you find it all ppened by his being there. I thought it was whimly ſaid of a Gentleman, That if *Varilas* had Wit, it uld be the beſt Wit in the World. It is certain, en a well corrected lively Imagination and good eding are added to a ſweet Diſpoſition, they qualify it e one of the greateſt Bleſſings, as well as Pleaſures of e.

MEN would come into Company with ten times the aſure they do, if they were ſure of hearing nothing ich would ſhock them, as well as expected what uld pleaſe them. When we know every Perſon that ſpoken of is repreſented by one who has no ill Will, every thing that is mentioned deſcribed by one that pt to ſet it in the beſt Light, the Entertainment muſt delicate, becauſe the Cook has nothing brought to Hand but what is the moſt excellent in its Kind. utiful Pictures are the Entertainments of pure Minds, Deformities of the corrupted. It is a Degree tords the Life of Angels, when we enjoy Converſation

where-

wherein there is nothing preſented but in its Excellen and a Degree towards that of Dæmons, wherein nothi is ſhewn but in its Degeneracy.

Nº 101. *Tueſday, June* 26.

Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti;
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros aſſignant oppida condunt;
Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis: ——— Hor.

CENSURE, ſays a late ingenious Author, *is the T a Man pays to the Publick for being Eminent.* It i Folly for an eminent Man to think of eſcaping and a Weakneſs to be affected with it. All the illuſtri Perſons of Antiquity, and indeed of every Age in t World, have paſſed through this fiery Perſecution. Th is no Defence againſt Reproach but Obſcurity; it i kind of Concomitant to Greatneſs, as Satyrs and In ctives were an eſſential Part of a *Roman* Triumph.

IF Men of Eminence are expoſed to Cenſure on Hand, they are as much liable to Flattery on the oth If they receive Reproaches which are not due to th they likewiſe receive Praiſes which they do not deſer In a Word, the Man in a high Poſt is never regar with an indifferent Eye, but always conſidered as a Fri or an Enemy. For this Reaſon Perſons in great Stati have ſeldom their true Characters drawn till ſeveral Ye after their Deaths. Their perſonal Friendſhips and Ene ties muſt ceaſe, and the Parties they were engaged in at an End, before their Faults or their Virtues can b Juſtice done them. When Writers have the leaſt Opp tunities of knowing the Truth they are in the beſt D poſition to tell it.

IT is therefore the Privilege of Poſterity to adjuſt t Characters of illuſtrious Perſons, and to ſet Matters ri betwe

between thoſe Antagoniſts, who by their Rivalry for Greatneſs divided a whole Age into Factions. We can now allow *Cæſar* to be a great Man, without derogating from *Pompey*; and celebrate the Virtues of *Cato*, without detracting from thoſe of *Cæſar*. Every one that has been long dead has a due Proportion of Praiſe allotted him, in which whilſt he lived his Friends were too profuſe and his Enemies too ſparing.

ACCORDING to Sir *Iſaac Newton's* Calculations, the laſt Comet that made its Appearance in 1680, imbib'd ſo much Heat by its Approaches to the Sun, that it would have been two thouſand times hotter than red hot Iron, had it been a Globe of that Metal; and that ſuppoſing it as big as the Earth, and at the ſame Diſtance from the Sun, it would be fifty thouſand Years in cooling, before it recovered its natural Temper. In the like manner, if an *Engliſh* Man conſiders the great Ferment into which our Political World is thrown at preſent, and how intenſely it is heated in all its Parts, he cannot ſuppoſe that it will cool again in leſs than three hundred Years. In ſuch a Tract of Time it is poſſible that the Heats of the preſent Age may be extinguiſhed, and our ſeveral Claſſes of great Men repreſented under their proper Characters. Some eminent Hiſtorian may then probably ariſe that will not write *recentibus odiis* (as *Tacitus* expreſſes it) with the Paſſions and Prejudices of a contemporary Author, but make an impartial Diſtribution of Fame among the Great Men of the preſent Age.

I cannot forbear entertaining my ſelf very often with the Idea of ſuch an imaginary Hiſtorian deſcribing the Reign of *ANNE* the Firſt, and introducing it with a Preface to his Reader; that he is now entring upon the moſt ſhining Part of the *Engliſh* Story. The great Rivals in Fame will be then diſtinguiſhed according to their reſpective Merits, and ſhine in their proper Points of Light. Such an one (ſays the Hiſtorian) tho' variouſly repreſented by the Writers of his own Age, appears to have been a Man of more than ordinary Abilities, great Application, and uncommon Integrity: Nor was ſuch a one (tho' of an oppoſite Party and Intereſt) inferior to him in any of theſe Reſpects. The ſeveral Antagoniſts who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and

are celebrated or traduced by different Parties, will then have the ſame Body of Admirers, and appear Illuſtrious in the Opinion of the whole *Britiſh* Nation. The deſerving Man, who can now recommend himſelf to the Eſteem of but half his Countrymen, will then receive the Approbations and Applauſes of a whole Age.

AMONG the ſeveral Perſons that flouriſh in this glorious Reign, there is no Queſtion but ſuch a future Hiſtorian as the Perſon of whom I am ſpeaking, will make mention of the Men of Genius and Learning, who have now any Figure in the *Britiſh* Nation. For my own Part I often flatter my ſelf with the honourable Mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a Paragraph in my own Imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in ſome Page or other of this imaginary Hiſtorian.

IT was under this Reign, ſays he, that the SPECTATOR Publiſhed thoſe little Diurnal Eſſays which are ſtill extant. We know very little of the Name or Perſon of this Author, except only that he was a Man of a very ſhort Face, extreamly addicted to Silence, and ſo great a Lover of Knowledge, that he made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo* for no other Reaſon, but to take the Meaſure of a Pyramid. His chief Friend was one Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, a whimſical Country Knight, and a *Templar* whoſe Name he has not tranſmitted to us. He lived as a Lodger at the Houſe of a Widow-Woman, and was a great Humouriſt in all Parts of his Life. This is all we can affirm with any Certainty of his Perſon and Character. As for his Speculations, notwithſtanding the ſeveral obſolete Words and obſcure Phraſes of the Age in which he lived, we ſtill underſtand enough of them to ſee the Diverſions and Characters of the *Engliſh* Nation in his Time: Not but that we are to make Allowance for the Mirth and Humour of the Author, who has doubtleſs ſtrained many Repreſentations of Things beyond the Truth. For if we interpret his Words in their literal Meaning, we muſt ſuppoſe that Women of the firſt Quality uſed to paſs away whole Mornings at a Puppet-Show: That they atteſted their Principles by their *Patches*: That an Audience would ſit out an Evening to hear a Dramatical Performance written

written in a Language which they did not underſtand: That Chairs and Flower-Pots were introduced as Actors upon the *Britiſh* Stage: That a promiſcuous Aſſembly of Men and Women were allowed to meet at Midnight in Maſques within the Verge of the Court; with many Improbabilities of the like Nature. We muſt therefore, in theſe and the like Caſes, ſuppoſe that theſe remote Hints and Alluſions aimed at ſome certain Follies which were then in Vogue, and which at preſent we have not any Notion of. We may gueſs by ſeveral Paſſages in the *Speculations*, that there were Writers who endeavoured to detract from the Works of this Author; but as nothing of this Nature is come down to us, we cannot gueſs at any Objections that could be made to his Paper. If we conſider his Style with that Indulgence which we muſt ſhew to old *Engliſh* Writers, or if we look into the Variety of his Subjects, with thoſe ſeveral Critical Diſſertations, Moral Reflections, * * * * * *

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THE following Part of the Paragraph is ſo much to my Advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my Reader will excuſe me for not inſerting it.

L

N° 102. *Wedneſday, June* 27.

——— *Luſus animo debent aliquando dari,*
Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat ſibi. Phædr.

I Do not know whether to call the following Letter a Satyr upon Coquets, or a Repreſentation of their ſeveral fantaſtical Accompliſhments, or what other Title to give it; but as it is I ſhall communicate it to the Publick. It will ſufficiently explain its own Intentions, ſo that I ſhall give it my Reader at Length, without either Preface or Poſtſcript.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WOMEN are armed with Fans as Men with 'Swords, and ſometimes do more Execution 'with them. To the end therefore that Ladies may be 'entire Miſtreſſes of the Weapon which they bear, I have 'erected an Academy for the training up of young Wo- 'men in the *Exerciſe of the Fan*, according to the moſt 'faſhionable Airs and Motions that are now practiſed at 'Court. The Ladies who *carry* Fans under me are drawn 'up twice a Day in my great Hall, where they are in- 'ſtructed in the Uſe of their Arms, and *exerciſed* by the 'following Words of Command,

Handle your Fans,
Unfurl your Fans,
Diſcharge your Fans,
Ground your Fans,
Recover your Fans,
Flutter your Fans.

'By the right Obſervation of theſe few plain Words of 'Command, a Woman of a tolerable Genius who will 'apply her ſelf diligently to her Exerciſe for the Space of 'but one half Year, ſhall be able to give her Fan all the 'Graces that can poſſibly enter into that little modiſh 'Machine.

'BUT to the end that my Readers may form to them- 'ſelves a right Notion of this *Exerciſe*, I beg Leave to 'explain it to them in all its Parts. When my Female 'Regiment is drawn up in Array, with every one her 'Weapon in her Hand, upon my giving the Word to '*handle their Fans*, each of them ſhakes her Fan at me 'with a Smile, then gives her Right-hand Woman a 'Tap upon the Shoulder, then preſſes her Lips with the 'Extremity of her Fan, then lets her Arms fall in an 'eaſy Motion, and ſtands in a Readineſs to receive the 'next Word of Command. All this is done with a cloſe 'Fan, and generally learned in the firſt Week.

'THE next Motion is that of *unfurling the Fan*, in 'which are comprehended ſeveral little Flurts and Vibra- 'tions, as alſo gradual and deliberate Openings, with ma- 'ny voluntary Fallings aſunder in the Fan it ſelf, that are 'ſeldom learned under a Month's Practice. This Part of 'the

the *Exerciſe* pleaſes the Spectators more than any other, as it diſcovers on a ſudden an infinite Number of *Cupids*, Garlands, Altars, Birds, Beaſts, Rainbows, and the like agreeable Figures, that diſplay themſelves to View, whilſt every one in the Regiment holds a Picture in her Hand.

'UPON my giving the Word to *diſcharge their Fans*, they give one general Crack that may be heard at a conſiderable Diſtance when the Wind ſits fair. This is one of the moſt difficult Parts of the *Exerciſe*; but I have ſeveral Ladies with me, who at their firſt Entrance could not give a Pop loud enough to be heard at the further End of a Room, who can now *diſcharge a Fan* in ſuch a Manner, that it ſhall make a Report like a Pocket-Piſtol. I have likewiſe taken Care (in order to hinder young Women from letting off their Fans in wrong Places or unſuitable Occaſions) to ſhew upon what Subject the Crack of a Fan may come in properly: I have likewiſe invented a Fan, with which a Girl of Sixteen, by the Help of a little Wind which is encloſed about one of the largeſt Sticks, can make as loud a Crack as a Woman of Fifty with an ordinary Fan.

'WHEN the Fans are thus *diſcharged*, the Word of Command in courſe is to *ground their Fans*. This teaches a Lady to quit her Fan gracefully when ſhe throws it aſide in order to take up a Pack of Cards, adjuſt a Curl of Hair, replace a falling Pin, or apply her ſelf to any other Matter of Importance. This Part of the *Exerciſe*, as it only conſiſts in toſſing a Fan with an Air upon a long Table (which ſtands by for that Purpoſe) may be learned in two Days Time as well as in a Twelvemonth.

'WHEN my Female Regiment is thus diſarmed, I generally let them walk about the Room for ſome Time; when on a ſudden (like Ladies that look upon their Watches after a long Viſit) they all of them haſten to their Arms, catch them up in a Hurry, and place themſelves in their proper Stations upon my calling out *recover your Fans*. This Part of the *Exerciſe* is not difficult, provided a Woman applies her Thoughts to it.

'THE *Fluttering of the Fan* is the laſt, and indeed the Maſter-piece of the whole *Exerciſe*; but if a Lady does not miſ-ſpend her Time, ſhe may make her ſelf Miſtreſs

'of it in three Months. I generally lay aſide the Dog-'days and the hot Time of the Summer for the teaching 'this Part of the *Exerciſe*, for as ſoon as ever I pronounce '*Flutter your Fans*, the Place is filled with ſo many Ze-'phyrs and gentle Breezes as are very refreſhing in that 'Seaſon of the Year, though they might be dangerous to 'Ladies of a tender Conſtitution in any other.

'THERE is an infinite Variety of Motions to be 'made uſe of in the *Flutter of a Fan:* There is the an-'gry Flutter, the modeſt Flutter, the timorous Flutter, 'the confuſed Flutter, the merry Flutter, and the amo-'rous Flutter. Not to be tedious, there is ſcarce any E-'motion in the Mind which does not produce a ſuitable 'Agitation in the Fan; inſomuch, that if I only ſee the 'Fan of a diſciplin'd Lady, I know very well whether 'ſhe laughs, frowns, or bluſhes. I have ſeen a Fan ſo 'very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the 'abſent Lover who provoked it to have come within the 'Wind of it; and at other Times ſo very languiſhing, that 'I have been glad for the Lady's Sake the Lover was at a 'ſufficient Diſtance from it. I need not add, that a Fan 'is either a Prude or Coquet, according to the Nature of 'the Perſon who bears it. To conclude my Letter, I muſt 'acquaint you that I have from my own Obſervations 'compiled a little Treatiſe for the Uſe of my Scholars, 'entitled *The Paſſions of the Fan*; which I will commu-'nicate to you, if you think it may be of Uſe to the Pub-'lick. I ſhall have a general Review on *Thurſday* next; 'to which you ſhall be very welcome if you will honour 'it with your Preſence.

I am, &c.

'*P. S.* I teach young Gentlemen the whole Art of 'Gallanting a Fan.

N. B. 'I have ſeveral little plain Fans made for this 'Uſe, to avoid Expence.

L

Thurſday,

N° 103. *Thurſday, June* 28.

——— Sibi quivis
Speret idem fruſtra ſudet fruſtraque laboret
Auſus idem ——— Hor.

MY Friend the Divine having been uſed with Words of Complaiſance (which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only ſpoken of him, and that in his Abſence) was ſo extreamly offended with the exceſſive way of ſpeaking Civilities among us, that he made a Diſcourſe againſt it at the Club; which he concluded with this Remark, that he had not heard one Compliment made in our Society ſince its Commencement. Every one was pleaſed with his Concluſion; and as each knew his good Will to the reſt, he was convinced that the many Profeſſions of Kindneſs and Service, which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the Heart is well inclined: But are a Proſtitution of Speech, ſeldom intended to mean any Part of what they expreſs, never to mean All they expreſs. Our Reverend Friend, upon this Topick, pointed to us two or three Paragraphs on this Subject in the firſt Sermon of the firſt Volume of the late Archbiſhop's Poſthumous Works. I do not know that I ever read any thing that pleaſed me more, and as it is the Praiſe of *Longinus*, that he ſpeaks of the Sublime in a Style ſuitable to it, ſo one may ſay of this Author upon Sincerity, that he abhors any Pomp of Rhetorick on this Occaſion, and treats it with a more than ordinary Simplicity, at once to be a Preacher and an Example. With what Command of himſelf does he lay before us, in the Language and Temper of his Profeſſion, a Fault, which by the leaſt Liberty and Warmth of Expreſſion would be the moſt lively Wit and Satyr? But his Heart was better diſpoſed, and the good Man chaſtiſed the great Wit in ſuch a manner, that he was able to ſpeak as follows.

'——AMONGST too many other Inſtances of the 'great Corruption and Degeneracy of the Age wherein 'we live, the great and general want of Sincerity in Con-'verſation is none of the leaſt. The World is grown ſo 'full of Diſſimulation and Compliment, that Mens Words 'are hardly any Signification of their Thoughts; and if 'any Man meaſure his Words by his Heart, and ſpeak as 'he thinks, and do not expreſs more Kindneſs to every 'Man, that Men uſually have for any Man, he can hardly 'eſcape the Cenſure of want of Breeding. The old *Engliſh* Plainneſs and Sincerity, that generous Integrity of 'Nature, and Honeſty of Diſpoſition, which always ar-'gues true Greatneſs of Mind, and is uſually accompa-'nied with undaunted Courage and Reſolution, is in a 'great meaſure loſt amongſt us: There hath been a long 'Endeavour to transform us into Foreign Manners and 'Faſhions, and to bring us to a ſervile Imitation of none 'of the beſt of our Neighbours in ſome of the worſt of 'their Qualities. The Dialect of Converſation is now-a-'days ſo ſwelled with Vanity and Compliment, and ſo 'ſurfeited (as I may ſay) of Expreſſions of Kindneſs and 'Reſpect, that if a Man that lived an Age or two ago 'ſhould return into the World again he would really want 'a Dictionary to help him to underſtand his own Lan-'guage, and to know the true intrinſick Value of the 'Phraſe in Faſhion, and would hardly at firſt believe at 'what a low Rate the higheſt Strains and Expreſſions of 'Kindneſs imaginable do commonly paſs in current Pay-'ment: and when he ſhould come to underſtand it, it 'would be a great while before he could bring himſelf 'with a good Countenance and a good Conſcience to 'converſe with Men upon equal Terms, and in their own 'way.

'AND in Truth it is hard to ſay, whether it ſhould 'more provoke our Contempt or our Pity, to hear what 'ſolemn Expreſſions of Reſpect and Kindneſs will paſs 'between Men, almoſt upon no Occaſion; how great 'Honour and Eſteem they will declare for one whom 'perhaps they never ſaw before, and how intirely they 'are all on the ſudden devoted to his Service and Inte-'reſt, for no Reaſon; how infinitely and eternally ob-'liged to him, for no Benefit; and how extreamly they

'will

will be concerned for him, yea and afflicted too, for no Cauſe. I know it is ſaid, in Juſtification of this hollow kind of Converſation, that there is no Harm, no real Deceit in Compliment, but the Matter is well enough, ſo long as we underſtand one another; *& Verba valent ut Nummi, Words are like Money*; and when the current Value of them is generally underſtood, no Man is cheated by them. This is ſomething; if ſuch Words were any thng; but being brought into the Accompt, they are meer Cyphers. However, it is ſtill a juſt Matter of Complaint, that Sincerity and Plainneſs are out of Faſhion, and that our Language is running into a Lie; that Men have almoſt quite perverted the uſe of Speech, and made Words to ſignifie nothing, that the greateſt part of the Converſation of Mankind is little elſe but driving a Trade of Diſſimulation; inſomuch that it would make a Man heartily ſick and weary of the World, to ſee the little Sincerity that is in Uſe and Practice among Men.

WHEN the Vice is placed in this contemptible Light, he argues unanſwerably againſt it, in Words and Thoughts ſo natural, that any Man who reads them would imagine he himſelf could have been Author of them.

'IF the Show of any thing be good for any thing, I am ſure Sincerity is better: for why does any Man diſſemble, or ſeem to be that which he is not, but becauſe he thinks it good to have ſuch a Quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and diſſemble, is to put on the Appearance of ſome real Excellency. Now the beſt Way in the World to ſeem to be any thing, is really to be what he would ſeem to be. Beſides, that it is many times as troubleſome to make good the Pretence of a good Quality, as to have it; and if a Man have it not, it is ten to one but he is diſcovered to want it; and then all his Pains and Labour to ſeem to have it, is loſt.

IN another Part of the ſame Diſcourſe he goes on to ſhew, that all Artifice muſt naturally tend to the Diſappointment of him that practiſes it.

'WHATSOEVER Convenience may be thought to be in Falſhood and Diſſimulation, it is ſoon over; but the Inconvenience of it is perpetual, becauſe it

‘ brings a Man under an everlasting Jealousie and Suspicion
‘ so that he is not believed when he speaks Truth, nor
‘ trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a Man
‘ hath once forfeited the Reputation of his Integrity, he is
‘ set fast, and nothing will then serve his Turn, neither
‘ Truth nor Falshood.

N° 104. *Friday, June* 29.

——— *Qualis equos Threissa fatigat*
Harpalyce ——— Virg.

IT would be a noble Improvement, or rather Recovery of what we call good Breeding, if nothing were to pass amongst us for agreeable which was the least Transgression against that Rule of Life called Decorum, or a Regard to Decency. This would command the Respect of Mankind, because it carries in it Deference to their good Opinion; as Humility lodged in a worthy Mind, is always attended with a certain Homage, which no haughty Soul, with all the Arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchase. *Tully* says, Virtue and Decency are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our Imagination. As the Beauty of the Body always accompanies the Health of it, so certainly is Decency concomitant to Virtue: As Beauty of Body with an agreeable Carriage, pleases the Eye, and that Pleasure consists in that we observe all the Parts with a certain Elegance are proportioned to each other; so does Decency of Behaviour which appears in our Lives, obtain the Approbation of all with whom we converse, from the Order, Consistency, and Moderation of our Words and Actions. This flows from the Reverence we bear towards every good Man, and to the World in general: for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only shew you arrogant but abandoned. In all these Considerations we are to distinguish how one Virtue differs from another: As it is the Part of Justice never to do Violence, it is of Modesty never to commit Offence.

In this laſt Particular lies the whole Force of what is called Decency; to this Purpoſe that excellent Moraliſt above-mentioned talks of Decency; but this Quality is more eaſily comprehended by an ordinary Capacity, than expreſſed with all his Eloquence. This Decency of Behaviour is generally tranſgreſſed among all Orders of Men; nay, the very Women, though themſelves created it as it were for Ornament, are often very much miſtaken in this ornamental Part of Life. It would methinks be a ſhort Rule for Behaviour, if every young Lady in her Dreſs, Words and Actions were only to recommend her ſelf as a Siſter, Daughter or Wife, and make her ſelf the more eſteemed in one of thoſe Characters. The Care of themſelves, with Regard to the Families in which Women are born, is the beſt Motive for their being courted to come into the Alliance of other Houſes. Nothing can promote this End more than a ſtrict Preſervation of Decency. I ſhould be glad if a certain Equeſtrian Order of Ladies, ſome of whom one meets in an Evening at every Outlet of the Town, would take this Subject into their ſerious Conſideration: In order thereunto the following Letter may not be wholly unworthy their Peruſal.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'GOING lately to take the Air in one of the moſt 'beautiful Evenings this Seaſon has produced; as 'I was admiring the Serenity of the Sky, the lively Colours of the Fields, and the Variety of the Landskip 'every Way around me, my Eyes were ſuddenly called 'off from theſe inanimate Objects by a little Party of 'Horſemen I ſaw paſſing the Road. The greater Part 'of them eſcaped my particular Obſervation, by reaſon 'that my whole Attention was fixed on a very fair Youth 'who rode in the midſt of them, and ſeemed to have 'been dreſſed by ſome Deſcription in a Romance. His 'Features, Complexion and Habit had a remarkable Effeminacy, and a certain languiſhing Vanity appeared in 'his Air: His Hair, well curl'd and powder'd, hung to a 'conſiderable Length on his Shoulders, and was wantonly 'ty'd, as if by the Hands of his Miſtreſs, in a Scarlet 'Ribbon, which played like a Streamer behind him: He 'had a Coat and Waſtecoat of blue Camlet trimmed and

'em-

'embroidered with Silver; a Cravat of the fineſt Lace; and 'wore, in a ſmart Cock, a little Beaver Hat edged with 'Silver, and made more ſprightly by a Feather. His 'Horſe too, which was a Pacer, was adorned after the 'ſame airy Manner, and ſeemed to ſhare in the Vanity 'of the Rider. As I was pitying the Luxury of this 'young Perſon, who appeared to me to have been edu-'cated only as an Object of Sight, I perceived on my 'nearer Approach, and as I turned my Eyes downward, 'Part of the Equipage I had not obſerved before, which 'was a Petticoat of the ſame with the Coat and Waſte-'coat. After this Diſcovery, I looked again on the Face 'of the fair *Amazon* who had thus deceived me, and 'thought thoſe Features which had before offended me 'by their Softneſs, were now ſtrengthened into as im-'proper a Boldneſs; and tho' her Eyes, Noſe, and Mouth 'ſeemed to be formed with perfect Symmetry, I am 'not certain whether ſhe, who in Appearance was a very 'handſome Youth, may not be in Reality a very indif-'ferent Woman.

'THERE is an Objection which naturally preſents 'it ſelf againſt theſe occaſional Perplexities and Mixtures 'of Dreſs, which is, that they ſeem to break in upon 'that Propriety and Diſtinction of Appearance in which 'the Beauty of different Characters is preſerved; and if 'they ſhould be more frequent than they are at preſent, 'would look like turning our publick Aſſemblies into a 'general Maſquerade. The Model of the *Amazonian* 'Hunting Habit for Ladies, was, as I take it, firſt im-'ported from *France*, and well enough expreſſes the 'Gaiety of a People, who are taught to do any thing ſo 'it be with an Aſſurance; but I cannot help thinking it 'ſits awkwardly yet on our *Engliſh* Modeſty. The Petti-'coat is a kind of Incumbrance upon it, and if the 'Amazons ſhould think fit to go on in this Plunder of 'our Sex's Ornaments, they ought to add to their Spoils, 'and compleat their Triumph over us, by wearing the 'Breeches.

'IF it be natural to contract inſenſibly the Manners 'of thoſe we imitate, the Ladies who are pleaſed with 'aſſuming our Dreſſes will do us more Honour than we 'deſerve, but they will do it at their own Expence.

'Why

Why ſhould the lovely *Camilla* deceive us in more Shapes than her own, and affect to be repreſented in her Picture with a Gun and a Spaniel; while her elder Brother, the Heir of a worthy Family, is drawn in Silks like his Siſter? The Dreſs and Air of a Man are not well to be divided; and thoſe who would not be content with the Latter, ought never to think of aſſuming the Former. There is ſo large a Portion of natural Agreeableneſs among the fair Sex of our Iſland, that they ſeem betrayed into theſe romantick Habits without having the ſame Occaſion for them with their Inventors: All that needs to be deſired of them is, that they would *be themſelves*, that is, what Nature deſigned them; and to ſee their Miſtake when they depart from this, let them look upon a Man who affects the Softneſs and Effeminacy of a Woman, to learn how their Sex muſt appear to us, when approaching to the Reſemblance of a Man.

I am, SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

N° 105. *Saturday, June* 30.

——Id arbitror
Adprime in vita eſſe utile, ne quid nimis. Ter. And.

MY Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB values himſelf very much upon what he calls the Knowledge of Mankind, which has coſt him many Diſaſters in his Youth; for WILL. reckons every Misfortune that he has met with among the Women, and every Rencounter among the Men, as Parts of his Education, and fancies he could never have been the Man he is, had not he broke Windows, knocked down Conſtables, diſturbed honeſt People with his Midnight Serenades, and beat up a lewd Woman's Quarters, when he was a young Fellow. The Engaging in Adventures of this Nature WILL. calls the Studying of Mankind; and terms this Knowledge of the Town, the Knowledge of the World. WILL. ingenuouſly

nuously confeſſes, that for half his Life his Head ach every Morning with reading of Men over-night; and preſent comforts himſelf under certain Pains which he dures from time to time, that without them he could have been acquainted with the Gallantries of the A This WILL. looks upon as the Learning of a Gentlem and regards all other kinds of Science as the Accompli ments of one whom he calls a Scholar, a Bookiſh Man, a Philoſopher.

FOR theſe Reaſons WILL. ſhines in mixed Compan where he has the Diſcretion not to go out of his Dep and has often a certain way of making his real Ignoran appear a ſeeming one. Our Club however has frequen caught him tripping, at which times they never ſpa him. For as WILL. often inſults us with the Knowle of the Town, we ſometimes take our Revenge upon hi by our Knowledge of Books.

HE was laſt Week producing two or three Lett which he writ in his Youth to a Coquet Lady. T Raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a me Man of the Town; but, very unluckily, ſeveral of t Words were wrong ſpelt. WILL. laught this off at fi as well as he could, but finding himſelf puſhed on all ſide and eſpecially by the *Templer*, he told us, with a lit Paſſion, that he never liked Pedantry in Spelling, and th he ſpelt like a Gentleman, and not like a Scholar: Upo this WILL. had Recourſe to his old Topick of ſhewi the narrow-Spiritedneſs, the Pride, and Ignorance of Pe dants; which he carried ſo far, that upon my retiring t my Lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together ſuc Reflections as occurred to me upon that Subject.

A Man who has been brought up among Books, and i able to talk of nothing elſe, is a very indifferent Compan on, and what we call a Pedant. But, methinks, we ſhou enlarge the Title, and give it every one that does not kno how to think out of his Profeſſion and particular way o Life.

WHAT is a greater Pedant than a meer Man of th Town? Barr him the Play-houſes, a Catalogue of th reigning Beauties, and an Account of a few faſhionab Diſtempers that have befallen him, and you ſtrike hi Dumb. How many a pretty Gentleman's Knowled

s all within the Verge of the Court? He will tell you e Names of the principal Favourites, repeat the ſhrewd yings of a Man of Quality, whiſper an Intreague that not yet blown upon by common Fame; or, if the Sphere his Obſervations is a little larger than ordinary, will rhaps enter into all the Incidents, Turns, and Revoluti-ns in a Game of Ombre. When he has gone thus far has ſhewn you the whole Circle of his Accompliſh-ents, his Parts are drained, and he is diſabled from any rther Converſation. What are theſe but rank Pedants? d yet theſe are the Men who value themſelves moſt on eir Exemption from the Pedantry of Colleges.

I might here mention the Military Pedant who always lks in a Camp, and is ſtorming Towns, making Lodg-ents, and fighting Battles from one end of the Year to e other. Every thing he ſpeaks ſmells of Gunpowder; you take away his Artillery from him, he has not a ord to ſay for himſelf. I might likewiſe mention the aw Pedant, that is perpetually putting Caſes, repeating e Tranſactions of *Weſtminſter-Hall*, wrangling with you on the moſt indifferent Circumſtances of Life, and not be convinced of the Diſtance of a Place, or of the moſt ivial Point in Converſation, but by dint of Argument. he State-Pedant is wrapt up in News, and loſt in Poli-cks. If you mention either of the Kings of *Spain* or *oland*, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the *Ga-ette*, you drop him. In ſhort, a meer Courtier, a meer oldier, a meer Scholar, a meer any thing, is an inſipid edantick Character, and equally ridiculous.

OF all the Species of Pedants, which I have mention-d, the Book-Pedant is much the moſt ſupportable; he as at leaſt an exerciſed Underſtanding, and a Head which full though confuſed, ſo that a Man who converſes with im may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may poſſibly turn to his wn Advantage, tho' they are of little Uſe to the Owner. he worſt kind of Pedants among Learned Men, are ſuch are naturally endued with a very ſmall Share of common enſe, and have read a great number of Books without aſte or Diſtinction.

THE Truth of it is, Learning, like Travelling, and all ther Methods of Improvement, as it finiſhes good Senſe,

ſo

ſo it makes a ſilly Man ten thouſand times more inſuffer-
ble, by ſupplying variety of Matter to his Impertinence, a
giving him an Opportunity of abounding in Abſurdities.

SHALLOW Pedants cry up one another much mo
than Men of ſolid and uſeful Learning. To read the Ti
tles they give an Editor, or Collator of a Manuſcript, yo
would take him for the Glory of the Common-wealth o
Letters, and the Wonder of his Age, when perhaps upo
Examination you find that he has only Rectify'd a Gre
Particle, or laid out a whole Sentence in proper Comma.

THEY are obliged indeed to be thus laviſh of thei
Praiſes, that they may keep one another in Countenance
and it is no wonder if a great deal of Knowledge, which
is not capable of making a Man wiſe, has a natural Ten-
dency to make him Vain and Arrogant. L

Nº 106. *Monday, July* 2.

——Hinc tibi Copia
Manabit ab plenum benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu. Hor.

HAVING often received an Invitation from my
Friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLY to paſs away
a Month with him in the Country, I laſt Week
accompanied him thither, and am ſettled with him for
ſome Time at his Country-houſe, where I intend to form
ſeveral of my enſuing Speculations. Sir ROGER, who is
very well acquainted with my Humour, lets me riſe and
go to Bed when I pleaſe, dine at his own Table or in my
Chamber as I think fit, ſit ſtill and ſay nothing without
bidding me be merry. When the Gentlemen of the Coun-
try come to ſee him, he only ſhews me at a Diſtance. As
I have been walking in his Fields I have obſerved them
ſtealing a Sight of me over an Hedge, and have heard the
Knight deſiring them not to let me ſee them, for that I
hated to be ſtared at.

am the more at Eaſe in Sir ROGER's Family, becauſe
nſiſts of ſober and ſtaid Perſons: for as the Knight is
beſt Maſter in the World, he ſeldom changes his Ser-
s; and as he is beloved by all about him, his Servants
r care for leaving him: By this Means his Domeſticks
ll in Years, and grown old with their Maſter. You
ld take his Valet de Chambre for his Brother, his But-
s grey-headed, his Groom is one of the graveſt Men
I have ever ſeen, and his Coachman has the Looks of
ivy-Counſellor. You ſee the Goodneſs of the Maſter
in the old Houſe-dog, and in a grey Pad that is kept
he Stable with great Care and Tenderneſs out of Re-
d to his paſt Services, tho' he has been uſeleſs for ſeve-
Years.

I could not but obſerve with a great deal of Pleaſure
Joy that appeared in the Countenances of theſe anti-
Domeſticks upon my Friend's Arrival at his Country-
t. Some of them could not refrain from Tears at the
ht of their old Maſter; every one of them preſs'd for-
rd to do ſomething for him, and ſeemed diſcouraged
hey were not employed. At the ſame Time the good
Knight, with a Mixture of the Father and the Maſter
the Family, tempered the Enquiries after his own Af-
rs with ſeveral kind Queſtions relating to themſelves.
is Humanity and Good-nature engages every Body to
n, ſo that when he is pleaſant upon any of them, all
Family are in good Humour, and none ſo much as
Perſon whom he diverts himſelf with: On the con-
ry, if he coughs, or betrays any Infirmity of old Age,
s eaſy for a Stander-by to obſerve a ſecret Concern in
Looks of all his Servants,

MY worthy Friend has put me under the particular
re of his Butler, who is a very prudent Man, and, as
ll as the reſt of his Fellow-Servants, wonderfully deſi-
us of pleaſing me, becauſe they have often heard their
after talk of me as of his particular Friend.

MY chief Companion, when Sir ROGER is diverting
mſelf in the Woods or the Fields, is a very venerable
an who is ever with Sir ROGER, and has lived at his
uſe in the Nature of a Chaplain above thirty Years.
is Gentleman is a Perſon of good Senſe and ſome Learn-
g, of a very regular Life and obliging Converſation:
He

He heartily loves Sir ROGER, and knows that he is much in the old Knight's Eſteem; ſo that he lives in Family rather as a Relation than a Dependant.

I have obſerved in ſeveral of my Papers, that my Fri Sir ROGER, amidſt all his good Qualities, is ſomething an Humouriſt; and that his Virtues, as well as Imperfe ons, are as it were tinged by a certain Extravagance, wh makes them particularly *his*, and diſtinguiſhes them fr thoſe of other Men. This Caſt of Mind, as it is gene very innocent in it ſelf, ſo it renders his Converſa highly agreeable, and more delightful than the ſame D gree of Senſe and Virtue would appear in their comm and ordinary Colours. As I was walking with him Night, he asked me how I liked the good Man whom have juſt now mentioned? and without ſtaying for Anſwer told me, That he was afraid of being inſul with Latin and Greek at his own Table; for which R ſon, he deſired a particular Friend of his at the Univer to find him out a Clergyman rather of plain Senſe much Learning, of a good Aſpect, a clear Voice, a ſoc ble Temper, and, if poſſible, a Man that underſtood tle of Back-Gammon. My Friend, ſays Sir ROGER, fou me out this Gentleman, who, beſides the Endowme required of him, is, they tell me, a good Scholar, tho he does not ſhew it. I have given him the Parſonage the Pariſh; and becauſe I know his Value, have ſett upon him a good Annuity for Life. If he out-lives m he ſhall find that he was higher in my Eſteem than p haps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thi Years; and though he does not know I have taken N tice of it, has never in all that Time asked any thing me for himſelf, tho' he is every Day ſolliciting me ſomething in Behalf of one or other of my Tenants Pariſhioners. There has not been a Law-Suit in the P riſh ſince he has lived among them: If any Diſpute ari they apply themſelves to him for the Deciſion; if they not acquieſce in his Judgment, which I think never h pened above once, or twice at moſt, they appeal to m At his firſt ſettling with me, I made him a Preſent of the good Sermons which have been printed in Engli and only begged of him that every *Sunday* he would p nounce one of them in the Pulpit. Accordingly, he

ed them into ſuch a Series, that they follow one ano-naturally, and make a continued Syſtem of practical ity.

S Sir ROGER was going on in his Sory, the Gen-n we were talking of came up to us; and upon the ht's asking him who preached to Morrow (for it *Saturday* Night) told us the Biſhop of St. *Aſaph* in Morning, and Doctor *South* in the Afternoon. He ſhewed us his Liſt of Preachers for the whole Year, re I ſaw with a great deal of Pleaſure Archbiſhop *Til-*, Biſhop *Saunderſon*, Doctor *Barrow*, Doctor *Calamy*, ſeveral living Authors who have publiſhed Diſcourſes ractical Divinity. I no ſooner ſaw this Venerable Man e Pulpit, but I very much approved of my Friend's ing upon the Qualifications of a good Aſpect and a Voice; for I was ſo charmed with the Gracefulneſs is Figure and Delivery, as well as with the Diſcourſes ronounced, that I think I never paſſed any Time more ny Satisfaction. A Sermon repeated after this Man-is like the Compoſition of a Poet in the Mouth of a eful Actor.

could heartily wiſh that more of our Country-Clergy ld follow his Example; and inſtead of waſting their its in laborious Compoſitions of their own, would en-vour after a handſome Elocution, and all thoſe other ents that are proper to enforce what has been penned greater Maſters. This would not only be more eaſie themſelves, but more edifying to the People. L

№ 107. *Tueſday, July* 3.

Æſopo ingentem ſtatuam poſuere Attici,
Servumque collocárunt Æterna in Baſi,
Patere honoris ſcirent ut Cunctiviam. Phæd.

THE Reception, manner of Attendance, undiſturbed Freedom and Quiet, which I meet with here in the Country, has confirmed me in the Opinion I ways had, that the general Corruption of Manners in Servants

Servants is owing to the Conduct of Masters. The Aff of every one in the Family carries so much Satisfact that it appears he knows the happy Lot which has be len him in being a Member of it. There is one Partic lar which I have seldom seen but at Sir ROGER's; it usual in all other Places, that Servants fly from the P of the House through which their Master is passing; on t contrary, here they industriously place themselves in h way; and it is on both Sides, as it were, understood a Visit, when the Servants appear without calling. T proceeds from the Human and equal Temper of the M of the House, who also perfectly well knows how to e joy a great Estate, with such Oeconomy as ever to h much before-hand. This makes his own Mind untroubl and consequently unapt to vent peevish Expressions, o give passionate or inconsistent Orders to those about hi Thus Respect and Love go together; and a certain Che fulness in Performance of their Duty is the particul Distinction of the lower part of this Family. When Servant is called before his Master, he does not com with an Expectation to hear himself rated for some tri Fault, threatned to be stripped, or used with any oth unbecoming Language, which mean Masters often gi to worthy Servants; but it is often to know, what Ro he took that he came so readily back according to Orde whether he passed by such a Ground, if the old Man wh rents it is in good Health; or whether he gave Sir ROGER Love to him, or the like.

A Man who preserves a Respect, founded on his Ben volence to his Dependents, lives rather like a Prince tha a Master in his Family; his Orders are received as Favour rather than Duties; and the Distinction of approachin him is part of the Reward for executing what is com manded by him.

THERE is another Circumstance in which my Friend excells in his Management, which is the Manner of re warding his Servants: He has ever been of Opinion, tha giving his cast Cloaths to be worn by Valets has a very ill Effect upon little Minds, and creates a silly Sense of Equa lity between the Parties, in Persons affected only with out ward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this Oc casion, and describe a young Gentleman abusing his Mas in

at Coat, which a Month or two before was the moſt ing Diſtinction he was conſcious of in himſelf. He ld turn his Diſcourſe ſtill more pleaſantly upon the es Bounties of this kind; and I have heard him ſay knew a fine Woman, who diſtributed Rewards and iſhments in giving becoming or unbecoming Dreſſes er Maids.

UT my good Friend is above theſe little Inſtances of d-will, in beſtowing only Trifles on his Servants; a d Servant to him is ſure of having it in his Choice ve- oon of being no Servant at all. As I before obſerved, s ſo good an Husband, and knows ſo thoroughly that Skill of the Purſe is the Cardinal Virtue of this Life; y, he knows ſo well that Frugality is the Support of eroſity, that he can often ſpare a large Fine when a ement falls, and give that Settlement to a good Ser- who has a Mind to go into the World, or make a nger pay the Fine to that Servant, for his more com- able Maintenance, if he ſtays in his Service.

' Man of Honour and Generoſity conſiders, it would miſerable to himſelf to have no Will but that of ano- , tho' it were of the beſt Perſon breathing, and for Reaſon goes on as faſt as he is able to put his Servants o independent Livelihoods. The greateſt Part of Sir OGER's Eſtate is tenanted by Perſons who have ſerved nſelf or his Anceſtors. It was to me extreamly plea- t to obſerve the Viſitants from ſeveral Parts to welcome Arrival into the Country; and all the Difference that could take notice of, between the late Servants who me to ſee him, and thoſe who ſtaid in the Family, was, t theſe latter were looked upon as finer Gentlemen and ter Courtiers.

THIS Manumiſſion and placing them in a way of velihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good rvant, which Encouragement will make his Succeſſor as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There ſomething wonderful in the Narrowneſs of thoſe Minds, hich can be pleaſed, and be barren of Bounty to thoſe ho pleaſe them.

ONE might, on this Occaſion, recount the Senſe that reat Perſons in all Ages have had of the Merit of their ependants, and the Heroick Services which Men have

done their Maſters in the Extremity of their Fortunes; ſhewn to their undone Patrons, that Fortune was a Difference between them; but as I deſign this my Sp lation only as a gentle Admonition to thankleſs Maſt ſhall not go out of the Occurrences of common Life, aſſert it as a general Obſervation, that I never ſaw, b Sir ROGER's Family, and one or two more, good vants treated as they ought to be. Sir ROGER's K neſs extends to their Childrens Children, and this Morning he ſent his Coachman's Grandſon to Prentic ſhall conclude this Paper with an Account of a Pictu his Gallery, where there are many which will deſerve future Obſervation.

AT the very upper End of this handſome Struct ſaw the Portraiture of two young Men ſtanding in ver, the one naked the other in a Livery. The ſon ſupported ſeem'd half dead, but ſtill ſo much ali to ſhew in his Face exquiſite Joy and Love towards other. I thought the fainting Figure reſembled my Sir ROGER; and looking at the Butler, who ſtood by for an Account of it, he informed me that the Perſo the Livery was a Servant of Sir ROGER's, who ſtood the Shore while his Maſter was ſwimming, and obſer him taken with ſome ſudden Illneſs, and ſink under W jumped in and ſaved him. He told me Sir ROGER off the Dreſs he was in as ſoon as he came home, an a great Bounty at that time, followed by his Favour ſince, had made him Maſter of that pretty Seat which ſaw at a diſtance as we came to this Houſe. I remembe indeed Sir ROGER ſaid there lived a very worthy Ge man, to whom he was highly obliged, without menti ing any thing further. Upon my looking a little diſſatisf at ſome Part of the Picture, my Attendant informed that it was againſt Sir ROGER's Will, and at the ear Requeſt of the Gentleman himſelf, that he was drawn the Habit in which he had ſaved his Maſter.

108. *Wedneſday, July* 4.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens. Phæd.

SIR, I was Yeſterday Morning walking with Sir ROGER before his Houſe, a Country-Fellow brought him a huge Fiſh, which he told him, Mr. *Will. Wimble* had caught that very Morning; and that he ſented it, with his Service to him, and intended to e and dine with him. At the ſame Time he delivered etter, which my Friend read to me as ſoon as the ſenger left him.

R ROGER,

I Deſire you to accept of a Jack, which is the beſt I ' have caught this Seaſon. I intend to come and y with you a Week, and ſee how the Perch bite in *Black River*. I obſerved with ſome Concern, the t Time I ſaw you upon the Bowling-Green, that your hip wanted a Laſh to it: I will bring half a Dozen ith me that I twiſted laſt Week, which I hope will ve you all the Time you are in the Country. I have been out of the Saddle for ſix Days laſt paſt, having en at *Eaton* with Sir *John*'s eldeſt Son. He takes to his arning hugely. I am,

SIR, Your humble Servant,

Will. Wimble.

THIS extraordinary Letter, and Meſſage that accomied it, made me very curious to know the Character Quality of the Gentleman who ſent them; which I nd to be as follows. *Will. Wimble* is younger Brother Baronet, and deſcended of the ancient Family of the *mbles*. He is now between Forty and Fifty; but being d to no Buſineſs and born to no Eſtate, he generally s with his elder Brother as Superintendant of his Game. hunts a Pack of Dogs better than any Man in the untry, and is very famous for finding out a Hare. He

is extreamly well verſed in all the little Handicrafts o idle Man: He makes a *May*-fly to a Miracle; and fur the whole Country with Angle-Rods. As he is a g natured officious Fellow, and very much eſteemed Account of his Family, he is a welcome Gueſt at e Houſe, and keeps up a good Correſpondence amo the Gentlemen about him. He carries a Tulip-Ro his Pocket from one to another, or exchanges a Pupp tween a Couple of Friends that live perhaps in the ſite Sides of the Country. *Will.* is a particular Favo of all the young Heirs, whom he frequently obliges a Net that he has weaved, or a Setting-dog that h *made* himſelf: He now and then preſents a Pair of ters of his own knitting to their Mothers or Siſters; raiſes a great deal of Mirth among them, by enquiri often as he meets them *how they wear?* Theſe Gentle like Manufactures and obliging little Humours, make the Darling of the Country.

Sir ROGER was proceeding in the Character of h when he ſaw him make up to us with two or th Hazle-twigs in his Hand that he had cut in Sir Rog Woods, as he came through them, in his Way to Houſe. I was very much pleaſed to obſerve on one ſ the hearty and ſincere Welcome with which Sir Ro received him, and on the other the ſecret Joy which Gueſt diſcovered at Sight of the good old Knight. A the firſt Salutes were over, *Will.* deſired Sir ROGER lend him one of his Servants to carry a Set of Shut cocks he had with him in a little Box to a Lady that about a Mile off, to whom it ſeems he had promiſed a Preſent for above this half Year. Sir ROGER's B was no ſooner turned, but honeſt *Will.* began to tell of a large Cock-Pheaſant that he had ſprung in one of neighbouring Woods, with two or three other Adv tures of the ſame Nature. Odd and uncommon Ch acters are the Game that I look for, and moſt delight for which Reaſon I was as much pleaſed with the N velty of the Perſon that talked to me, as he could be his Life with the ſpringing of a Pheaſant, and there liſtned to him with more than ordinary Attention.

IN the Midſt of his Diſcourſe the Bell rung to Din where the Gentleman I have been ſpeaking of had Pleaſ

easure of seeing the huge Jack, he had caught, served for the first Dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon r sitting down to it he gave us a long Account how he d hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length ew it out upon the Bank, with several other Particulars t lasted all the first Course. A Dish of Wild-fowl that me afterwards furnished Conversation for the rest of e Dinner, which concluded with a late Invention of ill's for improving the Quail-Pipe.

UPON withdrawing into my Room after Dinner, I s secretly touched with Compassion towards the honest ntleman that had dined with us; and could not but nsider with a great deal of Concern, how so good an art and such busy Hands were wholly employed in ifles; that so much Humanity should be so little beficial to others, and so much Industry so little advanceous to himself. The same Temper of Mind and Application to Affairs might have recommended him to the blick Esteem, and have raised his Fortune in another tion of Life. What good to his Country or himself ight not a Trader or Merchant have done with such useo' ordinary Qualifications?

WILL. WIMBLE's is the Case of many a younger other of a great Family, who had rather see their Children starve like Gentlemen, than thrive in a Trade or Profion that is beneath their Quality. This Humour fills several Parts of *Europe* with Pride and Beggary. It is the Happiness of a trading Nation, like ours, that the younger Sons, o' uncapable of any liberal Art or Profession, may be ced in such a Way of Life, as may perhaps enable them vie with the best of their Family: Accordingly we find eral Citizens that were launched into the World with row Fortunes, rising by an honest Industry to greater tates than those of their elder Brothers. It is not improble but *Will.* was formerly tried at Divinity, Law, or ysick; and that finding his Genius did not lie that Way, Parents gave him up at length to his own Inventions. certainly, however improper he might have been for dies of a higher Nature, he was perfectly well turned the Occupations of Trade and Commerce. As I think is a Point which cannot be too much inculcated, I ll desire my Reader to compare what I have here writ-

ten with what I have said in my Twenty first Specula-
tion.

Nº 109. *Thursday, July* 5.

Abnormis sapiens ——— Hor.

I Was this Morning walking in the Gallery, when Sir ROGER entered at the End opposite to me, and ad-vancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his Relations the DE COVERLEYS, and hoped I liked the Conversation of so much good Company, who were as silent as my self. I knew he alluded to the Pic-tures, and as he is a Gentleman who does not a little va-lue himself upon his ancient Descent, I expected he would give me some Account of them. We were now arrived at the upper End of the Gallery, when the Knight fac'd towards one of the Pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the Matter, after his blunt way of saying Things, as they occur to his Imagination, without regard Introduction, or Care to preserve the Appearance of Con-of Thought.

'IT is, said he, worth while to consider the Force of
'Dress; and how the Persons of one Age differ from
'those of another, meerly by that only. One may ob-
'serve also that the general Fashion of one Age has been
'followed by one particular Set of People in another, and
'by them preserved from one Generation to another. Thus
'the vast jetting Coat and small Bonnet, which was the
'Habit in *Harry* the Seventh's Time, is kept on in the
'Yeomen of the Guard; not without a good and politick
'View, because they look a Foot taller, and a Foot and a
'half broader: Besides that, the Cap leaves the Face ex-
'panded, and consequently more Terrible, and fitter to
'stand at the Entrance of Palaces.

'THIS Predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after
'this manner, and his Cheeks would be no larger than
'mine, were he in a Hat as I am. He was the last Man
'that won a Prize in the Tilt-Yard (which is now a
Comm-

Common Street before *Whitehall*) You ſee the broken Lance that lies there by his right Foot; He ſhivered that Lance of his Adverſary all to Pieces; and bearing himſelf, look you Sir, in this manner, at the ſame time he came within the Target of the Gentleman who rode againſt him, and taking him with incredible Force before him on the Pummel of his Saddle, he in that manner rid the Turnament over, with an Air that ſhewed he did it rather to perform the Rule of the Lifts, than expoſe his Enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make uſe of a Victory, and with a gentle Trot he marched up to a Gallery where their Miſtreſs ſat (for they were Rivals) and let him down with laudable Courteſy and pardonable Inſolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the Coffee-houſe is now.

'YOU are to know this my Anceſtor was not only of a military Genius, but fit alſo for the Arts of Peace, for he play'd on the Baſe-Viol as well as any Gentleman at Court; you ſee where his Viol hangs by his Basket-hilt Sword. The Action at the Tilt-yard you may be ſure won the fair Lady, who was a Maid of Honour, and the greateſt Beauty of her Time; here ſhe ſtands the next Picture. You ſee, Sir, my Great Great Great Grandmother has on the new-faſhioned Petticoat, except that the Modern is gathered at the Waſte; my Grandmother appears as if ſhe ſtood in a large Drum, whereas the Ladies now walk as if they were in a Go-Cart. For all this Lady was bred at Court, ſhe became an Excellent Country-Wife, ſhe brought ten Children, and when I ſhew you the Library, you ſhall ſee in her own Hand (allowing for the Difference of the Language,) the beſt Receipt now in *England* both for an Haſty-Pudding and a Whitepot.

'IF you pleaſe to fall back a little, becauſe 'tis neceſſary to look at the three next Pictures at one View; theſe are three Siſters. She on the right Hand, who is ſo very beautiful, died a Maid; the next to her, ſtill handſomer, had the ſame Fate, againſt her Will; this homely thing in the middle had both their Portions added to her own, and was ſtolen by a neighbouring Gentleman, a Man of Stratagem and Reſolution, for he poiſoned three Maſtiffs to come at her, and knocked

'down two Dear-ſtealers in carrying her off. Misfor-
'tunes happen in all Families: The Theft of this Romp
'and ſo much Mony, was no great matter to our Eſtate.
'But the next Heir that poſſeſſed it was this ſoft Gentle-
'man, whom you ſee there: Obſerve the ſmall Buttons,
'the little Boots, the Laces, the Slaſhes about his Cloaths,
'and above all the Poſture he is drawn in, (which to be
'ſure was his own chuſing;) you ſee he ſits with one
'Hand on a Desk writing, and looking as it were ano-
'ther way, like an eaſy Writer, or a Sonneteer: He was
'one of thoſe that had too much Wit to know how to
'live in the World; he was a Man of no Juſtice, but
'great good Manners; he ruined every Body that had
'any thing to do with him, but never ſaid a rude thing
'in his Life; the moſt indolent Perſon in the World, he
'would ſign a Deed that paſſed away half his Eſtate with
'his Gloves on, but would not put on his Hat before a
'Lady if it were to ſave his Country. He is ſaid to be
'the firſt that made Love by ſqueezing the Hand. He
'left the Eſtate with ten thouſand Pounds Debt upon
'it, but however by all Hands I have been informed that
'he was every way the fineſt Gentleman in the World.
'That Debt lay heavy on our Houſe for one Generation,
'but it was retrieved by a Gift from that honeſt Man
'you ſee there, a Citizen of our Name, but nothing at
'all a-kin to us. I know Sir ANDREW FREEPORT
'has ſaid behind my Back, that this Man was deſcended
'from one of the ten Children of the Maid of Honour I
'ſhewed you above; but it was never made out. We
'winked at the thing indeed, becauſe Money was wanting
'at that time.

Here I ſaw my Friend a little embarraſſed, and turned my Face to the next Portraiture.

SIR ROGER went on with his Account of the Gallery in the following manner. 'This Man (pointing to
'him I look'd at) I take to be the Honour of our Houſe,
'Sir HUMPHEY DE COVERLEY; he was in his Dea-
'ings as punctual as a Tradeſman, and as generous as a
'Gentleman. He would have thought himſelf as much
'undone by breaking his Word, as if it were to be follow-
'ed by Bankruptcy. He ſerved his Country as Knight of
'this Shire to his dying Day. He found it no eaſy mat-
'ter

ter to maintain an Integrity in his Words and Actions, even in things that regarded the Offices which were incumbent upon him, in the Care of his own Affairs and Relations of Life, and therefore dreaded (tho' he had great Talents) to go into Employments of State, where he muſt be expoſed to the Snares of Ambition. Innocence of Life and great Ability were the diſtinguiſhing Parts of his Character; the latter, he had often obſerved, had led to the Deſtruction of the former, and uſed frequently to lament that Great and Good had not the ſame Signification. He was an excellent Husbandman, but had reſolved not to exceed ſuch a Degree of Wealth; all above it he beſtowed in ſecret Bounties many Years after the Sum he aimed at for his own Uſe was attained. Yet he did not ſlacken his Induſtry, but to a decent old Age ſpent the Life and Fortune which was ſuperfluous to himſelf, in the Service of his Friends and Neighbours.

HERE we were called to Dinner, and Sir ROGER ended the Diſcourſe of this Gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the Servant, that this his Anceſtor was a brave Man, and narrowly eſcaped being killed in the Civil Wars; For, ſaid he, he was ſent out of the Field upon a private Meſſage, the Day before the Battel of *Worceſter*. The Whim of narrowly eſcaping, by having been within a Day of Danger, with other Matters above-mentioned, mixed with good Senſe, left me at a Loſs whether I was more delighted with my Friend's Wiſdom or Simplicity. R

N° 110. *Friday, July* 6.

Horror ubique animos, ſimul ipſa ſilentia terrent. Virg.

AT a little Diſtance from Sir ROGER's Houſe among the Ruins of an old Abby, there is a long Walk of aged Elms; which are ſhot up ſo very high, that when one paſſes under them, the Rooks and Crows that reſt upon the Tops of them ſeem to be Cawing in another Region. I am very much delighted with this Sort of Noiſe, which I conſider as a kind of natural Prayer to that Being who ſupplies the Wants of his whole

Creation, and who, in the beautiful Language of th *Pſalms*, feedeth the young Ravens that call upon him. like this Retirement the better, becauſe of an ill Repo it lies under of being *haunted*; for which Reaſon (as have been told in the Family) no living Creature ever wal in it beſides the Chaplain. My good Friend the Butle deſired me with a very grave Face not to venture my ſel in it after Sun-ſet, for that one of the Footmen had bee almoſt frighted out of his Wits by a Spirit that appeared t him in the Shape of a black Horſe without an Head; t which he added, that about a Month ago one of the Maid coming home late that way with a Pail of Milk upon he Head, heard ſuch a Ruſtling among the Buſhes that ſhe le it fall.

I was taking a Walk in this Place laſt Night betwee the Hours of Nine and Ten, and could not but fancy i one of the moſt proper Scenes in the World for a Ghoſ to appear in. The Ruins of the Abby are ſcattered up and down on every ſide, and half covered with Ivy an Elder Buſhes, the Harbours of ſeveral ſolitary Birds whic ſeldom make their Appearance till the Duſk of the Even ing. The Place was formerly a Church-yard, and ha ſtill ſeveral Marks in it of Graves and Burying Place There is ſuch an Eccho among the old Ruins and Vaul that if you ſtamp but a little louder than ordinary you hear the Sound repeated. At the ſame time the Walk o Elms, with the croaking of the Ravens which from tim to time are heard from the Tops of them, looks exceed ing ſolemn and venerable. Theſe Objects naturally rai Serioufneſs and Attention: and when Night heightens th Awfulneſs of the Place, and pours out her ſupernumerary Horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder th weak Minds fill it with Spectres and Apparitions.

Mr. *LOCKE*, in his Chapter of the Aſſociation o Ideas, has very curious Remarks to ſhew how by the Pre judice of Education one Idea often introduces into th Mind a whole Set that bear no Reſemb'ance to one ano ther in the Nature of things. Among ſeveral Example of this Kind, he produces the following Inſtance. Th *Ideas of Goblins and Sprights have really no more to do wi Darkneſs than Light: Yet let but a fooliſh Maid inculca theſe often on the Mind of a Child, and raiſe them there tog* ther

ter, poſſibly he ſhall never be able to ſeparate them again ſo ng as he lives; but Darkneſs ſhall ever afterward bring ith it thoſe frightful Ideas, and they ſhall be ſo joined, that can no more bear the one than the other.

AS I was walking in this Solitude, where the Dusk f the Evening conſpired with ſo many other Occaſions f Terrour, I obſerved a Cow grazing not far from me, hich an Imagination that is apt to *ſtartle* might eaſily ave conſtrued into a black Horſe without an Head: And dare ſay the poor Footman loſt his Wits upon ſome ſuch ivial Occaſion.

MY Friend Sir ROGER has often told me with a reat deal of Mirth, that at his firſt coming to his Eſtate e found three Parts of his Houſe altogether uſeleſs; that he beſt Room in it had the Reputation of being haunted, nd by that Means was locked up; that Noiſes had been eard in his long Gallery, ſo that he could not get a Ser- nt to enter it after Eight a Clock at Night; that the Door of one of his Chambers was nailed up, becauſe there went a Story in the Family that a Butler had formerly anged himſelf in it; and that his Mother, who lived to great Age, had ſhut up half the Rooms in the Houſe, n which either a Husband, a Son, or Daughter had died. The Knight ſeeing his Habitation reduced to ſo ſmall a Compaſs, and himſelf in a manner ſhut out of his own Houſe, upon the Death of his Mother ordered all the A- rtments to be flung open, and *exorciſed* by his Chaplain, who lay in every Room one after another, and by that Means diſſipated the Fears which had ſo long reigned in he Family.

I ſhould not have been thus particular upon theſe ridi- culous Horrours, did not I find them ſo very much pre- ail in all Parts of the Country. At the ſame Time I hink a Perſon who is thus terrified with the Imagina- ion of Ghoſts and Spectres much more reaſonable, than one who contrary to the Reports of all Hiſtorians ſacred nd prophane, antient and modern, and to the Traditi- ns of all Nations, thinks the Appearance of Spirits fabu- ous and groundleſs: Could not I give my ſelf up to this eneral Teſtimony of Mankind, I ſhould to the Relations f particular Perſons who are now living, and whom I annot diſtruſt in other Matters of Fact. I might here

add, that not only the Hiſtorians, to whom we may join the Poets, but likewiſe the Philoſophers of Antiquity have favoured this Opinion. *Lucretius* himſelf, though by the Courſe of his Philoſophy he was obliged to maintain that the Soul did not exiſt ſeparate from the Body, makes no Doubt of the Reality of Apparitions, and that Men have often appeared after their Death. This I think very remarkable; he was ſo preſſed with the Matter of Fact which he could not have the Confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the moſt abſurd unphiloſophical Notions that was ever ſtarted. He tells us, That the Surfaces of all Bodies are perpetually flying off from their reſpective Bodies, one after another; and that theſe Surfaces or thin Caſes that included each other whilſt they were joined in the Body like the Coats of an Onion, are ſometimes ſeen entire when they are ſeparated from it; by which means we often behold the Shapes and Shadows of Perſons who are either dead or abſent.

I ſhall diſmiſs this Paper with a Story out of *Joſephus*, not ſo much for the Sake of the Story it ſelf, as for the moral Reflections with which the Author concludes it, and which I ſhall here ſet down in his own Words. '*Glaphyra* the Daughter of King *Archilaus*, after the 'Death of her two firſt Husbands (being married to 'a third, who was Brother to her firſt Husband, and ſo 'paſſionately in Love with her that he turned off his 'former Wife to make Room for this Marriage) had a 'very odd kind of Dream. She fancied that ſhe ſaw her 'firſt Husband coming towards her, and that ſhe embra-'ced him with great Tenderneſs; when in the midſt of 'the Pleaſure which ſhe expreſſed at the Sight of him, 'he reproached her after the following manner: *Gla-'phyra*, ſays he, thou haſt made good the old Saying, 'That Women are not to be truſted. Was not I the 'Husband of thy Virginity? Have I not Children by 'thee? How couldſt thou forget our Loves ſo far as to 'enter into a ſecond Marriage, and after that into a third, 'nay to take for thy Husband a Man who has ſo ſhame-'leſly crept into the Bed of his Brother? However, for 'the Sake of our paſſed Loves, I ſhall free thee from thy 'preſent Reproach, and make thee mine for ever. *Gla-*

'*phyra*

phyra told this Dream to ſeveral Women of her Acquaintance, and died ſoon after. I thought this Story might not be impertinent in this Place, wherein I ſpeak of thoſe Kings: Beſides that, the Example deſerves to be taken Notice of, as it contains a moſt certain Proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and of Divine Providence. If any Man thinks theſe Facts incredible, let him enjoy his Opinion to himſelf; but let him not endeavour to diſturb the Belief of others, who by Inſtances of this Nature are excited to the Study of Virtue. L

N° III. *Saturday, July 7.*

——*Inter Silvas Academi quærere Verum.* Hor.

THE Courſe of my laſt Speculation led me inſenſibly into a Subject upon which I always meditate with great Delight, I mean the Immortality of the Soul. was Yeſterday walking alone in one of my Friend's oods, and loſt my ſelf in it very agreeably, as I was nning over in my Mind the ſeveral Arguments that eblish this great Point, which is the Baſis of Morality, d the Source of all the pleaſing Hopes and ſecret Joys t can ariſe in the Heart of a reaſonable Creatures. I nſidered thoſe ſeveral Proofs drawn,

FIRST, From the Nature of the Soul it ſelf, and particularly is Immateriality; which tho' not abſolutely neceſſy to the Eternity of its Duration, has, I think, been enced to almoſt a Demonſtration.

SECONDLY, From its Paſſions and Sentiments, as rticularly from its Love of Exiſtence, its Horrour of nnihilation, and its Hopes of Immortality, with that ſeret Satisfaction which it finds in the Practice of Virtue, d that Uneaſineſs which follows in it upon the Commiſſion of Vice.

THIRDLY, From the Nature of the Supreme Being, hoſe Juſtice, Goodneſs, Wiſdom and Veracity are all ncerned this great Point.

BUT among theſe and other excellent Arguments for the Immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual Progreſs of the Soul to its Perfection, without a Poſſibility of ever arriving at it; which is a Hint that I do not remember to have ſeen opened and improved by others who have written on this Subject, tho' it ſeems to me to carry a great Weight with it. How can it enter into the Thoughts of Man, that the Soul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe Perfections, and of receiving new Improvements to all Eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created? Are ſuch Abilities made for no Purpoſe? A Brute arrives at a point of Perfection that he can never paſs: In a few Years he has all the Endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human Soul thus at a ſtand in her Accompliſhments, were her Faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further Enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a State of Annihilation. But can we believe a thinking Being that is in a perpetual Progreſs of Improvements, and travelling on from Perfection to Perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the Works of its Creator, and made a few Diſcoveries of his infinite Goodneſs, Wiſdom and Power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her Enquiries?

A Man, conſidered in his preſent State, ſeems only ſent into the World to propagate his Kind. He provides himſelf with a Succeſſor, and immediately quits his Poſt to make room for him.

——————————————————*hæres,*
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy Life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurprizing to conſider in Animals, which are formed for our Uſe, and can finiſh their Buſineſs in a ſhort Life. The Silk-worm, after having ſpun her Task, lays her Eggs and dies. But a Man can never have taken in his full meaſure of Knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his Paſſions, eſtabliſh his Soul in Virtue, and come up to the Perfection of his Nature, before he is hurried off the Stage. Would an infinitely wiſe Be-

ing make ſuch glorious Creatures for ſo mean a Purpoſe? Can he delight in the Production of ſuch abortive Intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable Beings? Would he give us Talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that Wiſdom, which ſhines through all his Works, in the Formation of Man, without looking on this World as only a Nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral Generations of rational Creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick Succeſſions, are only to receive their firſt Rudiments of Exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly Climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all Eternity?

THERE is not, in my Opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant Conſideration in Religion than this, of the perpetual Progreſs which the Soul makes towards the Perfection of its Nature, without ever arriving at a Period in it. To look upon the Soul as going on from Strength to Strength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new Acceſſions of Glory, and brighten to all Eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding Virtue to Virtue, and Knowledge to Knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that Ambition which is natural to the Mind of Man. Nay, it muſt be a Proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his Creation for ever beautifying in his Eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of Reſemblance.

METHINKS this ſingle Conſideration, of the Progreſs of a finite Spirit to Perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all Envy in inferior Natures, and all Contempt in ſuperior. That Cherubim which now appears as a God to a human Soul, knows very well that the Period will come about in Eternity, when the human Soul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is: Nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of Perfection, as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true, the higher Nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his Diſtance and Superiority in the Scale of Being; but he knows how high ſoever the Station is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior Nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame Degree of Glory.

WITH

WITH what Aſtoniſhment and Veneration may we look into our own Souls, where there are ſuch hidden Stores of Virtue and Knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted Sources of Perfection? We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the Heart of Man to conceive the Glory that will be always in Reſerve for him. The Soul conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe Mathematical Lines that may draw nearer to another for all Eternity without Poſſibility of touching it: And can there be a Thought ſo Tranſporting, as to conſider our ſelves in theſe perpetual Approaches to him, who is not only the Standard of Perfection but of Happineſs! L

N° 112. *Monday, July* 9.

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεοὺς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τιμᾶ—— Pyth.

I Am always very well pleaſed with a Country *Sunday*, and think, if keeping holy the Seventh Day were only a human Inſtitution, it would be the beſt Method that could have been thought of for the poliſhing and civilizing of Mankind. It is certain the Country-People would ſoon degenerate into a kind of Savages and Barbarians, were there not ſuch frequent Returns of a ſtated Time, in which the whole Village meet together with their beſt Faces, and in their cleanlieſt Habits, to converſe with one another upon indifferent Subjects, hear their Duties explained to them, and join together in Adoration of the Supreme Being. *Sunday* clears away the Ruſt of the whole Week, not only as it refreſhes in their Minds the Notions of Religion, but as it puts both the Sexes upon appearing in the moſt agreeable Forms, and exerting all ſuch Qualities as are apt to give them a Figure in the Eye of the Village. A Country-Fellow diſtinguiſhes himſelf as much in the *Church-yard*, as a Citizen does upon the *Change*, the whole Pariſh-Politicks being generally diſcuſſed in that Place either after Sermon or before the Bell rings,

MY

MY Friend Sir ROGER being a good Church-man, s beautified the Infide of his Church with ſeveral Texts his own chuſing: He has likewiſe given a handſome lpit-Cloth, and railed in the Communion-Table at his wn Expence. He has often told me, that at his coming his Eſtate he found his Pariſhioners very irregular; and t in order to make them kneel and join in the Reſponſes, gave every one of them a Haſſock and a Common-yer Book; and at the ſame Time employed an intine-t Singing-Maſter, who goes about the Country for that rpoſe, to inſtruct them rightly in the Tunes of the lms; upon which they now very much value them-ves, and indeed out-do moſt of the Country Churches t I have ever heard.

AS Sir ROGER is Landlord to the whole Congrega-n, he keeps them in very good Order, and will ſuffer Body to ſleep in it beſides himſelf; for if by Chance has been ſurprized into a ſhort Nap at Sermon, upon covering out of it he ſtands up and looks about him, and he ſees any Body elſe nodding, either wakes them him-f, or ſends his Servant to them. Several other of the old ight's Particularities break out upon theſe Occaſions: metimes he will be lengthening out a Verſe in the ging-Pſalms, half a Minute after the reſt of the Congrega-n have done with it; ſometimes, when he is pleaſed with Matter of his Devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or r times to the ſame Prayer; and ſometimes ſtands up en every Body elſe is upon their Knees, to count the ngregation, or ſee if any of his Tenants are miſſing.

I was Yeſterday very much ſurprized to hear my old end, in the midſt of the Service, calling out to one *n Matthews* to mind what he was about, and not di-b the Congregation. This *John Matthews* it ſeems is narkable for being an idle Fellow, and at that Time was king his Heels for his Diverſion. This Authority of Knight, though exerted in that odd Manner which ac-panies him in all Circumſtances of Life, has a very good ect upon the Pariſh, who are not polite enough to ſee thing ridiculous in his Behaviour; beſides that, the eral good Senſe and Worthineſs of his Character, make Friends obſerve theſe little Singularities as Foils that er ſet off than blemiſh his good Qualities.

AS ſoon as the Sermon is finiſhed, no Body preſu to ſtir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the Church. T Knight walks down from his Seat in the Chancel betw a double Row of his Tenants, that ſtand bowing to h on each Side; and every now and then enquires how ſ an one's Wife, or Mother, or Son, or Father do, wh he does not ſee at Church; which is underſtood as a ſe Reprimand to the Perſon that is abſent.

THE Chaplain has often told me, that upon a Ca chiſing-day, when Sir ROGER has been pleaſed wit Boy that anſwers well, he has ordered a Bible to be gi him next Day for his Encouragement; and ſometimes companies it with a Flitch of Bacon to his Mother. ROGER has likewiſe added five Pounds a Year to Clerk's Place; and that he may encourge the young F lows to make themſelves perfect in the Church-Serv has promiſed upon the Death of the preſent Incumb who is very old, to beſtow it according to Merit.

THE fair Underſtanding between Sir ROGER and Chaplain, and their mutual Concurrence in doing Go is the more remarkable, becauſe the very next Village famous for the Differences and Contentions that ri tween the Parſon and the 'Squire, who live in a p petual State of War. The Parſon is always preaching the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Pa never comes to Church. The 'Squire has made all Tenants Atheiſts and Tithe-Stealers; while the Par inſtructs them every *Sunday* in the Dignity of his Or and inſinuates to them almoſt in every Sermon, that is a better Man than his Patron. In ſhort, Matters come to ſuch an Extremity, that the 'Squire has not h his Prayers either in publick or private this half Ye and that the Parſon threatens him, if he does not m his Manners, to pray for him in the Face of the wh Congregation.

FEUDS of this Nature, though too frequent in Country, are very fatal to the ordinary People; who ſo uſed to be dazled with Riches, that they pay as m Deference to the Underſtanding of a Man of an Eſtate of a Man of Learning; and are very hardly brought to gard any Truth, how important ſoever it may be,

reached to them, when they know there are ſeveral
n of five hundred a Year who do not believe it. L.

N° 113. *Tueſday, July* 10.

——*Hærent infixi Pectore vultus.* Virg.

IN my firſt Deſcription of the Company in which I paſs moſt of my Time, it may be remembred that I mentioned a great Affliction which my Friend Sir ROGER had met with in his Youth; which was no leſs than a Diſappointment in Love. It happened this Evening, that we fell into a very pleaſing Walk at a Diſtance from his Houſe: As ſoon as we came into it, 'It is, quoth the good old Man, looking round him with a Smile, very hard, that any Part of my Land ſhould be ſettled upon one who has uſed me ſo ill as the perverſe Widow did; and yet I am ſure I could not ſee a Sprig of any Bough of this whole Walk of Trees, but I ſhould reflect upon her and her Severity. She has certainly the fineſt Hand of any Woman in the World. You are to know this was the Place wherein I uſed to muſe upon her; and by that Cuſtom I can never come into it, but the ſame tender Sentiments revive in my Mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful Creature under theſe Shades. I have been Fool enough to carve her Name on the Bark of ſeveral of theſe Trees; ſo unhappy is the Condition of Men in Love, to attempt the removing of their Paſſion by the Methods which ſerve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the fineſt Hand of any Woman in the World.

HERE followed a profound Silence; and I was not diſpleaſed to obſerve my Friend falling ſo naturally into a Diſcourſe, which I had ever before taken Notice he induſtriouſly avoided. After a very long Pauſe, he entered upon an Account of this great Circumſtance in his Life, with an Air which I thought raiſed my Idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the Picture of that chearful Mind of his, before it received that Stroke which

which has ever since affected his Words and Actions. But he went on as follows.

'I came to my Estate in my Twenty second Year, and 'resolved to follow the Steps of the most worthy of my 'Ancestors, who have inhabited this Spot of Earth before 'me, in all the Methods of Hospitality and good Neigh- 'bourhood, for the Sake of my Fame; and in Country 'Sports and Recreations, for the Sake of my Health. In 'my Twenty third Year I was obliged to serve as Sheriff 'of the County; and in my Servants, Officers, and whole 'Equipage, indulged the Pleasure of a young Man (who 'did not think ill of his own Person) in taking that pub- 'lick Occasion of shewing my Figure and Behaviour to 'Advantage. You may easily imagine to your self what 'Appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and 'was very well dressed, at the Head of a whole County, 'with Musick before me, a Feather in my Hat, and my 'Horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little 'pleased with the kind Looks and Glances I had from all 'the Balconies and Windows, as I rode to the Hall where 'the Assizes were held. But when I came there, a beau- 'tiful Creature in Widow's Habit sat in Court, to hear 'the Event of a Cause concerning her Dower. This com- 'manding Creature (who was born for Destruction of all 'who behold her) put on such a Resignation in her Coun- 'tenance, and bore the Whispers of all around the Court 'with such a pretty Uneasiness, I warrant you, and then 'recovered her self from one Eye to another, 'till she was 'perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in 'all she encountered, that at last, with a Murrain to her, 'she casts her bewitching Eye upon me. I no sooner met 'it, but I bowed like a great surprized Booby; and know- 'ing her Cause to be the first which came on, I cried, 'like a captivated Calf as I was, Make Way for the De- 'fendant's Witnesses. This sudden Partiality made all the 'Court immediately see the Sheriff also was become a 'Slave to the fine Widow. During the Time her Cause 'was upon Tryal, she behaved herself, I warrant you, 'with such a deep Attention to her Business, took Oppor- 'tunities to have little Billets handed to her Council, then 'would be in such a pretty Confusion, occasioned, you 'must know, by acting before so much Company, that

'not

ot only I but the whole Court was prejudiced in her avour; and all that the next Heir to her Husband had o urge, was thought ſo groundleſs and frivolous, that when it came to her Council to reply, there was not alf ſo much ſaid as every one beſides in the Court hought he could have urged to her Advantage. You muſt underſtand, Sir, this perverſe Woman is one of hoſe unaccountable Creatures, that ſecretly rejoice in he Admiration of Men, but indulge themſelves in no fur-her Conſequences. Hence it is that ſhe has ever had a Train of Admirers, and ſhe removes from her Slaves in Town to thoſe in the Country, according to the Seaſons f the Year. She is a reading Lady, and far gone in the Pleaſures of Friendſhip: She is always accompanied by Confident, who is Witneſs to her daily Proteſtations gainſt our Sex, and conſequently a Bar to her firſt Steps owards Love, upon the Strength of her own Maxims nd Declarations.

'HOWEVER, I muſt needs ſay this accompliſhed Miſtreſs of mine has diſtinguiſhed me above the reſt, and as been known to declare Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY was the tameſt and moſt human of all the Brutes in the Country. I was told ſhe ſaid ſo, by one who thought he rallied me; upon the Strength of this ſlender En-couragement of being thought leaſt deteſtable, I made ew Liveries, new paired my Coach-Horſes, ſent them ll to Town to be bitted, and taught to throw their Legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to roſs the Country, and wait upon her. As ſoon as I thought my Retinue ſuitable to the Character of my Fortune and Youth, I ſet out from hence to make my Addreſſes. The particular Skill of this Lady has ever been to inflame your Wiſhes, and yet command Reſpect. To make her Miſtreſs of this Art, ſhe has a greater Share of Knowledge, Wit, and good Senſe, than is uſual even among Men of Merit. Then ſhe is beautiful beyond the Race of Women. If you won't let her go on with a certain Artifice with her Eyes, and the Skill of Beauty, ſhe will arm her ſelf with her real Charms, and ſtrike you with Admiration inſtead of Deſire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole Woman, there is that Dignity in her Aſpect, that Compoſure in her Motion,

'that

'that Complacency in her Manner, that if her For
'makes you hope, her Merit makes you fear. But th
'again, she is such a desperate Scholar, that no Country
'Gentleman can approach her without being a Jest. As
'was going to tell you, when I came to her House I w
'admitted to her Presence with great Civility; at th
'same Time she placed her self to be first seen by me i
'such an Attitude, as I think you call the Posture of
'Picture, that she discovered new Charms, and I at l
'came towards her with such an Awe as made me speech
'less. This she no sooner observed but she made her Ad
'vantage of it, and began a Discourse to me concerni
'Love and Honour, as they are both followed by Fr
'tenders, and the real Votaries to them. When she had di
'cussed these Points in a Discourse, which I verily be
'lieve was as learned as the best Philosopher in Eur
'could possibly make, she asked me whether she was
'happy as to fall in with my Sentiments on these impo
'tant Particulars. Her Confident sat by her, and upon m
'being in the last Confusion and Silence, this malicio
'Aid of hers turning to her says, I am very glad to o
'serve Sir ROGER pauses upon this Subject, and seem
'resolved to deliver all his Sentiments upon the Matt
'when he pleases to speak. They both kept their Cou
'tenances, and after I had sat half an Hour meditati
'how to behave before such profound Casuists, I rose u
'and took my Leave. Chance has since that Time throw
'me very often in her Way, and she as often has direct
'a Discourse to me which I do not understand. Th
'Barbarity has kept me ever at a Distance from the mo
'beautiful Object my Eyes ever beheld. It is thus al
'she deals with all Mankind, and you must make Lo
'to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing he
'But were she like other Women, and that there we
'any talking to her, how constant must the Pleasure o
'that Man be, who could converse with a Creature—
'But, after all, you may be sure her Heart is fixed o
'some one or other; and yet I have been credibly inform
'ed; but who can believe half that is said! After she h
'done speaking to me, she put her Hand to her Bosom
'and adjusted her Tucker. Then she cast her Eyes a lit
'down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They
'

he ſings excellently: her Voice in her ordinary Speech as ſomething in it inexpreſſibly ſweet. You muſt know I dined with her at a publick Table the Day after I firſt ſaw her, and ſhe helped me to ſome Tanſy in the Eye of all the Gentlemen in the Country: She has certainly the fineſt Hand of any Woman in the World. I can aſſure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the ſame Condition; for as her Speech is Muſick, her Form is Angelick. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be Stupidity to be unconcerned at ſuch Perfection. Oh the excellent Creature, ſhe is as inimitable to all Women, as ſhe is inacceſſible to all Men.

I found my Friend begin to rave, and inſenſibly led him towards the Houſe, that we might be joined by ſome other Company; and am convinced that the Widow is the ſecret Cauſe of all that Inconſiſtency which appears in ſome Parts of my Friend's Diſcourſe; tho' he has ſo much Command of himſelf as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of *Martial*, which one knows not how to render in Engliſh, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I ſhall end this Paper with that whole Epigram, which repreſents with much Humour my honeſt Friend's Condition.

Quicquid agit, Rufus, nihil eſt, niſi Nævia Rufo,
Si gaudet, ſi flet, ſi tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cenat, propinat, poſcit, negat, annuit, una eſt
Nævia: Si non ſit Nævia, mutus erit.
Scriberet heſterna Patri cum Luce Salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia numen, ave.

Let Rufus *weep, rejoice, ſtand, ſit, or walk,*
Still he can nothing but of Nævia *talk;*
Let him eat, drink, ask Queſtions, or diſpute,
Still he muſt ſpeak of Nævia, *or be mute.*
He writ to his Father, ending with this Line,
I am, my Lovely Nævia, *ever thine.*

R

Wedneſday,

Nº 114. *Wedneſday, July* 11.

——*Paupertatis pudor & fuga*—— Hor.

OECONOMY in our Affairs, has the ſame Effect upon our Fortunes which good Breeding has upon our Converſation. There is a pretending Behaviour in both Caſes, which inſtead of making Men eſteemed, renders them both miſerable and contemptible. We had Yeſterday at Sir ROGER's a Set of Country Gentlemen who dined with him: and after Dinner the Glaſs was taken, by thoſe who pleaſed, pretty plentifully. Among others I obſerved a Perſon of a tolerable good Aſpect, who ſeemed to be more greedy of Liquor than any of the Company, and yet, methought, he did not taſte it with Delight. As he grew warm, he was ſuſpicious of every thing that was ſaid; and as he advanced towards being fuddled his Humour grew worſe. At the ſame Time his Bitterneſs ſeemed to be rather an inward Diſſatisfaction in his own Mind, than any Diſlike he had taken at the Company. Upon hearing his Name, I knew him to be a Gentleman of a conſiderable Fortune in this County, but greatly in Debt. What gives the unhappy Man this Peeviſhneſs of Spirit, is, that his Eſtate is dipped, and is eating out with Uſury; and yet he has not the Heart to ſell any Part of it. His proud Stomach, at the Coſt of reſtleſs Nights, conſtant Inquietudes, Danger of Affronts, and a thouſand nameleſs Inconveniencies, preſerves this Canker in his Fortune, rather than it ſhall be ſaid he is a Man of fewer Hundreds a Year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the Torment of Poverty, to avoid the Name of being leſs rich. If you go to his Houſe you ſee great Plenty but ſerved in a Manner that ſhews it is all unnatural, and that the Maſter's Mind is not at home. There is a certain Waſte and Careleſſneſs in the Air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered Indigence, a magnificent Poverty. That Neatneſs and Chearfulneſs which attends the Table of him who lives within Compaſs, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine Way of Service in all about him.

THIS

THIS Gentleman's Conduct, tho' a very common way Management, is as ridiculous as that Officer's would be, o had but few Men under his Command, and ſhould e the Charge of an Extent of Country rather than of a ll Paſs. To pay for, perſonate, and keep in a Man's nds, a greater Eſtate than he really has, is of all others the ſt unpardonable Vanity, and muſt in the End reduce Man who is guilty of it to Diſhonour. Yet if we look nd us in any County of *Great-Britain*, we ſhall ſee ma- in this Fatal Error; if that may be called by ſo ſoft a me, which proceeds from a falſe Shame of appearing at they really are, when the contrary Behaviour would ſhort Time advance them to the Condition which y pretend to.

LAERTES has fifteen hundred Pounds a Year; which nortgaged for ſix thouſand Pounds; but it is impoſſible convince him that if he ſold as much as would pay off Debt, he would ſave four Shillings in the Pound, ich he gives for the Vanity of being the reputed Ma- of it. Yet if *Laertes* did this, he would, perhaps, be r in his own Fortune; but then *Irus*, a Fellow of terday, who has but twelve hundred a Year, would be Equal. Rather than this ſhall be, *Laertes* goes on to g well-born Beggars into the World, and every Twelve- nth charges his Eſtate with at leaſt one Year's Rent re by the Birth of a Child.

LAERTES and *Irus* are Neighbours, whoſe Way of ng are an Abomination to each other. *Irus* is moved by Fear of Poverty, and *Laertes* by the Shame of it. Tho' Motive of Action is of ſo near Affinity in both, and y be reſolved into this, "that to each of them Pover- y is the greateſt of all Evils, yet are their Manners ve- widely different. Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* launch o unneceſſary Equipage, vain Expence, and laviſh En- tainments; Fear of Poverty makes *Irus* allow himſelf y plain Neceſſaries, appear without a Servant, ſell his n Corn, attend his Labourers, and be himſelf a Labour- Shame of Poverty makes *Laertes* go every Day a Step rer to it: and Fear of Poverty ſtirs up *Irus* to make e- y Day ſome further Progreſs from it.

THESE different Motives produce the Exceſſes which n are guilty of in the Negligence of and Proviſion for themſelves.

themſelves. Uſury, Stock-Jobbing, Extortion and O preſſion, have their Seed in the Dread of Want; and V nity, Riot and Prodigality, from the Shame of it: both theſe Exceſſes are infinitely below the Purſuit o reaſonable Creature. After we have taken Care to co mand ſo much as is neceſſary for maintaining our ſelv the Order of Men ſuitable to our Character, the Car Superfluities is a Vice no leſs extravagant, than the Ne lect of Neceſſaries would have been before.

CERTAIN it is, that they are both out of Natu when ſhe is followed with Reaſon and good Senſe. It from this Reflection that I always read Mr. *Cowley* w the greateſt Pleaſure: His Magnanimity is as much ab that of other conſiderable Men, as his Underſtandi and it is a true diſtinguiſhing Spirit in the elegant Auth who publiſhed his Works, to dwell ſo much upon t Temper of his Mind and the Moderation of his Deſi By this Means he has rendered his Friend as amiable as mous. That State of Life which bears the Face of P verty with Mr. *Cowley's great Vulgar*, is admirably deſcrib and it is no ſmall Satisfaction to thoſe of the ſame Te of Deſire, that he produces the Authority of the wi Men of the beſt Age of the World, to ſtrengthen his O nion of the ordinary Purſuits of Mankind.

IT would methinks be no ill Maxim of Life, if cording to that Anceſtor of Sir ROGER, whom I la mentioned, every Man would point to himſelf what S he would reſolve not to exceed. He might by this Me cheat himſelf into a Tranquility on this Side of that E pectation, or convert what he ſhould get above it to n bler Uſes than his own Pleaſures or Neceſſities. This Te per of Mind would exempt a Man from an ignorant En of reſtleſs Men above him, and a more inexcuſable Co tempt of happy Men below him. This would be fai by ſome Compaſs, living with ſome Deſign; but to eternally bewildered in Proſpects of future Gain, and p ting on unneceſſary Armour againſt improbable Blows Fortune, is a Mechanick Being which has not good Se for its Direction, but is carried on by a Sort of acqui Inſtinct towards things below our Conſideration and worthy our Eſteem. It is poſſible that the Tranquili now enjoy at Sir ROGER's may have created in me

of Thinking, which is ſo abſtracted from the com-
Reliſh of the World: But as I am now in a pleaſing
ur ſurrounded with a beautiful Landskip, I find no
nation ſo ſtrong as to continue in theſe Manſions, ſo
te from the oſtentatious Scenes of Life; and am at
reſent Writing Philoſopher enough to conclude with
Cowley.

If e'er Ambition did my Fancy cheat,
With any Wiſh ſo mean as to be Great;
Continue, Heav'n, ſtill from me to remove,
The humble Bleſſings of that Life I love. T

115. *Thurſday, July* 12.

——*Ut ſit Mens ſana in Corpore ſano.* Juv.

ODILY Labour is of two kinds, either that which
a Man ſubmits to for his Livelihood, or that which
he undergoes for his Pleaſure. The latter of them
rally changes the Name of Labour for that of Exer-
but differs only from ordinary Labour as it riſes from
her Motive.

Country Life abounds in both theſe kinds of Labour,
for that Reaſon gives a Man a greater Stock of Health,
conſequently a more perfect Enjoyment of himſelf,
any other way of Life. I conſider the Body as a
m of Tubes and Glands, or to uſe a more Ruſtick
ſe, a Bundle of Pipes and Strainers, fitted to one a-
er after ſo wonderful a manner as to make a proper
ne for the Soul to work with. This Deſcription
not only comprehend the Bowels, Bones, Tendons,
s, Nerves and Arteries, but every Muſcle and every
ture, which is a Compoſition of Fibres, that are ſo
imperceptible Tubes or Pipes interwoven on all ſides
inviſible Glands or Strainers.

HIS general Idea of a human Body, without con-
ing it in the Niceties of Anatomy, lets us ſee how
utely neceſſary Labour is for the right Preſervation
. There muſt be frequent Motions and Agitations, to
mix,

mix, digeſt, and ſeparate the Juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanſe that Infinitude of Pipes and Strainers of which it is compoſed, and to give their Parts a more firm and laſting Tone. Labour or Exercise ferments the Humours, caſts them into their proper Channels, throws off Redundancies, and helps Nature in those ſecret Diſtributions without which the Body cannot ſubſiſt in its Vigour, nor the Soul act with Chearfulneſs.

I might here mention the Effects which this has upon all the Faculties of the Mind, by keeping the Underſtanding clear, the Imagination untroubled, and refining the Spirits that are neceſſary for the proper Exertion of the intellectual Faculties, during the preſent Laws of Union between Soul and Body. It is to a Neglect in this Particular that we muſt aſcribe the Spleen, which is ſo frequent in Men of ſtudious and ſedentary Tempers, as well as the Vapours to which thoſe of the other Sex are often ſubject.

HAD not Exerciſe been abſolutely neceſſary for our Well-being, Nature would not have made the Body proper for it, by giving ſuch an Activity to the Limbs and ſuch a Pliancy to every Part as neceſſarily procure thoſe Compreſſions, Extentions, Contortions, Dilatations, and all other kinds of Motions that are neceſſary for the Preſervation of ſuch a Syſtem of Tubes and Glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want Inducements to engage us in ſuch an Exerciſe of the Body as is proper for its Welfare, it is ſo ordered that no thing valued can be procured without it. Not to mention Riches and Honour, even Food and Raiment are not to be come at without the Toil of the Hands and Sweat of the Brows. Providence furniſhes Materials, but expects that we ſhould Work them up our ſelves. The Earth muſt be laboured before it gives its Encreaſe, and when it is forced into its ſeveral Products, how many Hands muſt they paſs through before they are fit for Uſe? Manufacture, Trade, and Agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen Parts of the Species in twenty; and as for thoſe who are not obliged to Labour, by the Condition in which they are born, they are more miſerable than the reſt of Mankind, unleſs they indulge themſelves in that voluntary Labour which goes by the Name of Exerciſe.

My Friend Sir ROGER has been an indefatigable Man
uſineſs of this kind, and has hung ſeveral Parts of his
ſe with Trophies of his former Labours. The Walls
is great Hall are covered with the Horns of ſeveral kinds
Deer that he has killed in the Chace, which he thinks
moſt valuable Furniture of his Houſe, as they afford
frequent Topicks of Diſcourſe, and ſhew that he has
been Idle. At the lower end of the Hall is a large
r's Skin ſtuffed with Hay, which his Mother ordered
e hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon
n great Satisfaction, becauſe it ſeems he was but nine
rs old when his Dog killed him. A little Room ad-
ing to the Hall is a kind of Arſenal filled with Guns of
ral Sizes and Inventions, with which the Knight has
e great Havock in the Woods, and deſtroyed many
uſands of Pheaſants, Partridges and Wood-Cocks. His
le Doors are patched with Noſes that belonged to Foxes
he Knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER ſhewed
one of them that for Diſtinction ſake has a Braſs Nail
ck through it, which coſt him about fifteen Hours riding,
ied him through half a dozen Counties, killed him a
e of Geldings, and loſt above half his Dogs. This the
ght looks upon as one of the greateſt Exploits of his
. The perverſe Widow, whom I have given ſome Ac-
nt of, was the Death of ſeveral Foxes; for Sir ROGER
told me that in the Courſe of his Amours he patched
Weſtern Door of his Stable. Whenever the Widow
cruel, the Foxes were ſure to pay for it. In Propor-
as his Paſſion for the Widow abated, and old Age
e on, he left off Fox-hunting; but a Hare is not yet
that ſits within ten Miles of his Houſe.

THERE is no kind of Exerciſe which I would ſo re-
mend to my Readers of both Sexes as this of Riding,
ere is none which ſo much conduces to Health, and is
y way accommodated to the Body, according to the
which I have given of it. Doctor *Sydenham* is very
in its Phraſes; and if the *Engliſh* Reader would ſee the
hanical Effects of it deſcribed at length, he may find
in a Book publiſhed not many Years ſince, under the
e of *Medicina Gymnaſtica*. For my own Part, when
in Town, for want of theſe Opportunities, I exer-
my ſelf an Hour every Morning upon a dumb Bell that

is placed in a Corner of my Room, and pleaſes me
more becauſe it does every thing I require of it in the m
profound Silence. My Landlady and her Daughters are
well acquainted with my Hours of Exerciſe, that they
ver come into my Room to diſturb me whilſt I am ring

WHEN I was ſome Years younger than I am at p
ſent, I uſed to employ my ſelf in a more laborious Dir
ſion, which I learned from a *Latin* Treatiſe of Exerci
that it is written with great Erudition: It is there called
σκιομαχία, or the Fighting with a Man's own Shado
and conſiſts in the brandiſhing of two ſhort Sticks grap
in each Hand, and loaden with Plugs of Lead at either e
This opens the Cheſt, exerciſes the Limbs, and give
Man all the Pleaſure of Boxing, without the Blows. I co
wiſh that ſeveral Learned Men would lay out that Ti
which they employ in Controverſies and Diſputes abo
nothing, in *this Method* of fighting with their own Sh
dows. It might conduce very much to evaporate t
Spleen, which makes them uneaſie to the Publick as w
as to themſelves.

To conclude, As I am a Compound of Soul and Bod
I conſider my ſelf as obliged to a double Scheme of Duti
and think I have not fulfilled the Buſineſs of the Day, wh
I do not thus employ the one in Labour and Exerciſe,
well as the other in Study and Contemplation.

Nº 116. *Friday, July* 13.

——— Vocat ingenti clamore Citharon,
Taygetique canes ——— Virg.

THOSE who have ſearched into human Nature o
ſerve that nothing ſo much ſhews the Noblen
of the Soul, as that its Felicity conſiſts in Acti
Every Man has ſuch an active Principle in him, that
will find out ſomething to employ himſelf upon, in wh
ever Place or State of Life he is poſted. I have heard
a Gentleman who was under cloſe Confinement in t
Baſtile ſeven Years; during which Time he amuſed him

ſcattering a few ſmall Pins about his Chamber, gather-
g them up again, and placing them in different Figures
n the Arm of a great Chair. He often told his Friends af-
rwards, that unleſs he had found out this Piece of Ex-
ciſe, he verily believed he ſhould have loſt his Senſes.

AFTER what has been ſaid, I need not inform my
eaders, that Sir ROGER, with whoſe Character I hope
ey are at preſent pretty well acquainted, has in his Youth
one through the whole Courſe of thoſe rural Diverſions
hich the Country abounds in; and which ſeem to be ex-
eamly well ſuited to that laborious Induſtry a Man may
bſerve here in a far greater Degree than in Towns and
ities. I have before hinted at ſome of my Friend's Ex-
oits: He has in his youthful Days taken forty Coveys of
artridges in a Seaſon; and tired many a Salmon with a
ine conſiſting but of a ſingle Hair. The conſtant Thanks
nd good Wiſhes of the Neighbourhood always attended
im, on Account of his remarkable Enmity towards Foxes;
aving deſtroyed more of thoſe Vermin in one Year, than
was thought the whole Country could have produced.
ndeed the Knight does not ſcruple to own among his moſt
ntimate Friends, that in order to eſtabliſh his Reputation
his Way, he has ſecretly ſent for great Numbers of them
ut of other Counties, which he uſed to turn looſe about
he Country by Night, that he might the better ſignalize
imſelf in their Deſtruction the next Day. His Hunting-
orſes were the fineſt and beſt managed in all theſe Parts:
is Tenants are ſtill full of the Praiſes of a grey Stone-
orſe that unhappily ſtaked himſelf ſeveral Years ſince, and
as buried with great Solemnity in the Orchard.

SIR ROGER, being at preſent too old for Fox-hunting,
o keep himſelf in Action, has diſpoſed of his Beagles and
ot a Pack of *Stop-Hounds*. What theſe want in Speed, he
ndeavours to make amends for by the Deepneſs of their
Mouths and the Variety of their Notes, which are ſuited
n ſuch manner to each other, that the whole Cry makes
p a compleat Conſort. He is ſo nice in this Particular,
hat a Gentleman having made him a Preſent of a very fine
Hound the other Day, the Knight returned it by the Ser-
ant with a great many Expreſſions of Civility; but deſired
im to tell his Maſter, that the Dog he had ſent was in-
eed a moſt excellent *Baſe*, but that at preſent he only

wanted a *Counter Tenor*. Could I believe my Friend h ever read *Shakespear*, I should certainly conclude he had t the Hint from *Theseus* in *The Midsummer Night's Dr*

My Hounds are bred out of the Spartan *Kind,*
So flu'd, so sanded; and their Heads are hung
With Ears that sweep away the Morning Dew.
Crook-knee'd and dew-lap'd like Thessalian *Bulls;*
Slow in Pursuit, but match'd in Mouths like Bells,
Each under each: A Cry more tuneable
Was never hallow'd to, nor chear'd with Horn.

SIR ROGER is so keen at this Sport, that he has b out almost every Day since I came down; and upon t Chaplain's Offering to lend me his easie Pad, I was p vail'd on Yesterday Morning to make one of the Compa I was extreamly pleased, as we rid along, to observe t general Benevolence of all the Neighbourhood towards Friend. The Farmers Sons thought themselves happy they could open a Gate for the good old Knight as he p sed by: Which he generally requited with a Nod or Smile, and a kind Enquiry after their Fathers or Uncles.

AFTER we had rid about a Mile from home, we ca upon a large Heath, and the Sports-men began to beat. Th had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little D stance from the rest of the Company, I saw a Hare pop from a small Furze-brake almost under my Horse's Fe I marked the Way she took, which I endeavoured to m the Company sensible of by extending my Arm; but to Purpose, till Sir ROGER, who knows that none of a extraordinary Motions are insignificant, rode up to me, asked me *if Pus's was gone that Way?* Upon my answer *Yes* he immediately called in the Dogs, and put them up the Scent. As they were going off, I heard one of t Country Fellows muttering to his Companion, *That 'tw a Wonder they had not lost all their Sport, for want of t silent Gentleman's crying* STOLE AWAY.

THIS, with my Aversion to leaping Hedges, made withdraw to a rising Ground, from whence I could b the Pleasure of the whole Chase, without the Fatigue keeping in with the Hounds. The Hare immediately thr them above a Mile behind her; but I was pleased to fi that instead of running strait forward, or in Hunter's La guag

ge, *Flying the Country*, as I was afraid ſhe might have
e, ſhe wheel'd about, and deſcribed a ſort of Circle
nd the Hill where I had taken my Station, in ſuch
nner as gave me a very diſtinct View of the Sport. I
ld ſee her firſt paſs by, and the Dogs ſome time after-
rds unravelling the whole Track ſhe had made, and fol-
ving her thro' all her Doubles. I was at the ſame Time
ghted in obſerving that Deference which the reſt of the
k paid to each particular Hound, according to the Cha-
ter he had acquired amongſt them: If they were at a
lt, and an old Hound of good Reputation opened but
e, he was immediately followed by the whole Cry;
ile a raw Dog, or one who was a noted *Liar*, might
e yelped his Heart out, without being taken Notice of.
THE Hare now, after having ſquatted two or three
mes, and been put up again as often, came ſtill nearer to
Place where ſhe was at firſt ſtarted. The Dogs purſu-
her, and thoſe were followed by the jolly Knight, who
e upon a white Gelding, encompaſſed by his Tenants
Servants, and chearing his Hounds with all the Gaiety
Five and Twenty. One of the Sports-men rode up to me,
told me that he was ſure the Chaſe was almoſt at an
d, becauſe the old Dogs, which had hitherto lain be-
d, now headed the Pack. The Fellow was in the
ght. Our Hare took a large Field juſt under us, fol-
wed by the full Cry *in View*. I muſt confeſs the Bright-
s of the Weather, the Chearfulneſs of every thing around
, the *Chiding* of the Hounds, which was returned up-
us in a double Eccho from two neighbouring Hills,
ith the Hollowing of the Sports-men, and the Sounding
the Horn, lifted my Spirits into a moſt lively Pleaſure,
hich I freely indulged becauſe I was ſure it was *innocent*.
I was under any Concern, it was on the Account of the
or Hare, that was now quite ſpent, and almoſt within
e Reach of her Enemies; when the Huntſman getting
rward, threw down his Pole before the Dogs. They
re now within eight Yards of that Game which they
d been purſuing for almoſt as many Hours; yet on the
gnal before mentioned they all made a ſudden ſtand, and
o' they continued opening as much as before, durſt not
ce attempt to paſs beyond the Pole. At the ſame Time
r ROGER rode forward, and alighting, took up the Hare

in his Arms; which he ſoon after delivered to one of his Servants with an Order, if ſhe could be kept alive, to let her go in his great Orchard; where, it ſeems, he has ſeveral of theſe Priſoners of War, who live together in very comfortable Captivity. I was highly pleaſed to ſee the Diſcipline of the Pack, and the Good-nature of the Knight, who could not find in his Heart to murther a Creature that had given him ſo much Diverſion.

AS we were returning home, I remembred that Monſieur *Paſchal* in his moſt excellent Diſcourſe on *the Miſery of Man*, tells us, That *all our Endeavours after Greatneſs proceed from nothing but a Deſire of being ſurrounded by a Multitude of Perſons and Affairs that may hinder us from looking into our ſelves, which is a View we cannot bear.* He afterwards goes on to ſhew that our Love of Sports comes from the ſame Reaſon, and is particularly ſevere upon HUNTING. *What*, ſays he, *unleſs it be to drown Thought, can make Men throw away ſo much Time and Pains upon a ſilly Animal, which they might buy cheaper in the Market?* The foregoing Reflection is certainly juſt, when a Man ſuffers his whole Mind to be drawn into his Sports, and altogether loſes himſelf in the Woods; but does not affect thoſe who propoſe a far more laudable End from this Exerciſe; I mean, *The Preſervation of Health, and keeping all the Organs of the Soul in a Condition to execute her Orders.* Had that incomparable Perſon whom I laſt quoted been a little more indulgent to himſelf in this Point, the World might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas, through too great an Application to his Studies in his Youth, he contracted that ill Habit of Body, which, after a tedious Sickneſs, carried him off in the fortieth Year of his Age; and the whole Hiſtory we have of his Life till that time is but one continued Account of the Behaviour of a noble Soul ſtruggling under innumerable Pains and Diſtempers.

FOR my own Part, I intend to hunt twice a Week during my Stay with Sir ROGER; and ſhall preſcribe the moderate uſe of this Exerciſe to all my Country Friends, as the beſt kind of Phyſick for mending a bad Conſtitution, and preſerving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following Lines out of Mr. *Dryden*.

THE firſt Phyſicians by Debauch were made;
Exceſs began, and Sloth ſuſtains the Trade.

By Chaſe our long-liv'd Fathers earn'd their Food,
Toil ſtrung the Nerves, and purify'd the Blood;
But we their Sons, a pamper'd Race of Men,
Are dwindled down to threeſcore Years and ten.
Better to hunt in Fields for Health unbought,
Than ſee the Doctor for a nauſeous Draught.
The Wiſe for Cure on Exerciſe depend:
God never made his Work for Man to mend. X

N° 117. *Saturday, July* 14.

——Ipſi ſibi ſomnia fingunt. Virg.

THERE are ſome Opinions in which a Man ſhould ſtand Neuter, without engaging his Aſſent to one ſide or the other. Such a hovering Faith as this, which refuſes to ſettle upon any Determination, is abſolutely neceſſary in a Mind that is careful to avoid Errors and Prepoſſeſſions. When the Arguments preſs equally on both ſides in Matters that are indifferent to us, the ſafeſt Method is to give up our ſelves to neither.

IT is with this Temper of Mind that I conſider the Subject of Witchcraft. When I hear the Relations that are made from all Parts of the World, not only from *Norway* and *Lapland*, from the *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies*, but from every particular Nation in *Europe*, I cannot forbear thinking that there is ſuch an Intercourſe and Commerce with Evil Spirits, as that which we expreſs by the Name of Witchcraft. But when I conſider that the ignorant and credulous Parts of the World abound moſt in theſe Relations, and that the Perſons among us who are ſuppoſed to engage in ſuch an Infernal Commerce, are People of a weak Underſtanding and crazed Imagination, and at the ſame time reflect upon the many Impoſtures and Deluſions of this nature that have been detected in all Ages, I endeavour to ſuſpend my Belief till I hear more certain Accounts than any which have yet come to my Knowledge. In ſhort, when I conſider the Queſtion, whether there are ſuch Perſons in the World as thoſe we call Witches? my Mind is divided between the two oppoſite Opinions; or rather (to ſpeak my Thoughts freely) I beleive in general that there is, and has been ſuch a thing as Witch-

craft; but at the ſame time can give no Credit to a particular Inſtance of it.

I am engaged in this Speculation, by ſome Occurrence that I met with Yeſterday, which I ſhall give my Reader an Account of at large. As I was walking with my Friend Sir ROGER by the ſide of one of his Woods, an old Woman applied her ſelf to me for my Charity. Her Dreſs and Figure put me in mind of the following Deſcription in *Otway*.

In a cloſe Lane as I purſu'd my Journey
I ſpy'd a wrinkled Hag, *with Age grown double,*
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to her ſelf.
Her Eyes with ſcalding Rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold Palſy ſhook her Head; her Hands ſeem'd withr'd;
And on her crooked Shoulders had ſhe wrapp'd
The tatter'd Remnants of an old ſtriped Hanging,
Which ſerv'd to keep her Carcaſs from the Cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower Weeds were all o'er coarſly patch'd
With diff'rent colour'd Rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And ſeem'd to ſpeak Variety of Wretchedneſs.

AS I was muſing on this Deſcription, and comparing it with the Object before me, the Knight told me, that the very old Woman had the Reputation of a Witch all over the Country, that her Lips were obſerved to be always in Motion, and that there was not a Switch about her Houſe which her Neighbours did not believe had carried her ſeveral hundreds of Miles. If ſhe chanced to ſtumble, they always found Sticks or Straws that lay in the Figure of a Croſs before her. If ſhe made any Miſtake at Church, and cryed *Amen* in a wrong Place, they never failed to conclude that ſhe was ſaying her Prayers backwards. There was not a Maid in the Pariſh that would take a Pin of her, though ſhe ſhould offer a Bag of Money with it. She goes by the Name of *Moll White*, and has made the Country ring with ſeveral imaginary Exploits which are palmed upon her. If the Dairy-Maid does not make her Butter come ſo ſoon as ſhe would have it, *Moll White* is at the Bottom of the Churn. If a Horſe ſweats in the Stable, *Moll White* has been upon his Back. If a Hare makes an unexpected Eſcape from the Hounds, the Huntſman curſes *Moll White*. Nay, (ſays Sir ROGER) I have known the Maſter of the Pack, upon ſuch an

Occaſion, ſend one of his Servants to ſee if *Moll White* d been out that Morning.

THIS Account raiſed my Curioſity ſo far, that I beg- d my Friend Sir ROGER to go with me into her Hovel, ich ſtood in a ſolitary Corner under the ſide of the Wood. on our firſt entering Sir ROGER winked to me, and nted at ſomething that ſtood behind the Door, which, up- looking that way, I found to be an old Broomſtaff. At ſame Time he whiſpered me in the Ear to take notice a Tabby Cat that ſat in the Chimney-Corner, which, as Knight told me, lay under as bad a Report as *Moll White* ſelf; for beſides that *Moll* is ſaid often to accompany in the ſame Shape, the Cat is reported to have ſpoken ce or thrice in her Life, and to have played ſeveral nks above the Capacity of an ordinary Cat.

was ſecretly concerned to ſee Human Nature in ſo much etchedneſs and Diſgrace, but at the ſame time could not ear ſmiling to hear Sir ROGER, who is a little puzzled t the old Woman, adviſing her as a Juſtice of Peace void all Communication with the Devil, and never to any of her Neighbours Cattle. We concluded our t with a Bounty, which was very acceptable.

N our Return home Sir ROGER told me that old *Moll* been often brought before him for making Children Pins, and giving Maids the Night-Mare; and that the ntry People would be toſſing her into a Pond and try- Experiments with her every Day, if it was not for and his Chaplain.

have ſince found, upon Enquiry, that Sir ROGER was ral times ſtagger'd with the Reports that had been brought concerning this old Woman, and would frequently have nd her over to the Country Seſſions, had not his Chap- with much ado perſuaded him to the contrary.

have been the more particular in this Account, becauſe r there is ſcarce a Village in *England* that has not a *Moll* e in it. When an old Woman begins to doat, and grow geable to a Pariſh, ſhe is generally turned into a Witch, fills the whole Country with Extravagant Fancies, imi- y Diſtempers, and terrifying Dreams. In the mean , the poor Wretch that is the innocent Occaſion of ſo y Evils begins to be frighted at her ſelf, and ſometimes ſſes ſecret Commerces and Familiarities that her Ima-

gination forms in a delirious old Age. This frequently c off Charity from the greateſt Objects of Compaſſion, a inſpires People with a Malevolence towards thoſe p decrepid Parts of our Species in whom Human Nature defaced by Infirmity and Dotage.

Nº 118. *Monday, July* 16.

——— *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.* Virg

THIS agreeable Seat is ſurrounded with ſo many pl ſing Walks, which are ſtruck out of a Wood, in t midſt of which the Houſe ſtands, that one can ha ly ever be weary of rambling from one Labyrinth of D light to another. To one uſed to live in a City the Cha of the Country are ſo exquiſite, that the Mind is loſt i certain Tranſport which raiſes us above ordinary Life, a yet is not ſtrong enough to be inconſiſtent with Tranq lity. This State of Mind was I in, raviſhed with the M mur of Waters, the Whiſper of Breezes, the Singing of Bir and whether I looked up to the Heavens, down on t Earth, or turned to the Proſpects around me, ſtill ſtru with new Senſe of Pleaſure; when I found by the Voice my Friend who walked by me, that we had inſenſibly ſtro into the Grove ſacred to the Widow. This Woman, ſays h is of all others the moſt unintelligible; ſhe either deſigns marry, or ſhe does not. What is the moſt perplexing of is, that ſhe does not either ſay to her Lovers ſhe has any R ſolution againſt that Condition of Life in general, or th ſhe baniſhes them; but conſcious of her own Merit, ſhe p mits their Addreſſes without Fear of any ill Conſequen or want of Reſpect, from their Rage or Deſpair. She h that in her Aſpect, againſt which it is impoſſible to offe A Man whoſe Thoughts are conſtantly bent upon ſo agre able an Object, muſt be excuſed if the ordinary Occurren in Converſation are below his Attention. I call her inde perverſe, but, alas! why do I call her ſo? Becauſe her ſup rior Merit is ſuch, that I cannot approach her with Awe, that my Heart is checked by too much Eſteem: am angry that her Charms are not more acceſſible, th am more inclined to worſhip than ſalute her: How of

ve I wiſhed her unhappy, that I might have an Oppor-
nity of ſerving her? and how often troubled in that very
agination, at giving her the Pain of being obliged? Well,
ave led a miſerable Life in ſecret upon her Account; but
ncy ſhe would have condeſcended to have ſome Regard
r me, if it had not been for that watchful Animal her
nfident.

OF all Perſons under the Sun (continued he, calling me
my Name) be ſure to ſet a Mark upon Confidents: They
e of all People the moſt impertinent. What is moſt plea-
nt to obſerve in them, is, that they aſſume to themſelves
e Merit of the Perſons whom they have in their Cuſtody.
reſtilla is a great Fortune, and in wonderful Danger of
urprizes, therefore full of Suſpicions of the leaſt indiffer-
nt thing, particularly careful of new Acquaintance, and of
owing too familiar with the old. *Themiſta*, her Favourite
oman, is every whit as careful of whom ſhe ſpeaks to,
d what ſhe ſays. Let the Ward be a Beauty, her Confi-
nt ſhall treat you with an Air of Diſtance; let her be a
ortune, and ſhe aſſumes the ſuſpicious Behaviour of her
riend and Patroneſs. Thus it is that very many of our
nmarried Women of Diſtinction, are to all Intents and Pur-
oſes married, except the Conſideration of different Sexes.
hey are directly under the Conduct of their Whiſperer;
nd think they are in a State of Freedom, while they can
rate with one of theſe Attendants of all Men in general,
nd ſtill avoid the Man they moſt like. You do not ſee one
leireſs in a hundred whoſe Fate does not turn upon this
ircumſtance of chuſing a Confident. Thus it is that the
Lady is addreſſed to, preſented, and flattered, only by
roxy, in her Woman. In my Caſe, how is it poſſible that
—Sir ROGER was proceeding in his Harangue, when
we heard the Voice of one ſpeaking very importunately,
nd repeating theſe Words, 'What, not one Smile?' We
ollowed the Sound till we came to a cloſe Thicket, on the
ther Side of which we ſaw a young Woman ſitting as it
were in a perſonated Sullenneſs juſt over a tranſparent
ountain. Oppoſite to her ſtood Mr. *William*, Sir ROGER's
Maſter of the Game. The Knight whiſpered me, 'Hiſt,
theſe are Lovers.' The Huntſman looking earneſtly at the
Shadow of the young Maiden in the Stream, 'Oh thou
dear Picture, if thou could'ſt remain there in the Abſence

'of

of that fair Creature whom you repreſent in the Wat
‘ how willingly could I ſtand here ſatisfied for ever, wit
‘ out troubling my dear *Betty* her ſelf with any Mentio
‘ of her unfortunate *William*, whom ſhe is angry with
‘ But alas! when ſhe pleaſes to be gone, thou wilt alſo v
‘ niſh —— Yet let me talk to thee whilſt thou doſt ſta
‘ Tell my deareſt *Betty* thou doſt not more depend upo
‘ her, than does her *William*: Her Abſence will make awa
‘ with me as well as thee. If ſhe offers to remove the
‘ I'll jump into theſe Waves to lay hold on thee; her he
‘ ſelf, her own dear Perſon, I muſt never embrace again.—
‘ Still do you hear me without one Smile ——— It is to
‘ much to bear —— He had no ſooner ſpoke theſe Word
but he made an Offer of throwing himſelf into the Water
At which his Miſtreſs ſtarted up, and at the next Inſtan
he jumped acroſs the Fountain and met her in an Embrace
She half recovering from her Fright, ſaid in the mo
charming Voice imaginable, and with a Tone of Com
plaint, “ I thought how well you would drown your ſel
“ No, no, you won't drown your ſelf till you have take
“ your leave of *Suſan Holiday*. The Huntſman, with a Ten
derneſs that ſpoke the moſt paſſionate Love, and with hi
Cheek cloſe to hers, whiſpered the ſofteſt Vows of Fidelity
in her Ear, and cryed, ‘ Don't, my Dear, believe a Wor
‘ *Kate Willow* ſays; ſhe is ſpightful and makes Stories, becauſe
‘ ſhe loves to hear me talk to her ſelf for your Sake. Look
you there, quoth Sir ROGER, do you ſee there, all Miſchief
comes from Confidents! But let us not interrupt them; the
Maid is honeſt, and the Man dare not be otherwiſe, for
he knows I loved her Father: I will interpoſe in this Mat
ter, and haſten the Wedding. *Kate Willow* is a witty miſ
chievous Wench in the Neighbourhood, who was a Beau
ty; and makes me hope I ſhall ſee the perverſe Widow in
her Condition. She was ſo flippant with her Anſwers to
all the honeſt Fellows that came near her, and ſo very vain
of her Beauty, that ſhe has valued her ſelf upon her Charms
till they are ceaſed. She therefore now makes it her Buſ
ineſs to prevent other young Women from being more
Diſcreet than ſhe was her ſelf: However, the ſawcy Thing
ſaid the other Day well enough, ‘ Sir ROGER and I muſt
‘ make a Match, for we are both deſpiſed by thoſe we

oved: The Huſſy has a great deal of Power where-ever comes, and has her Share of Cunning.

HOWEVER, when I reflect upon this Woman, I do know whether in the main I am the worſe for having loved her: Whenever ſhe is recalled to my Imagination my Youth returns, and I feel a forgotten Warmth in Veins. This Affliction in my Life has ſtreaked all my nduct with a Softneſs, of which I ſhould otherwiſe have n incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear Image in my art owing, that I am apt to relent, that I eaſily forgive, that many deſirable things are grown into my Temper, ich I ſhould not have arrived at by better Motives than Thought of being one Day hers. I am pretty well ſaied ſuch a Paſſion as I have had is never well cured; and ween you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had e whimſical Effect upon my Brain: For I frequently , that in my moſt ſerious Diſcourſe I let fall ſome coal Familiarity of Speech or odd Phraſe that makes the mpany laugh; However I cannot but allow ſhe is a moſt ellent Woman. When ſhe is in the Country I warrant does not run into Dairies, but reads upon the Nature Plants; but has a Glaſs Hive, and comes into the Gar- out of Books to ſee them work, and obſerve the Poli- of their Common-wealth. She underſtands every g. I'd give ten Pounds to hear her argue with my nd Sir ANDREW FREEPORT about Trade. No, no, all ſhe looks ſo innocent as it were, take my Word for e is no Fool. T

N° 119. *Tueſday, July* 17.

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi,
Stultus ego huic noſtræ ſimilem ——— Virg.

THE firſt and moſt obvious Reflections which ariſe in a Man who changes the City for the Country, are upon the different Manners of the People whom meets with in thoſe two different Scenes of Life. By nners I do not mean Morals, but Behaviour and Good Breeding,

Breeding as they ſhew themſelves in the Town and in the Country.

AND here, in the firſt place, I muſt obſerve a very great Revolution that has happened in this Article of good Breeding. Several obliging Deferences, Condeſcenſions and Submiſſions, with many outward Forms and Ceremonies that accompany them, were firſt of all brought up among the politer Part of Mankind, who lived in Courts and Cities, and diſtinguiſhed themſelves from the Ruſtick part of the Species (who on all Occaſions acted bluntly and naturally) by ſuch a mutual Complaiſannce and Intercourſe of Civilities. Theſe Forms of Converſation by degrees multiplied and grew troubleſome; the modiſh World found too great a Conſtraint in them, and have therefore thrown moſt of them aſide. Converſation, like the *Romiſh* Religion, was ſo encumbered with Show and Ceremony, that it ſtood in need of a Reformation to retrench its Superfluities, and reſtore it to its natural good Senſe and Beauty. Our preſent therefore an unconſtrained Carriage, and a certain Openneſs of Behaviour, are the height of good Breeding. The Faſhionable World is grown free and eaſie; our Manners fit more looſe upon us: Nothing is ſo modiſh as an agreeable Negligence. In a Word, Good Breeding ſhews itſelf moſt, where to an ordinary Eye it appears the leaſt.

IF after this we look on the People of Mode in the Country, we find in them the Manners of the laſt Age. They have no ſooner fetched themſelves up to the Faſhion of the Polite World, but the Town has dropped them, and are nearer to the firſt State of Nature than to thoſe Refinements which formerly reigned in the Court, and ſtill prevail in the Country. One may now know a Man that never converſed in the World, by his Exceſs of good Breeding. A polite Country 'Squire ſhall make you as many Bows in half an Hour, as would ſerve a Courtier for a Week. There is infinitely more to do about Place and Precedency in a Meeting of Juſtices Wives, than in a full Aſſembly of Dutcheſſes.

THIS Rural Politeneſs is very troubleſome to a Man of my Temper, who generally take the Chair that is next me, and walk firſt or laſt, in the Front or in the Rear, as Chance directs. I have known my Friend Sir ROGER's Dinner almoſt cold before the Company could adjuſt the Ceremonial

al, and be prevailed upon to ſit down; and have heartily ried my old Friend, when I have ſeen him forced to pick d cull his Gueſts, as they ſat at the ſeveral Parts of his able, that he might drink their Healths according to their ſpective Ranks and Qualities. Honeſt *Will. Wimble*, who ſhould have thought had been altogether uninfected with remony, gives me abundance of Trouble in this Partilar. Tho' he has been fiſhing all the Morning, he will t help himſelf at Dinner 'till I am ſerved. When we are ing out of the Hall, he runs behind me; and laſt Night, we were walking in the Fields, ſtopped ſhort at a Stile ll I came up to it, and upon my making Signs to him get over, told me, with a ſerious Smile, that ſure I beved they had no Manners in the Country.

THERE has happened another Revolution in the Point good Breeding, which relates to the Converſation among en of Mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very traordinary. It was certainly one of the firſt Diſtinctis of a well-bred Man, to expreſs every thing that had e moſt remote Appearances of being obſcene, in modeſt erms and diſtant Phraſes; whilſt the Clown, who had no ch Delicacy of Conception and Expreſſion, cloathed his *leas* in thoſe plain homely Terms that are the moſt obous and natural. This kind of Good Manners was perps carried to an Exceſs, ſo as to make Converſation too iff, formal and preciſe: for which Reaſon (as Hypocriſy one Age is generally ſucceeded by Atheiſm in another) onverſation is in a great meaſure relapſed into the firſt xtream; So that at preſent ſeveral of our Men of the own, and particularly thoſe who have been poliſhed in *ance*, make uſe of the moſt coarſe uncivilized Words in r Language, and utter themſelves often in ſuch a manr as a Clown would bluſh to hear.

THIS infamous Piece of Good Breeding, which reigns mong the Coxcombs of the Town, has not yet made its ay into the Country; and as it is impoſſible for ſuch an rational way of Converſation to laſt long among a Peoe that makes any Profeſſion of Religion, or Show of Moſty, if the Country Gentlemen get into it they will cerinly be left in the Lurch. Their Good-Breeding will me too late to them, and they will be thought a Parcel lewd Clowns, while they fancy themſelves talking toether like Men of Wit and Pleaſure.

AS

AS the two Points of Good Breeding, which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard Behaviour and Conversation, there is a third which turns upon Dress. In this too the Country are very much behind-hand. The Rural Beaus are not yet got out of the Fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the Country in long Coats and laced Hats, while the Women in many Parts are still trying to outvie one another in the Height of their Head-dresses.

BUT a Friend of mine, who is now upon the Welch Circuit, having promised to give me an Account of the several Modes and Fashions that prevail in the different Parts of the Nation through which he passes, I shall defer my enlarging upon this last Topick 'till I have received a Letter from him, which I expect every Post.

Nº 120. *Wednesday, July* 18.

——*Equidem credo, quia sit Divinitus illis*
Ingenium —— Virg.

MY Friend Sir ROGER is very often merry with me, upon my passing so much of my Time among his Poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a Bird's Nest, and several times sitting an Hour or two together near an Hen and Chicken. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every Fowl about his House; calls such a particular Cock my Favourite, and frequently complains that his Ducks and Geese have more of my Company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those Speculations of Nature which are to be made in a Country Life; and as my Reading has very much lain among Books of natural History, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this Occasion the several Remarks which I have met with in Authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own Observation: The Arguments for Providence drawn from the natural History of Animals being in my Opinion demonstrative.

THE

HE Make of every kind of Animal is different from of every other kind; and yet there is not the leaſt in the Muſcles or Twiſt in the Fibres of any one, ch does not render them more proper for that particu- Animal's Way of Life than any other Caſt or Texture em would have been.

HE moſt violent Appetites in all Creatures are *Luſt* and *ger*: The firſt is a particular Call upon them to propa- their Kind; the latter to preſerve themſelves.

T is aſtoniſhing to conſider the different Degrees of Care deſcend from the Parent to the Young, ſo far as is ab- ely neceſſary for the leaving a Poſterity. Some Crea- caſt their Eggs as Chance directs them, and think of no farther, as Inſects and ſeveral Kinds of Fiſh; O- of a nicer Frame, find out proper Beds to depoſite in, and there leave them; as the Serpent, the Croco- and Oſtrich: Others hatch their Eggs and tend the , 'till it is able to ſhift for it ſelf.

HAT can we call the Principle which directs every ent Kind of Bird to obſerve a Particular Plan in the ture of its Neſt, and directs all of the ſame Species to after the ſame Model? It cannot be *Imitation*; for gh you hatch a Crow under a Hen, and never let it y of the Works of its own Kind, the Neſt it makes be the ſame, to the laying of a Stick, with all the Neſts of the ſame Species. It cannot be *Reaſon*; ere Animals indued with it to as great a Degree as their Buildings would be as different as ours, accord- o the different Conveniencies that they would propoſe emſelves.

it not remarkable, that the ſame Temper of Weather h raiſes this genial Warmth in Animals, ſhould cover rees with Leaves, and the Fields with Graſs, for their ity and Concealment, and produce ſuch infinite ms of Inſects for the Support and Suſtenance of their tive Broods?

it not wonderful, that the Love of the Parent ſhould violent while it laſts, and that it ſhould laſt no longer s neceſſary for the Preſervation of the Young?

HE Violence of this natural Love is exemplified by a arbarous Experiment; which I ſhall quote at length,

as

as I find it in an excellent Author, and hope my Read
will pardon the mentioning ſuch an Inſtance of Cruel
becauſe there is nothing can ſo effectually ſhew the Stren
of that Principle in Animals of which I am here ſpeaki
" A Perſon who was well skilled in Diſſections opene
" Bitch, and as ſhe lay in the moſt exquiſite Tortures,
" fered her one of her young Puppies, which ſhe imme
" ately fell a licking; and for the Time ſeemed inſenſi
" of her own Pain: On the Removal, ſhe kept her E
" fixt on it, and began a wailing ſort of Cry, which ſee
" ed rather to proceed from the Loſs of her young o
" than the Senſe of her own Torments.

BUT notwithſtanding this natural Love in Brutes
much more violent and intenſe than in rational Creatu
Providence has taken Care that it ſhould be no lon
troubleſome to the Parent than it is uſeful to the You
for ſo ſoon as the Wants of the latter ceaſe, the Mot
withdraws her Fondneſs, and leaves them to provide
themſelves: And what is a very remarkable Circumſta
in this Part of Inſtinct, we find that the Love of the Pa
may be lengthened out beyond its uſual Time, if the P
ſervation of the Species require it; as we may ſee in Bi
that drive away their Young as ſoon as they are able to
their Livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are
to the Neſt, or confined within a Cage, or by any ot
Means appear to be out of a Condition of ſupplying th
own Neceſſities.

THIS natural Love is not obſerved in Animals to aſce
from the Young to the Parent, which is not at all neceſſ
for the Continuance of the Species: Nor indeed in re
nable Creatures does it riſe in any Proportion, as it ſpre
it ſelf downwards; for in all Family-Affection, we f
Protection granted and Favours beſtowed, are greater M
tives to Love and Tenderneſs; than Safety, Benefits,
Life received.

ONE would wonder to hear Sceptical Men diſput
for the Reaſon of Animals, and telling us it is only
Pride and Prejudices that will not allow them the Uſe
that Faculty.

REASON ſhews it ſelf in all Occurrences of L
whereas the Brute makes no Diſcovery of ſuch a Ta
but in what immediately regards his own Preſervation,

Continuance of his Species. Animals in their Genera- are wiſer than the Sons of Men; but their Wiſdom is ined to a few Particulars, and lies in a very narrow mpaſs. Take a Brute out of his Inſtinct, and you find wholly deprived of Underſtanding. To uſe an In- ce that comes often under Obſervation.

WITH what Caution does the Hen provide her ſelf a in Places unfrequented, and free from Noiſe and Di- bance? When ſhe has laid her Eggs in ſuch a Manner ſhe can cover them, what Care does ſhe take in turn- them frequently, that all Parts may partake of the vi- Warmth? When ſhe leaves them to provide for her ne- ry Suſtenance, how punctually does ſhe return before have time to cool, and become incapable of produ- an Animal? In the Summer you ſee her giving her greater Freedoms, and quitting her Care for above two rs together; but in Winter, when the Rigour of the on would chill the Principles of Life, and deſtroy the ng one, ſhe grows more aſſiduous in her Attendance, ſtays away but Half the Time. When the Birth ap- ches, with how much Nicety and Attention does ſhe the Chick to break its Priſon? Not to take Notice of covering it from the Injuries of the Weather, provi- it proper Nouriſhment, and teaching it to help it nor to mention her forſaking the Neſt, if after the Time of reckoning the young one does not make ppearance. A Chymical Operation could not be fol- d with greater Art or Diligence, than is ſeen in the hing of a Chick; tho' there are many other Birds that an infinitely greater Sagacity in all the forementioned icular.s.

BUT at the ſame Time the Hen, that has all this ſeem- Ingenuity, (which is indeed abſolutely neceſſary for the pagation of the Species) conſidered in other Reſpects, ithout the leaſt Glimmerings of Thought or common e. She miſtakes a Piece of Chalk for an Egg, and ſits it in the ſame manner: She is inſenſible of any In- ſe or Diminution in the Number of thoſe ſhe lays: does not diſtinguiſh between her own and thoſe of a- er Species; and when the Birth appears of never ſo rent a Bird, will cheriſh it for her own. In all theſe umſtances which do not carry an immediate Regard

to

to the Subſiſtance of her ſelf or her Species, ſhe is a p
Ideot.

THERE is not, in my Opinion, any thing more m
ſterious in Nature than this Inſtinct in Animals, which t
riſes above Reaſon, and fall infinitely ſhorts of it. It c
not be accounted for by any Properties in Matter, and
the ſame Time works after ſo odd a Manner, that one c
not think it the Faculty of an intellectual Being. For
own Part, I look upon it as upon the principle of Gra
tion in Bodies, which is not to be explain'd by any kno
Qualities inherent in the Bodies themſelves, nor from
Laws of Mechaniſm. but according to the beſt Noti
of the greateſt Philoſophers, is an immediate Impreſſ
from the firſt Mover, and the Divine Energy acting in
Creatures.

Nº 121. *Thurſday, July* 19.

——— Jovis omnia plena. V

AS I was walking this Morning in the great Yard
belongs to my Friend's Country Houſe, I was w
derfully pleaſed to ſee the different Workings of
ſtinct in a Hen followed by a Brood of Ducks. The Yo
upon the ſight of a Pond, immediately ran into it; w
the Step-mother, with all imaginable Anxiety, hover
bout the Borders of it, to call them out of an Element
appeared to her ſo dangerous and deſtructive. As the
ferent Principle which acted in theſe different Ani
cannot be termed Reaſon, ſo when we call it *Inſtinct*,
mean ſomething we have no Knowledge of. To m
I hinted in my laſt Paper, it ſeems the immediate Dir
on of Providence, and ſuch an Operation of the Supr
Being, as that which determines all the Portions of M
to their proper Centres. A Modern Philoſopher, qu
by Monſieur *Bayle* in his learned Diſſertation on the S
of Brutes, delivers the ſame Opinion, tho' in a bolder F
of Words, where he ſays, *Deus eſt Anima Brutorum*,
himſelf is the Soul of Brutes. Who can tell what to

ſeeming Sagacity in Animals, which directs them to Food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally id whatever is noxious or unwholeſome? *Tully* has obed that a Lamb no ſooner falls from its Mother, but imdiately and of its own accord applies it ſelf to the Teat. *ppier*, in his Travels, tells us, that when Seamen are wn upon any of the unknown Coaſts of *America*, they er venture upon the Fruit of any Tree, how tempting er it may appear, unleſs they obſerve that it is marked h the Pecking of Birds; but fall on without any Fear pprehenſion where the Birds have been before them.

UT notwithſtanding Animals have nothing like the uſe eaſon, we find in them all the lower Parts of our Nature, Paſſions and Senſes in their greateſt Strength and Perfen. And here it is worth our Obſervation, that all Beaſts Birds of Prey are wonderfully ſubject to Anger, Malice, erge, and all other violent Paſſions that may animate n in ſearch of their proper Food; as thoſe that are incae of defending themſelves, or annoying others, or whoſe ty lies chiefly in their Flight, are ſuſpicious, fearful and rehenſive of every thing they ſee or hear; whilſt others are of Aſſiſtance and Uſe to Man, have their Natures ed with ſomething mild and tractable, and by that ns are qualified for a Domeſtick Life. In this caſe the ions generally correſpond with the Make of the Body. do not find the Fury of a Lion in ſo weak and defenceean Animal as a Lamb, nor the Meekneſs of a Lamb in reature ſo armed for Battle and Aſſault as the Lion. the ſame manner, we find that particular Animals have ore or leſs exquiſite Sharpneſs and Sagacity in thoſe parar Senſes which moſt turn to their Advantage, and in ch their Safety and Welfare is the moſt concerned.

NOR muſt we here omit that great Variety of Arms which Nature has differently fortified the Bodies of al kind of Animals, ſuch as Claws, Hoofs and Horns, th and Tuſks, a Tail, a Sting, a Trunk, or a *Probo*It is likewiſe obſerved by Naturaliſts, that it muſt be e hidden Principle, diſtinct from what we call Rea- which inſtructs Animals in the Uſe of theſe their ns, and teaches them to manage 'em to the beſt ntage; becauſe they naturally defend themſelves with part in which their Strength lies, before the Weapon be

be formed in it; as is remarkable in Lambs, which t
they are bred within Doors, and never ſaw the Actions
their own Species, puſh at thoſe who approach them w
their Foreheads, before the firſt budding of a Horn appe

I ſhall add to theſe general Obſervations, an Inſta
which Mr. *Locke* has given us of Providence, even in
Imperfections of a Creature which ſeems the meaneſt
moſt deſpicable in the whole animal World. *We may*,
he, *from the Make of an Oyſter, or Cockle, conclude, tha
has not ſo many nor ſo quick Senſes as a Man, or ſeveral o
Animals: Nor if it had would it in that State and Inca
city of transferring it ſelf from one Place to another, be bett
by them. What good would Sight and Hearing do to a C
ture, that cannot move it ſelf to, or from the Object, whe
at a diſtance it perceives Good or Evil? And would not Q
neſs of Senſation be an Inconvenience to an Animal, that m
be ſtill were Chance has once placed it, and there receive
Afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul Water, as it hap
to come to it.*

I ſhall add to this Inſtance out of Mr. *Locke*, another
of the learned Dr. *Moor*, who cites it from *Cardan*, in
lation to another Animal which Providence has left
fective, but at the ſame time has ſhewn its Wiſdom in
Formation of that Organ in which it ſeems chiefly to b
failed. *What is more obvious and ordinary than a Mole? an
what more palpable Argument of Providence than ſhe?
Members of her Body are ſo exactly fitted to her Nature
Manner of Life: For her Dwelling being under Ground where
thing is to be ſeen, Nature has ſo obſcurely fitted her with E
that Naturaliſts can ſcarce agree whether ſhe have any Sig
all or no. But for amends, what ſhe is capable of for her Def
and Warning of Danger, ſhe has very eminently conferred
her; for ſhe is exceeding quick of Hearing. And then her
Tail and ſhort Legs, but broad Fore-feet armed with ſharp Cl
we ſee by the Event to what Purpoſe they are, ſhe ſo ſwiftly w
ing herſelf under Ground, and making her way ſo faſt in
Earth, as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her
therefore are ſhort, that ſhe need dig no more than will
the meer Thickneſs of her Body; and her Fore-feet are b
that ſhe may ſcoup away much Earth at a Time; and
or no Tail ſhe has, becauſe ſhe courſes it not on the Gro
like the Rat or Mouſe, of whoſe Kindred ſhe is, but*

the Earth, and is fain to dig her ſelf a Dwelling there. ſhe making her way thro' ſo thick an Element, which will yield eaſily, as the Air or the Water, it had been dange- to have drawn ſo long a Train behind her; for her Ene- might fall upon her Rear, and fetch her out before ſhe had pleated or got full Poſſeſſion of her Works.

cannot forbear mentioning Mr. *Boyle*'s Remark upon laſt Creature, who, I remember, ſomewhere in his rks obſerves, that though the Mole be not totally blind it is commonly thought,) ſhe has not Sight enough to inguiſh particular Objects. Her Eye is ſaid to have but Humour in it, which is ſuppoſed to give her the Idea Light, but of nothing elſe, and is ſo formed that this is probably painful to the Animal. Whenever ſhe comes into broad Day ſhe might be in Danger of being taken, eſs ſhe were thus affected by a Light ſtriking upon her , and immediately warning her to bury her ſelf in her per Element. More Sight would be uſeleſs to her, as e at all might be fatal.

have only inſtanced ſuch Animals as ſeem the moſt im- fect Works of Nature; and if Providence ſhews it ſelf in the Blemiſhes of theſe Creatures, how much more s it diſcover it ſelf in the ſeveral Endowments which as variouſly beſtowed upon ſuch Creatures as are more leſs finiſhed and compleated in their ſeveral Faculties, ording to the Condition of Life in which they are ed?

could wiſh our Royal Society would compile a body of tural Hiſtory, the beſt that could be gathered together m Books and Obſervations. If the ſeveral Writers a- g them took each his particular Species, and gave us ifinſt Account of its Original, Birth, and Education; its icies, Hoſtilities and Alliances, with the Frame and Tex- e of its inward and outward Parts, and particularly thoſe diſtinguiſh it from all other Animals, with their pecu- Aptitudes for the State of Being in which Providence placed them, it would be one of the beſt Services their ies could do Mankind, and not a little redound to the ry of the All-wiſe Contriver.

t is true, ſuch a Natural Hiſtory, after all the Diſqui- ns of the Learned, would be infinitely Short and De- ive. Seas and Deſarts hide Millions of Animals from our

our Obſervation. Innumerable Artifices and Stratagems acted in the *Howling Wilderneſs* and in the *Great Deep*, can never come to our Knowledge. Beſides that there infinitely more Species of Creatures which are not to ſeen without, nor indeed with the help of the fineſt G ſes, than of ſuch as are bulky enough for the naked E take hold of. However, from the Conſideration of Animals as lie within the Compaſs of our Knowledge, might eaſily form a Concluſion of the reſt, that the variety of Wiſdom and Goodneſs runs through the Creation, and puts every Creature in a condition to pro for its Safety and Subſiſtance in its proper Station.

TULLY has given us an admirable Sketch of Na Hiſtory, in his ſecond Book concerning the Nature of Gods; and that in a Style ſo raiſed by Metaphors and ſcriptions, that it lifts the Subject above Raillery and dicule, which frequently fall on ſuch nice Obſerva when they paſs through the Hands of an ordinary Writer.

N° 122. *Friday, July* 20.

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo eſt. Publ. Syr.

A Man's firſt Care ſhould be to avoid the Reproach his own Heart; his next, to eſcape the Cenſure the World: If the laſt interferes with the for it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwiſe there not be a greater Satisfaction to an honeſt Mind, than t thoſe Approbations which it gives it ſelf ſeconded b Applauſes of the Publick: A Man is more ſure of his duct, when the Verdict which he paſſes upon his Behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the Op of all that know him.

My worthy Friend Sir ROGER is one of thoſe w not only at Peace within himſelf, but beloved and eſtee by all about him. He receives a ſuitable Tribute for h niverſal Benevolence to Mankind, in the Returns of A on and Good-will, which are paid him by every one lives within his Neighbourhood. I lately met with tw

ree odd Inſtances of that general Reſpect which is ſhewn the good old Knight. He would needs carry *Will. Wimble* and my ſelf with him to the Country-Aſſizes: As we ere upon the Road *Will. Wimble* joined a couple of plain en who rid before us, and converſed with them for me Time; during which my Friend Sir ROGER acainted me with their Characters.

THE firſt of them, ſays he, that has a Spaniel by his Side, a Yeoman of about an hundred Pounds a Year, an honeſt Man: He is juſt within the Game Act, and qualified kill an Hare or a Pheaſant: He knocks down a Dinner ith his Gun twice or thrice a Week; and by that Means es much cheaper than thoſe who have not ſo good an tate as himſelf. He would be a good Neighbour, if he not deſtroy ſo many Partridges: In ſhort, he is a very ſible Man; ſhoots flying; and has been ſeveral Times re-man of the Petty-Jury.

THE other that rides along with him is *Tom Touchy*, a llow famous for *taking the Law* of every Body. There not one in the Town where he lives that he has not ſued a Quarter-Seſſions. The Rogue had once the Impudence go to Law with the *Widow*. His Head is full of Coſts, Damages and Ejectments: He plagued a couple of honeſt ntlemen ſo long for a Treſpaſs in breaking one of his dges, till he was forced to ſell the Ground it encloſed to fray the Charges of the Proſecution: His Father left him ſcore Pounds a Year; but he has *caſt* and been caſt ſo en, that he is not now worth thirty. I ſuppoſe he is ing upon the old Buſineſs of the Willow-Tree.

AS Sir ROGER was giving me this Account of *Tom uchy*, *Will. Wimble* and his two Companions ſtopped ſhort we came up to them. After having paid their Reſpects Sir ROGER, *Will.* told him that Mr. *Touchy* and he muſt peal to him upon a Diſpute that aroſe between them. *Will.* ſeems had been giving his Fellow-Travellers an Account his angling one Day in ſuch a Hole; when *Tom Touchy*, ead of hearing out his Story, told him, that Mr. ſuch an e, if he pleaſed, might *take the Law of him* for fiſhing in t Part of the River. My Friend Sir ROGER heard them h, upon a round Trot; and after having pauſed ſome me told them, with an Air of a Man who would not e his Judgment raſhly, that *much might be ſaid on both*

Sides. They were neither of them diſſatisfied with the Knight's Determination, becauſe neither of them found himſelf in the Wrong by it: Upon which we made the beſt of our Way to the Aſſizes.

THE Court was ſat before Sir ROGER came, but notwithſtanding all the Juſtices had taken their Places upon the Bench, they made Room for the old Knight at the Head of them; who for his Reputation in the Country took Occaſion to whiſper in the Judge's Ear, That *he was glad his Lordſhip had met with ſo much good Weather in his Circuit.* I was liſtening to the Proceedings of the Court with much Attention, and infinitely pleaſed with that great Appearance and Solemnity which ſo properly accompanies ſuch a publick Adminiſtration of our Laws; when, after about an Hour's Sitting, I obſerved to my great Surprize, in the midſt of a Tryal, that my Friend Sir ROGER was getting up to ſpeak. I was in ſome Pain for him, 'till I found he had acquitted himſelf of two or three Sentences, with a Look of much Buſineſs and great Intrepidity.

UPON his firſt Riſing the Court was huſhed, and a general Whiſper ran among the Country-People that Sir ROGER *was up.* The Speech he made was ſo little to the Purpoſe, that I ſhall not trouble my Readers with an Account of it; and I believe was not ſo much deſigned by the Knight himſelf to inform the Court, as to give him a Figure in my Eye, and keep up his Credit in the Country.

I was highly delighted, when the Court roſe, to ſee the Gentlemen of the Country gathering about my old Friend, and ſtriving who ſhould Compliment him moſt; at the ſame Time that the ordinary People gazed upon him at a Diſtance, not a little admiring his Courage, that was not afraid to ſpeak to the Judge.

IN our Return home we met with a very odd Accident; which I cannot forbear relating, becauſe it ſhews how deſirous all who know Sir ROGER are of giving him Marks of their Eſteem. When we were arrived upon the Verge of his Eſtate, we ſtopped at a little Inn to reſt our ſelves and our Horſes. The Man of the Houſe had it ſeems been formerly a Servant in the Knight's Family; and to do Honour to his old Maſter, had ſome Time ſince, unknown to Sir ROGER, put him up in a Sign-poſt before the Door; ſo that *the Knight's Head* had hung out upon the Road about a Week

Week before he himſelf knew any thing of the Matter. As ſoon as Sir ROGER was acquainted with it, finding that his ſervant's Indiſcretion proceeded wholly from Affection and Good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a Compliment; and when the Fellow ſeemed to think that could hardly be, added with a more deciſive Look, That it was too great an Honour for any Man under a Duke; but told him at the ſame time that it might be altered with a very few Touches, and that he himſelf would be at the Charge of it. Accordingly they got a Painter by the Knight's Directions to add a Pair of Whiskers to the Face, and by a little Aggravation of the Features to change it into the *Saracen's-Head*. I ſhould not have known this Story, had not the Inn-keeper upon Sir ROGER's alighting told him in my Hearing, That his Honour's Head was brought back laſt Night with the Alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this my Friend with his uſual Chearfulneſs related the Particulars above-mentioned, and ordered the Head to be brought into the Room. I could not forbear diſcovering greater Expreſſions of Mirth than ordinary upon the Appearance of this monſtrous Face, under which, notwithſtanding it was made to frown and ſtare in a moſt extraordinary Manner, I could ſtill diſcover a diſtant Reſemblance of my old Friend. Sir ROGER, upon ſeeing me laugh, deſired me to tell him truly if I thought it poſſible for People to know him in that Diſguiſe. I at firſt kept my uſual Silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not ſtill more like himſelf than a *Saracen*, I compoſed my Countenance in the beſt Manner I could, and replied, *That much might be ſaid on both Sides.*

THESE ſeveral Adventures, with the Knight's Behaviour in them, gave me as pleaſant a Day as ever I met with in any of my Travels. L.

N° 123. *Saturday, July* 21.

Doctrina ſed vim promovet inſitam,
Rectique cultas pectora roborant:
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ. Hor.

AS I was Yeſterday taking the Air with my Friend Sir ROGER, we were met by a freſh-coloured ruddy young Man, who rid by us full Speed, with a couple of Servants behind him. Upon my Enquiry who he was, Sir ROGER told me that he was a young Gentleman of a conſiderable Eſtate, who had been educated by a tender Mother that lived not many Miles from the Place where we were. She is a very good Lady, ſays my Friend, but took ſo much Care of her Son's Health that ſhe has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that Reading was bad for his Eyes, and that Writing made his Head ake. He was let looſe among the Woods as ſoon as he was able to ride on Horſe-back, or to carry a Gun upon his Shoulder. To be brief, I found, by my Friend's Account of him, that he had got a great Stock of Health, but nothing elſe; and that if it were a Man's Buſineſs only to live, there would not be a more accompliſhed young Fellow in the whole County.

THE Truth of it is, ſince my reſiding in theſe Parts I have ſeen and heard innumerable Inſtances of young Heirs and elder Brothers, who either from their own reflecting upon the Eſtates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other Accompliſhments unneceſſary, or from hearing theſe Notions frequently inculcated to them by the Flattery of their Servants and Domeſticks, or from the ſame fooliſh Thoughts prevailing in thoſe who have the Care of their Education, are of no manner of uſe but to keep up their Families, and tranſmit their Lands and Houſes in a Line to Poſterity.

THIS

THIS makes me often think on a Story I have heard of two Friends, which I ſhall give my Reader at large, under feigned Names. The Moral of it may, I hope, be uſeful, though there are ſome Circumſtances which make it rather appear like a Novel, than a true Story.

EUDOXUS and *Leontine* began the World with ſmall Eſtates. They were both of them Men of good Senſe and great Virtue. They proſecuted their Studies together in their earlier Years, and entered into ſuch a Friendſhip as laſted to the end of their Lives. *Euxodus*, at his firſt ſetting out in the World, threw himſelf into a Court, where by his natural Endowments and his acquired Abilities he made his way from one Poſt to another, till at length he had raiſed a very conſiderable Fortune. *Leontine* on the contrary ſought all Opportunities of improving his Mind by Study, Converſation and Travel. He was not only acquainted with all the Sciences, but with the moſt eminent Profeſſors of them throughout *Europe*. He knew perfectly well the Intereſts of its Princes, with the Cuſtoms and Faſhions of their Courts, and could ſcarce meet with the Name of an extraordinary Perſon in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or ſeen. In ſhort, he had ſo well mixt and digeſted his Knowledge of Men, and Books, that he made one of the moſt accompliſhed Perſons of his Age. During the whole courſe of his Studies and Travels he kept up a punctual Correſpondence with *Euxodus*, who often made himſelf acceptable to the principal Men about Court by the Intelligence which he received from *Leontine*. When they were both turned of Forty (an Age in which, according to Mr. *Cowley, there is no dallying with Life*) they determined, purſuant to the Reſolution they had taken in the beginning of their Lives, to retire, and paſs the Remainder of their Days in the Country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the ſame time. *Leontine*, with his own and his Wife's Fortune, bought a Farm of three hundred a Year, which lay within the Neighbourhood of his Friend *Euxodus*, who had purchaſed an Eſtate of as many thouſands. They were both of them *Fathers* about the ſame time, *Euxodus* having a Son born to him, and *Leontine* a Daughter; but to the unſpeakable Grief of the latter, his young Wife (in whom all his Happineſs was wrapt up) died in a few Days after the Birth of her Daughter. His Afflicti-

on would have been insupportable, had he not been comforted by the daily Visits and Conversations of his Friend. As they were one Day talking together with their usual Intimacy, *Leotine*, considering how incapable he was of giving his Daughter a proper Education in his own House, and *Eudoxus* reflecting on the ordinary Behaviour of a Son who knows himself to be the Heir of a great Estate, they both agreed upon an Exchange of Children, namely that the Boy should be bred up with *Leontine* as his Son, and that the Girl should live with *Eudoxus* as his Daughter, till they were each of them arrived at Years of Discretion. The Wife of *Euxodus*, knowing that her Son could not be so advantagiously brought up as under the Care of *Leontine*, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own Eye, was by Degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the Project. She therefore took *Leonilla*, for that was the Name of the Girl, and educated her as her own Daughter. The two Friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual Tenderness for the Children who were under their Direction, that each of them had the real Passion of a Father, where the Title was but imaginary. *Florio*, the Name of the young Heir that lived with *Leontine*, though he had all the Duty and Affection imaginable for his supposed Parent, was taught to rejoice at the Sight of *Eudoxus*, who visited his Friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural Affection, as well as by the Rules of Prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by *Florio*. The Boy was now old enough to know his supposed Father's Circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the World by his own Industry. The Consideration grew stronger in him every Day, and produced so good an Effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary Attention to the Pursuit of every thing which *Leontine* recommended to him. His natural Abilities, which were very good, assisted by the Directions of so excellent a Counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker Progress than ordinary through all the Parts of his Education. Before he was twenty Years of Age, having finished his Studies and Exercises with great Applause, he was removed from the University to the Inns of Court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable Proficients in the Studies of the Place, who know they shall arrive at great Estates without

without them. This was not *Florio*'s Caſe, he found that three hundred a Year was but a poor Eſtate for *Leontine* and himſelf to live upon, ſo that he ſtudied without Intermiſſion till he gained a very good Inſight into the Conſtitution and Laws of his Country.

I ſhould have told my Reader, that whilſt *Florio* lived at the Houſe of his Foſter-father he was always an acceptable Gueſt in the Family of *Eudoxus*, where he became acquainted with *Leonilla* from her Infancy. His Acquaintance with her by degrees grew into Love, which in a Mind trained up in all the Sentiments of Honour and Virtue became a very uneaſy Paſſion. He deſpaired of gaining an Heireſs of ſo great a Fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect Methods. *Leonilla*, who was a Woman of the greateſt Beauty joined with the greateſt Modeſty, entertained at the ſame time a ſecret Paſſion for *Florio*, but conducted her ſelf with ſo much Prudence that ſhe never gave him the leaſt Intimation of it. *Florio* was now engaged in all thoſe Arts and Improvements that are proper to raiſe a Man's private Fortune, and give him a Figure in his Country, but ſecretly tormented with that Paſſion which burns with the greateſt Fury in a virtuous and noble Heart, when he received a ſudden Summons from *Leontine* to repair to him into the Country the next Day. For it ſeems *Eudoxus* was ſo filled with the Report of his Son's Reputation, that he could no longer with-hold making himſelf known to him. The Morning after his Arrival at the Houſe of his ſuppoſed Father, *Leontine* told him that *Eudoxus* had ſomething of great Importance to communicate to him; upon which the good Man embraced him, and wept. *Florio* was no ſooner arrived at the great Houſe that ſtood in his Neighbourhood, but *Eudoxus* took him by the Hand, after the firſt Salutes were over, and conducted him into his Cloſet. He there opened to him the whole Secret of his Parentage and Education, concluding after this manner. *I have no other way left of acknowledging my Gratitude to* Leontine, *than by marrying you to his Daughter. He ſhall not loſe the Pleaſure of being your Father, by the Diſcovery I have made to you.* Leonilla *too ſhall be ſtill my Daughter; her filial Piety, though miſplaced, has been ſo exemplary that it deſerves the greateſt Reward I can confer upon it. You ſhall have the Pleaſure of ſeeing*

a great Eſtate fall to you, which you would have loſt the Reli
of had you known your ſelf born to it. Continue only to defer
it in the ſame manner you did before you were poſſeſſed of it.
have left your Mother in the next Room. Her Heart yearn
towards you. She is making the ſame Diſcoveries to Leonil
which I have made to your ſelf. Florio was ſo overwhelme
with this Profuſion of Happineſs, that he was not able t
make a Reply, but threw himſelf down at his Father's Feet
and amidſt a Flood of Tears, kiſſed and embraced his Knee
asking his Bleſſing, and expreſſing in dumb Show thoſ
Sentiments of Love, Duty and Gratitude that were to
big for Utterance. To conclude, the happy Pair were mar
ried, and half *Eudoxus*'s Eſtate ſettled upon them. *Leonil*
and *Eudoxus* paſſed the Remainder of their Lives together
and received in the dutiful and affectionate Behaviour o
Florio and *Leonilla* the juſt Recompence, as well as the na
tural Effects, of that Care which they had beſtowed upo
them in their Education.

Nº 124. *Monday, July* 23.

Μέγα βιβλιον, μέγα κακὸν.

A MAN who publiſhes his Works in a Volume, ha
an infinite Advantage over one who communicate
his Writings to the World in looſe Tracts and ſingl
Pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in
bulky Volume, till after ſome heavy Preamble, and ſeve
ral Words of Courſe, to prepare the Reader for what fol
lows: Nay, Authors have eſtabliſhed it as a kind of Rule
That a Man ought to be dull ſometimes; as the moſt ſe
vere Reader makes Allowances for many Reſts and Nod
ding-places in a Voluminous Writer. This gave Occaſio
to the famous *Greek* Proverb which I have choſen for m
Motto, *That a great Book is a great Evil.*

ON the contrary, thoſe who publiſh their Thoughts i
diſtinct Sheets, and as it were by Piece-meal, have none o
theſe Advantages. We muſt immediately fall into our Sub
ject, and treat every Part of it in a lively Manner, or ou
Papers are thrown by as dull and inſipid: Our Matter muſ
li

close together, and either be wholly new in it self, or in e Turn it receives from our Expressions. Were the oks of our best Authors thus to be retailed to the Pubk, and every Page submitted to the Taste of forty or y thousand Readers, I am afraid we should complain of ny flat Expressions, trivial Observations, beaten Topicks, d common Thoughts, which go off very well in the mp. At the same time, notwithstanding some P apers y be made up of broken Hints and irregular Skeiches, s often expected that every Sheet should be a kind of eatise, and make out in Thought what it wants in Bulk: at a Point of Humour should be worked up in all its rts; and a Subject touched upon in its most essential ticles, without the Repetitions, Tautologies, and Engements that are indulged to longer Labours. The ordary Writers of Morality prescribe to their Readers after e Galenick Way; their Medicines are made up in large antities. An Essay Writer must practise in the chymi- Method, and give the Virtue of a full Draught in a w Drops. Were all Books reduced thus to their Quinence, many a bulky Author would make his Appearance a Penny Paper: There would be scarce such a thing in ture as a Folio: The Works of an Age would be conned on a few Shelves; not to mention Millions of Vones that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the Difficulty of furnishing out seate Papers of this Nature, has hindered Authors from mmunicating their Thoughts to the World after such a nner: Though I must confess I am amazed that the es should be only made use of in this Way by Newsriters, and the Zealots of Parties: as if it were not more vantagious to Mankind, to be instructed in Wisdom and rtue, than in Politicks; and to be made good Fathers, sbands, and Sons, than Counsellours and Statesmen. Had e Philosophers and great Men of Antiquity, who took so ch Pains in order to instruct Mankind, and leave the orld wiser and better than they found it; had they, I , been possessed of the Art of Printing, there is no uestion but they would have made such an Advantage it, in dealing out their Lectures to the Publick. Our mmon Prints would be of great Use were they thus calated to diffuse good Sense through the Bulk of a People,

to clear up their Understandings, animate their Minds w Virtue, dissipate the Sorrows of a heavy Heart, or unbe the Mind from its more severe Employments with in cent Amusements. When Knowledge, instead of be bound up in Books, and kept in Libraries and Retireme is thus obtruded upon the Publick; when it is canvassed every Assembly, and exposed upon every Table; I can forbear reflecting upon that Passage in the *Proverbs*, *Wis crieth without, She uttereth her Voice in the Streets: She eth in the chief Place of Concourse, in the Openings of Gates. In the City she uttereth her Words, saying, How ye simple ones, will ye love Simplicity? and the Scorners light in their Scorning? and Fools hate Knowledge?*

THE many Letters which come to me from Per of the best Sense in both Sexes (for I may pronounce th Characters from their way of Writing) do not a li encourage me in the Prosecution of this my Undertaki Besides that, my Bookseller tells me, the Demand theſe my Papers increases daily. It is at his Instance I shall continue my *rural Speculations* to the end of t Month; several having made up Separate Sets of them, they have done before of those relating to Wit, to Ope to Points of Morality, or Subjects of Humour.

I am not at all mortified, when sometimes I see Works thrown aside by Men of no Taste nor Learni There is a kind of Heaviness and Ignorance that han upon the Minds of ordinary Men, which is too thick Knowledge to break through. Their Souls are not to enlightned.

——— *Nox atra cava circumvolat umbra.*

To these I must apply the Fable of the Mole. That af having consulted many Oculists for the bettering of Sight, was at last provided with a good pair of Spectacl but upon his endeavouring to make use of them, his M ther told him very prudently, "That Spectacles, thou "they might help the Eye of a Man, could be of no "to a Mole." It is not therefore for the Benefit of Mo that I publish these my daily Essays.

But besides such as are Moles through Ignorance, th are others who are Moles through Envy. As it is said the Latin Proverb, "That one Man is a Wolf to an

ther;" ſo, generally ſpeaking, one Author is a Mole to other Author. It is impoſſible for them to diſcover auties in one another's Works; they have Eyes only for ots and Blemiſhes: They can indeed ſee the Light, as it ſaid of the Animals which are their Nameſakes, but the ea of it is painful to them; they immediately ſhut their yes upon it, and withdraw themſelves into a wilful Ob-urity. I have already caught two or three of theſe dark ndermining Vermin, and intend to make a String of them, order to hang them up in one of my Papers, as an ample to all ſuch voluntary Moles. C

N° 125. *Tueſday, July* 24.

Ne pueri, ne tanta animis aſſueſcite bella:
Neu patriæ validas in viſcera vertite vires. Virg.

MY worthy Friend Sir ROGER, when we are talking of the Malice of Parties, very frequently tells us an Accident that happened to him when he was School-Boy, which was at a time when the Feuds ran igh between the Round-heads and Cavaliers. This worhy Knight being then but a Stripling, had Occaſion to nquire which was the Way to St. *Anne*'s Lane, upon which the Perſon whom he ſpoke to, inſtead of anſwering his Queſtion, called him a young Popiſh Cur, and aſked him who had made *Anne* a Saint! The Boy being in ome Confuſion, enquired of the next he met which was he Way to *Anne*'s Lane; but was call'd a Prick-eared Cur or his Pains, and inſtead of being ſhewn the Way, was old, that ſhe had been a Saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, ſays Sir ROGER, I did not think fit to repeat the former Queſtion, but going into every Lane of the Neighbourhood, aſked what they called the Name of that Lane. By which ingenious Artifice he found out the Place he enquired after, without giving Offence to any Party. Sir ROGER generally cloſes this Narrative with Reflections on the Miſchief that Parties do in the Country: how they ſpoil good Neighbourhood,

bourhood, and make honeſt Gentlemen hate one another; beſides that they manifeſtly tend to the Prejudice of the Land-Tax, and the Deſtruction of the Game.

THERE cannot a greater Judgment befall a Country than ſuch a dreadful Spirit of Diviſion as rends a Government into two diſtinct People, and makes them greater Strangers and more averſe to one another, than if they were actually two different Nations. The Effects of ſuch a Diviſion are pernicious to the laſt degree, not only with Regard to thoſe Advantages which they give the Common Enemy, but to thoſe private Evils which they produce in the Heart of almoſt every particular Perſon. This Influence is very fatal both to Mens Morals and their Underſtandings; It ſinks the Virtue of a Nation, and not only ſo, but deſtroys even Common Senſe.

A furious Party-Spirit, when it rages in its full Violence, exerts it ſelf in Civil War and Bloodſhed; and when it is under its greateſt Reſtraints naturally breaks out in Falſhood, Detraction, Calumny, and a partial Adminiſtration of Juſtice. In a Word, it fills a Nation with Spleen and Rancour, and extinguiſhes all the Seeds of Good-Nature, Compaſſion and Humanity.

PLUTARCH ſays very finely, That a Man ſhould not allow himſelf to hate even his Enemies, becauſe, ſays he, if you indulge this Paſſion in ſome Occaſions, it will riſe of it ſelf in others; if you hate your Enemies, you will contract ſuch a vicious Habit of Mind, as by Degrees will break out upon thoſe who are your Friends, or thoſe who are indifferent to you. I might here obſerve how admirably this Precept of Morality (which derives the Malignity of Hatred from the Paſſion it ſelf, and not from its Object) anſwers to that great Rule which was dictated to the World about an Hundred Years before this Philoſopher wrote, but inſtead of that, I ſhall only take Notice, with a real Grief of Heart, that the Minds of many good Men among us appear ſowered with Party-Principles, and alienated from one another in ſuch a manner, as ſeems to me altogether inconſiſtent with the Dictates either of Reaſon or Religion. Zeal for a Publick Cauſe is apt to breed Paſſions in the Hearts of virtuous Perſons, to which the Regard of their own private Intereſt would never have betrayed them.

IF this Party-Spirit has ſo ill an Effect on our Morals, has likewiſe a very great one upon our Judgments. We often hear a poor inſipid Paper or Pamphlet cryed up, and ſometimes a noble Piece, depreciated, by thoſe who are of different Principle from the Author. One who is actuated by this Spirit is almoſt under an Incapacity of diſcerning either real Blemiſhes or Beauties. A Man of Merit in a different Principle, is like an Object ſeen in two different Mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however ſtreight and intire it may be in it ſelf. For this Reaſon there is ſcarce a Perſon of any Figure in *England*, who does not go by two contrary Characters, as oppoſite to one another as Light and Darkneſs. Knowledge and Learning ſuffer in a particular manner from this ſtrange Prejudice, which at preſent prevails amongſt all Ranks and Degrees in the *Britiſh* Nation. As Men formerly became eminent in learned Societies by their Parts and Acquiſitions, they now diſtinguiſh themſelves by the Warmth and Violence with which they eſpouſe their reſpective Parties. Books are valued upon the like Conſiderations: An abuſive ſcurrilous Style paſſes for Satyr, and a dull Scheme of Party-Notions is called fine Writing.

THERE is one Piece of Sophiſtry practiſed by both Sides, and that is the taking any ſcandalous Story that has been ever whiſpered or invented of a private Man, for a known undoubted Truth, and raiſing ſuitable Speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary Poſtulatums of theſe infamous Scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon firſt Principles granted by all Men, though in their Hearts they know they are falſe, or at beſt very doubtful. When they have laid theſe Foundations of Scurrility, it is no wonder that their Superſtructure is every way anſwerable to them. If this ſhameleſs Practice of the preſent Age endures much longer, Praiſe and Reproach will ceaſe to be Motives of Action in good Men.

THERE are certain Periods of Time in all Governments when this inhuman Spirit prevails. *Italy* was long torn to pieces by the *Guelfes* and *Gibellines*, and *France* by thoſe who were for and againſt the League: But it is very unhappy for a Man to be born in ſuch a ſtormy and tempeſtuous Seaſon. It is the reſtleſs Ambition of artful Men that thus

break

breaks a People into Factions, and draws ſeveral well meaning Perſons to their Intereſt by a Specious Concern for their Country. How many honeſt Minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous Notions, out of their Zeal for the Publick Good? What Cruelties and Outrages would they not commit againſt Men of an adverſe Party, whom they would honour and eſteem, if inſtead of conſidering them as they are repreſented, they knew them as they are? Thus are Perſons of the greateſt Probity ſeduced into ſhameful Errors and Prejudices, and made bad Men even by that nobleſt of Principles, the Love of their Country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the Famous *Spaniſh* Proverb, *If there were neither Fools nor Knaves in the World, all People would be of one Mind.*

FOR my own part, I could heartily wiſh that all Honeſt Men would enter into an Aſſociation, for the Support of one another againſt the Endeavours of thoſe whom they ought to look upon as their Common Enemies, whatever Side they may belong to. Were there ſuch an honeſt Body of Neutral Forces, we ſhould never ſee the worſt of Men in great Figures of Life, becauſe they are uſeful to a Party; nor the beſt unregarded, becauſe they are aboveſ practiſing thoſe Methods which would be grateful to their Faction. We ſhould then ſingle every Criminal out of the Herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear: On the contrary, we ſhould ſhelter diſtreſſed Innocence, and defend Virtue, however beſet with Contempt or Ridicule, Envy or Defamation. In ſhort, we ſhould not any longer regard our Fellow-Subjects as Whigs or Tories, but ſhould make the Man of Merit our Friend, and the Villain our Enemy.

Nº 126. *Wedneſday, July 25.*

Tros Rutulusve fuat nullo diſcrimine habebo. Virg.

IN my Yeſterday's Paper I propoſed, that the honeſt Men of all Parties ſhould enter into a kind of Aſſociation for the Defence of one another, and the Confuſion of their common Enemies. As it is deſigned this neutral Body

body ſhould act with a Regard to nothing but Truth and Equity, and diveſt themſelves of the little Heats and Prepoſſeſſions that cleave to Parties of all Kinds, I have prepared for them the following Form of an Aſſociation, which may expreſs their Intentions in the moſt plain and ſimple Manner.

WE whoſe Names are hereunto ſubſcribed do ſolemnly declare, That we do in our Conſciences believe two and two make four; and that we ſhall adjudge any Man whatſoever to be our Enemy who endeavours to perſwade us to the contrary. We are likewiſe ready to maintain, with the Hazard of all that is near and dear to us, That ſix is leſs than ſeven in all Times and all Places; and that ten will not be more three Years hence than it is at preſent. We do alſo firmly declare, That it is our Reſolution as long as we live to call Black black, and White white. And we ſhall upon all Occaſions oppoſe ſuch Perſons that upon any Day of the Year ſhall call Black white, or White black, with the utmoſt Peril of our Lives and Fortunes.

WERE there ſuch a Combination of honeſt Men, who without any Regard to Places would endeavour to extirpate all ſuch furious Zealots as would ſacrifice one half of their Country to the Paſſion and Intereſt of the other; as alſo ſuch infamous Hypocrites, that are for promoting their own Advantage, under Colour of the Publick Good; with all the profligate immoral Retainers to each Side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit Submiſſion to their Leaders; we ſhould ſoon ſee that furious Party-ſpirit extinguiſhed, which may in Time expoſe us to the Deriſion and Contempt of all the Nations about us.

A Member of this Society, that would thus carefully employ himſelf in making Room for Merit, by throwing down the worthleſs and depraved Part of Mankind from thoſe conſpicuous Stations of Life to which they have been ſometimes advanced, and all this without any Regard to his private Intereſt, would be no ſmall Benefactor to his Country.

I remember to have read in *Diodorus Siculus* an Account of a very active little Animal, which I thinks he calls the *Ichneumon*, that makes it the whole Buſineſs of his Life to break the Eggs of the Crocodile, which he is always in ſearch after. This Inſtinct is the more remarkable, becauſe the

the *Ichneumon* never feeds upon the Eggs he has broken, nor any other Way finds his Account in them. Were it not for the inceſſant Labours of this induſtrious Animal, *Ægypt*, ſays the Hiſtorian, would be over-run with Crocodiles; for the *Ægyptians* are ſo far from deſtroying thoſe pernicious Creatures, that they worſhip them as Gods.

IF we look into the Behaviour of ordinary Partizans, we ſhall find them far from reſembling this diſintereſted Animal; and rather acting after the Example of the wild *Tartars*, who are ambitious of deſtroying a Man of the moſt extraordinary Parts and Accompliſhments, as thinking that upon his Deceaſe the ſame Talents, what-ever Poſt they qualified him for, enter of Courſe into his Deſtroyer.

AS in the whole Train of my Speculations, I have endeavoured as much as I am able to extinguiſh that pernicious Spirit of Paſſion and Prejudice, which rages with the ſame Violence in all Parties, I am ſtill the more deſirous of doing ſome Good in this Particular, becauſe I obſerve that the Spirit of Party reigns more in the Country than in the Town. It here contracts a kind of Brutality and ruſtick Fierceneſs, to which Men of a politer Converſation are wholly Strangers. It extends it ſelf even to the Return of the Bow and the Hat; and at the ſame Time that the Heads of Parties preſerve towards one another an outward Shew of good Breeding, and keep up a perpetual Intercourſe of Civilities, their Tools that are diſperſed in theſe outlying Parts will not ſo much as mingle together at a Cock-match. This Humour fills the Country with ſeveral periodical Meetings of Whig Jockeys and Tory Foxhunters; not to mention the innumerable Curſes, Frowns, and Whiſpers it produces at a Quarter-Seſſions.

I do not know whether I have obſerved in any of my former Papers, that my Friends Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY and Sir ANDREW FREEPORT are of different Principles, the firſt of them inclined to the *landed* and the other to the *money'd* Intereſt. This Humour is ſo moderate in each of them, that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable Rallery, which very often diverts the reſt of the Club. I find however that the Knight is a much ſtronger Tory in the Country than in Town, which, as he has told me in my Ear, is abſolutely neceſſary for the keeping up his Intereſt. In all our Journey from *London* to his Houſe we

did

not ſo much as bait at a Whig-Inn; or if by chance the coachman ſtopped at a wrong Place, one of Sir ROGER's ſervants would ride up to his Maſter full Speed, and whiſper to him that the Maſter of the Houſe was againſt ſuch a one in the laſt Election. This often betrayed us into hard Beds and bad Cheer; for we were not ſo inquiſitive about the Inn as the Inn-keeper; and provided our Landlord's Principles were ſound, did not take any Notice of the Staleneſs of his Proviſions. This I found ſtill the more inconvenient, becauſe the better the Hoſt was, the worſe generally were his Accommodations; the Fellow knowing very well, that thoſe who were his Friends would take up with coarſe Diet and an hard Lodging. For theſe Reaſons, all the while I was upon the Road I dreaded entering into the Houſe of any one that Sir ROGER had applauded for an honeſt Man.

SINCE my Stay at Sir ROGER's in the Country, I daily find more Inſtances of this narrow Party-Humour. Being upon the Bowling-Green at a Neighbouring Market-Town the other Day, (for that is the Place where the Gentlemen of one Side meet once a Week) I obſerved a Stranger among them of a better Preſence and genteeler Behaviour than ordinary; but was much ſurprized, that notwithſtanding he was a very fair *Better*, no Body would take him up. But upon Enquiry I found, that he was one who had given a diſagreeable Vote in a former Parliament, for which Reaſon there was not a Man upon that Bowling-Green who would have ſo much Correſpondence with him as to win his Money of him.

AMONG other Inſtances of this Nature, I muſt not omit one which concerns my ſelf. *Will. Wimble* was the other Day relating ſeveral ſtrange Stories that he had picked up no Body knows where of a certain great Man; and upon my ſtaring at him, as one that was ſurprized to hear ſuch things in the Country, which had never been ſo much as whiſpered in the Town, *Will.* ſtopped ſhort in the Thread of his Diſcourſe, and after Dinner asked my Friend Sir ROGER in his Ear if he was ſure that I was not a Fanatick.

IT gives me a ſerious Concern, to ſee ſuch a Spirit of Diſſention in the Country; not only as it deſtroys Virtue and common Senſe, and renders us in a manner Barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our Animoſities, widens

widens our Breaches, and tranſmits our preſent Paſſ and Prejudices to our Poſterity. For my own Part, I ſometimes afraid that I diſcover the Seeds of a Civil in theſe our Diviſions; and therefore cannot but be as in their firſt Principles, the Miſeries and Calamitie our Children.

Nº 127. *Thurſday, July* 26.

——*Quantum eſt in rebus inane?* Per

IT is our Cuſtom at Sir ROGER's, upon the comin of the Poſt to ſit about a Pot of Coffee, and hea old Knight read *Dyer*'s Letter; which he does wit Spectacles upon his Noſe, and in an audible Voice, ſmi very often at thoſe Strokes of Satyr, which are ſo freq in the Writings of that Author. I afterwards comm cate to the Knight ſuch Packets as I receive under Quality of SPECTATOR. The following Letter chanc to pleaſe him more than ordinary, I ſhall publiſh it a Requeſt.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have diverted the Town almoſt a whole Mo 'at the Expence of the Country, it is now h 'time that you ſhould give the Country their Reve 'Since your withdrawing from this Place, the fair Sex 'run into great Extravagancies. Their Petticoats, wh 'began to heave and ſwell before you left us, are n 'blown up into a moſt enormous Concave, and riſe ev 'Day more and more: In ſhort, Sir, ſince our Wo 'know themſelves to be out of the Eye of the SPEC 'TOR, they will be kept within no Compaſs. You p 'ſed them a little too ſoon, for the Modeſty of their H 'Dreſſes: for as the Humour of a Sick Perſon is often 'ven out of one Limb into another, their Superfluity 'Ornaments, inſtead of being entirely Baniſhed, ſeems 'ly fallen from their Heads upon their lower Parts. W 'they have loſt in Heighth they make up in Breadth,

'o

ntrary to all Rules of Architecture widen the Founda-ons at the ſame time that they ſhorten the Superſtru-ure. Were they, like *Spaniſh* Jennets, to impregnate the Wind, they could not have thought on a more oper Invention. But as we do not yet hear any particular ſe in this Petticoat, or that it contains any thing more an what was ſuppoſed to be in thoſe of ſcantier Make, e are wonderfully at a loſs about it.

THE Women give out, in Defence of theſe wide ottoms, that they are Airy, and very proper for the eaſon; but this I look upon to be only a Pretence, and Piece of Art, for it is well known we have not had a ore moderate Summer theſe many Years, ſo that it is ertain the Heat they complain of cannot be in the Wea-er: Beſides, I would fain ask theſe tender-conſtituti-ned Ladies, why they ſhould require more Cooling than eir Mothers before them.

I find ſeveral Speculative Perſons are of Opinion that ur Sex has of late Years been very Saucy, and that the oop Petticoat is made uſe of to keep us at a Diſtance. is moſt certain that a Woman's Honour cannot be bet-r entrenched than after this manner, in Circle within Circle, amidſt ſuch a Variety of Out-works and Lines of Circumvallation. A Female who is thus inveſted in Whale-Bone is ſufficiently ſecured againſt the Approaches f an ill-bred Fellow, who might as well think of Sir *eorge Etheridge*'s way of making Love in a Tub, as in he midſt of ſo many Hoops.

AMONG theſe various Conjectures, there are Men f Superſtitious Tempers, who look upon the Hoop-etticoat as a kind of Prodigy. Some will have it that it ortends the Downfall of the *French* King, and obſerve hat the Farthingale appeared in *England* a little before the Ruin of the *Spaniſh* Monarchy. Others are of Opinion hat it foretels Battel and Blood-ſhed, and believe it of he ſame Prognoſtication as the Tail of a Blazing Star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a Sign that Multi-udes are coming into the World, rather than going out of it.

THE firſt time I ſaw a Lady dreſſed in one of theſe Petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in my own Thoughts for walking abroad when ſhe was *ſo near her*

Time,

'*Time*, but ſoon recovered my ſelf out of my Error, w
'I found all the Modiſh Part of the Sex as *far gone* a
'ſelf. It is generally thought ſome crafty Women
'thus betrayed their Companions into Hoops, that
'might make them acceſſary to their own Concealm
'and by that means eſcape the Cenſure of the World
'wary Generals have ſometimes dreſſed two or three
'zen of their Friends in their own Habit, that they m
'not draw upon themſelves any particular Attacks fr
'the Enemy. The ſtrutting Petticoat ſmooths all Diſtin
'ons, levels the Mother with the Daughter, and ſets M
'and Matrons, Wives and Widows, upon the ſame
'tom. In the mean while, I cannot but be troubled to
'ſo many well ſhaped innocent Virgins bloated up,
'waddling up and down like big-bellied Women.

'SHOULD this Faſhion get among the ordinary P
'ple our publick Ways would be ſo crouded that we ſho
'want Street-room. Several Congregations of the
'Faſhion find themſelves already very much ſtreight
'and if the Mode encreaſe I wiſh it may not drive m
'ordinary Women into Meetings and Conventicles. Sho
'our Sex at the ſame time take it into their Heads to w
'Trunk Breeches (as who knows what their Indignati
'at this Female Treatment may drive them to) a M
'and his Wife would fill a whole Pew.

'YOU know, Sir, it is recorded of *Alexander*
'Great, that in his *Indian* Expedition he buried ſeveral Sc
'of Armour which by his Directions were made much
'big for any of his Soldiers, in order to give Poſterity
'extraordinary Idea of him, and make them believe he h
'commanded an Army of Giants. I am perſuaded th
'if one of the preſent Petticoats happens to be hung up
'any Repoſitory of Curioſities, it will lead into the ſa
'Error the Generations that lie ſome Removes from
'unleſs we can believe our Poſterity will think ſo diſ
'ſpectfully of their Great Grand-Mothers, that they ma
'themſelves Monſtrous to appear Amiable.

'WHEN I ſurvey this new-faſhioned *Rotonda* in
'its Parts, I cannot but think of the old Philoſopher, w
'after having entered into an *Egyptian* Temple, and loo
'ed about for the Idol of the Place, at length diſcovered
little Black Monkey enſhrined in the midſt of it, up
'wh

hich he could not forbear crying out, (to the great ndal of the Worſhippers) What a magnificent Palace here for ſuch a ridiculous Inhabitant?

THOUGH you have taken a Reſolution, in one of r Papers, to avoid deſcending to Particularities of Dreſs, elieve you will not think it below you, on ſo extraor- ry an Occaſion, to Unhoop the fair Sex, and cure this ionable Tympany that is got among them. I am apt think the Petticoat will ſhrink of its own Accord at r firſt coming to Town; at leaſt a Touch of your will make it contract it ſelf, like the Senſitive Plant, by that Means oblige ſeveral who are either terrified aſtoniſhed at this portentous Novelty, and among the ,

Your humble Servant, &c.

128. *Friday, July 27.*

——— *Concordia diſcors.* Luc.

WOMEN in their Nature are much more gay and joyous than Men; whether it be that their Blood is more refined, their Fibres more delicate, and their l Spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as ſome imagined, there may not be a kind of Sex in the very , I ſhall not pretend to determine. As Vivacity is the of Women, Gravity is that of Men. They ſhould of them therefore keep a Watch upon the particular which Nature has fixed in their Minds, that it may not too much, and lead them out of the Paths of Reaſon. will certainly happen, if the one in every Word and ion affects the Character of being rigid and ſevere, and other of being briſk and airy. Men ſhould beware of captivated by a kind of ſavage Philoſophy, Women thoughtleſs Gallantry. Where theſe Precautions are obſerved, the Man often degenerates into a Cynick, Woman into a Coquet; the Man grows ſullen and roſe, the Woman impertinent and fantaſtical.

BY what I have ſaid, we may conclude, Men and W men were made as Counterparts to one another, that Pains and Anxieties of the Husband might be relieved the Sprightlineſs and good Humour of the Wife. W theſe are rightly tempered, Care and Chearfulneſs go H in Hand; and the Family, like a Ship that is duly tr med, wants neither Sail nor Ballaſt.

NATURAL Hiſtorians obſerve, (for whilſt I am the Country I muſt fetch my Alluſions from thence) T only the Male Birds have Voices; That their Songs be a little before Breeding-time, and end a little after: T whilſt the Hen is covering her Eggs, the Male gene takes his Stand upon a neighbouring Bough within Hearing; and by that means amuſes and diverts her w his Songs during the whole Time of her Sitting.

THIS Contract among Birds laſts no longer than a Brood of young ones ariſes from it; ſo that in the ther'd Kind, the Cares and Fatigues of the married Stat I may ſo call it, lie principally upon the Female. On the c trary, as in our Species the Man and the Woman are joi together for Life, and the main Burthen reſts upon the mer, Nature has given all the little Arts of Soothing Blandiſhment to the Female, that ſhe may chear and mate her Companion in a conſtant and aſſiduous Applic on to the making a Proviſion for his Family, and the e caring of their common Children. This however is to be taken ſo ſtrictly, as if the ſame Duties were not ten reciprocal, and incumbent on both Parties; but o to ſet forth what ſeems to have been the general Intent of Nature, in the different Inclinations and Endowme which are beſtowed on the different Sexes.

BUT whatever was the Reaſon that Man and Wom were made with this Variety of Temper, if we obſe the Conduct of the fair Sex, we find that they chuſe ther to aſſociate themſelves with a Perſon who reſem them in that light and volatile Humour which is nat to them, than to ſuch as are qualified to moderate counter-ballance it. It has been an old Complaint, T the Coxcomb carries it with them before the Man of Se When we ſee a Fellow loud and talkative, full of inſi Life and Laughter, we may venture to pronounce him female Favourite: Noiſe and Flutter are ſuch Accompli me

as they cannot withſtand. To be ſhort, the Paſſion ordinary Woman for a Man is nothing elſe but Self-diverted upon another Object: She would have the a Woman in every thing but her Sex. I do not know Piece of Satyr on this Part of Womankind, than Lines of Mr. *Dryden*,

Our thoughtleſs Sex is caught by outward Form
And empty Noiſe, and loves it ſelf in Man.

THIS is a Source of infinite Calamities to the Sex, as requently joins them to Men who in their own ights are as fine Creatures as themſelves; or if they e to be good-humoured, ſerve only to diſſipate their mes, inflame their Follies, and aggravate their In-ctions.

THE ſame female Levity is no leſs fatal to them after riage than before: It repreſents to their Imaginations faithful prudent Husband as an honeſt, tractable and eſtic Animal; and turns their Thoughts upon the fine Gentleman that laughs, ſings, and dreſſes ſo much agreeably.

S this irregular Vivacity of Temper leads aſtray the s of ordinary Women in the Choice of their Lovers the Treatment of their Husbands, it operates with the pernicious Influence towards their Children, who are t to accompliſh themſelves in all thoſe ſublime Per-ons that appear captivating in the Eye of their Mo-She admires in her Son what ſhe loved in her Gal-and by that Means contributes all ſhe can to perpe-her ſelf in a worthleſs Progeny.

he younger *Fauſtina* was a lively Inſtance of this Sort Women. Notwithſtanding ſhe was married to *Marcus elius*, one of the greateſt, wiſeſt, and beſt of the *Roman* erors, ſhe thought a common Gladiator much the pret-Gentleman; and had taken ſuch Care to accompliſh Son *Commodus* according to her own Notions of a fine , that when he aſcended the Throne of his Father, he me the moſt fooliſh and abandoned Tyrant that was placed at the Head of the *Roman* Empire, ſignalizing elf in nothing but the fighting of Prizes, and knock-out Mens Brains. As he had no Taſte of true Glory, ee him in ſeveral Medals and Statues which are ſtill ex-

tant

tant of him, equipped like an *Hercules* with a Club a
Lion's Skin.

I have been led into this Speculation by the Characte
have heard of a Country-Gentleman and his Lady, who
not live many Miles from Sir ROGER. The Wife is
old Coquet, that is always hankering after the Diversion
the Town; the Husband a moroſe Ruſtick, that frowns
frets at the Name of it. The Wife is over-run with
fectation, the Husband ſunk into Brutality: The Lady
not bear the Noiſe of the Larks and Nightingales, h
your tedious Summer-Days, and is ſick at the Sight of
dy Woods and purling Streams; the Husband wonders h
any one can be pleaſed with the Fooleries of Plays and
peras, and rails from Morning to Night at eſſenced F
and tawdy Courtiers. The Children are educated in th
different Notions of their Parents. The Sons follow
Father about his Grounds, while the Daughters read
lumes of Love-Letters and Romances to their Mother.
this Means it comes to paſs, that the Girls look upon th
Father as a Clown, and the Boys think their Mother
better than ſhe ſhould be.

HOW different are the Lives of *Ariſtus* and *Aſpa*
the innocent Vivacity of the one is tempered and com
fed by the chearful Gravity of the other. The Wife gro
Wiſe by the Diſcourſes of the Husband, and the Husb
good-humour'd by the Converſations of the Wife. *Ari*
would not be ſo amiable were it not for his *Aſpatia*,
Aſpatia ſo much to be eſteemed were it not for her *Ari*
Their Virtues are blended in their Children, and diff
through the whole Family a perpetual Spirit of Bene
lence, Complacency, and Satisfaction.

N° 129. *Saturday, July* 28.

Vertentem ſeſe fruſtra ſectabere canthum
Cum rota poſterior curras & in axe ſecundo. Perſ.

GREAT Maſters in Painting never care for drawing People in the Faſhion; as very well knowing that the Head-dreſs, or Perriwig, that now prevails, and gives a Grace to their Portraitures at preſent, will make a very odd Figure, and perhaps look monſtrous in the Eyes of Poſterity. For this Reaſon they often repreſent an illuſtrious Perſon in a *Roman* Habit, or in ſome other Dreſs that never varies. I could wiſh, for the ſake of my Country Friends, that there was ſuch a kind of *everlaſting Drapery* to be made uſe of by all who live at a certain diſtance from the Town, and that they would agree upon ſuch Faſhions as ſhould never be liable to Changes and Innovations. For want of this *Standing Dreſs*, a Man who takes a Journey into the Country is as much ſurprized, as one who walks in a Gallery of old Family Pictures; and finds as great a Variety of Garbs and Habits in the Perſons he converſes with. Did they keep to one conſtant Dreſs they would ſometimes be in the Faſhion, which they never are as Matters are managed at preſent. If inſtead of running after the Mode, they would continue fixed in one certain Habit, the Mode would ſome time or other overtake them, as a Clock that ſtands ſtill is ſure to point right once in twelve Hours: In this Caſe therefore I would adviſe them, as a Gentleman did his Friend who was hunting about the whole Town after a rambling Fellow, If you follow him you will never find him, but if you plant your ſelf at the Corner of any one Street, I'll engage it will not be long before you ſee him.

I have already touched upon this Subject, in a Speculation which ſhews how cruelly the Country are led aſtray in following the Town; and equipped in a ridiculous Habit, when they fancy themſelves in the height of the Mode. Since that Speculation I have received a Letter (which I

there hinted at) from a Gentleman who is now in the Western Circuit.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'BEING a Lawyer of the *Middle Temple*, a *Corniſhm* 'by Birth, I generally ride the Weſtern Circuit f 'my Health, and as I am not interrupted with Client 'have leiſure to make many Obſervations that eſcape t 'Notice of my Fellow-Travellers.

'ONE of the moſt faſhionable Women I met wi 'in all the Circuit was my Landlady at *Stains*, where 'chanced to be on a Holiday. Her Commode was not h 'a Foot high, and her Petticoat within ſome Yards of 'modiſh Circumference. In the ſame Place I obſerved 'young Fellow with a tolerable Perriwig, had it not be 'covered with a Hat that was ſhaped in the *Ramillie* Coc 'As I proceeded in my Journey I obſerved the Pettico 'grew ſcantier and ſcantier, and about threeſcore Mil 'from *London* was ſo very unfaſhionable, that a Wom 'might walk in it without any manner of Inconven 'ence.

'Not far from *Salisbury* I took Notice of a Juſtice 'Peace's Lady, who was at leaſt ten Years behind-hand 'her Dreſs, but at the ſame time as fine as Hands cou 'make her. She was flounced and furbelowed from He 'to Foot; every Ribbon was wrinkled, and every Part 'her Garments in Curl, ſo that ſhe looked like one of tho 'Animals which in the Country we call a *Friezela* 'Hen.

'Not many Miles beyond this Place I was informe 'that one of the laſt Year's little Muffs had by ſome mea 'or other ſtraggled into thoſe Parts, and that all the W 'men of Faſhion were cutting their old Muffs in two, 'retrenching them, according to the little Model whic 'was got among them. I cannot believe the Report th 'have there, that it was ſent down frank'd by a Parli 'ment-man in a little Packet; but probably by next Wi 'ter this Faſhion will be at the height in the Countr 'when it is quite out at *London*.

'THE greateſt Beau at our next Country Seſſions w 'dreſſed in a moſt monſtrous Flaxen Perriwig, that w 'made in King *William*'s Reign. The Wearer of it goe

it ſeems, in his own Hair, when he is at home, and lets his Wig lie in Buckle for a whole half Year, that he may put it on upon Occaſion to meet the Judges in it.

'I muſt not here omit an Adventure which happened to us in a Country Church upon the Fontiers of *Cornwall*. As we were in the midſt of the Service, a Lady who is the chief Woman of the Place, and had paſſed the Winter at *London* with her Husband, entered the Congregation in a little Head-dreſs, and a hoop'd Petticoat. The People, who were wonderfully ſtartled at ſuch a Sight, all of them roſe up. Some ſtared at the prodigious Bottom, and ſome at the little Top of this ſtrange Dreſs. In the mean time the Lady of the Manor filled the *Area* of the Church, and walked up to her Pew with an unſpeakable Satisfaction, amidſt the Whiſpers, Conjectures and Aſtoniſhments of the whole Congregration.

'UPON our way from hence we ſaw a young Fellow riding towards us full Gallop, with a Bob-Wig and a black Silken Bag tied to it. He ſtopt ſhort at the Coach, to ask us how far the Judges were behind us. His Stay was ſo very ſhort, that we had only time to obſerve his new Silk Waſtcoat, which was unbuttoned in ſeveral Places to let us ſee that he had a clean Shirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

'FROM this Place, during our Progreſs through the moſt Weſtern Parts of the Kingdom, we fancied our ſelves in King *Charles* the Second's Reign, the People having made very little Variations in their Dreſs ſince that time. The ſmarteſt of the Country Squires appear ſtill in the *Monmouth* Cock, and when they go a wooing (whether they have any Poſt in the Militia or not) they generally put on a red Coat. We were, indeed, very much ſurprized, at the Place we lay at laſt Night, to meet with a Gentleman that had accoutered himſelf in a Night-Cap Wig, a Coat with long Pockets and ſlit Sleeves, and a pair of Shoes with high Scollop Tops; but we ſoon found by his Converſation that he was a Perſon who laughed at the Ignorance and Ruſticity of the Country People, and was reſolved to live and die in the Mode.

'*SIR*, If you think this Account of my Travels may be of any Advantage to the Publick, I will next Year trouble you with ſuch Occurrences as I ſhall meet with

'in other Parts of *England*. For I am informed there ar
'greater Curioſities in the Northern Circuit than in th
'Weſtern; and that a Faſhion makes its Progreſs muc
'ſlower into *Cumberland* than into *Cornwall*. I have hear
'in particular, that the Steenkirk arrived but two Month
'ago at *Newcaſtle*, and that there are ſeveral Commode
'in thoſe Parts which are worth taking a Journey thithe
'to ſee.

Nº 130. *Monday, July* 30.

——*Semperque recentes*
Convectare juvat prædas, & vivere rapto. Vir

AS I was Yeſterday riding out in the Fields with m
Friend Sir ROGER, we ſaw at a little Diſtance fro
us a Troop of Gypſies. Upon the firſt Diſcovery
them, my Friend was in ſome doubt whether he ſhou
not exert the *Juſtice of the Peace* upon ſuch a Band of La
leſs Vagrants; but not having his Clerk with him, wh
is a neceſſary Counſellor on theſe Occaſions, and fearin
that his Poultry might fare the worſe for it, he let t
Thought drop. But at the ſame Time gave me a partic
lar Account of the Miſchiefs they do in the Country,
ſtealing Peoples Goods and ſpoiling their Servants. If
ſtray Piece of Linnen hangs upon an Hedge, ſays Sir R
GER, they are ſure to have it; if a Hog loſes his Way
the Fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their Prey; o
Geeſe cannot live in Peace for them; if a Man proſecut
them with Severity, his Hen-rooſt is ſure to pay for
They generally ſtraggle into theſe Parts about this Ti
of the Year; and ſet the Heads of our Servant-Maids
agog for Husbands, that we do not expect to have a
Buſineſs done, as it ſhould be, whilſt they are in the Cou
try. I have an honeſt Dairy-Maid who croſſes their Ha
with a Piece of Silver every Summer, and never fails b
ing promiſed the handſomeſt young Fellow in the Par

r her Pains. Your Friend the Butler has been Fool e-
ough to be ſeduced by them; and though he is ſure to
ſe a Knife, a Fork, or a Spoon every Time his Fortune
told him, generally ſhuts himſelf up in the Pantry with
old Gypſie for above half an Hour once in a Twelve-
onth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which
ey beſtow very plentifully upon all thoſe that apply them-
ves to them. You ſee now and then ſome handſome
ung Jades among them: The Sluts have very often white
eeth and black Eyes.

SIR ROGER obſerving that I liſtned with great At-
ntion to his Account of a People who were ſo entirely
w to me, told me, That if I would they ſhould tell us our
rtunes. As I was very well pleaſed with the Knight's
ropoſal, we rid up and communicated our Hands to them.
Caſſandra of the Crew, after having examined my Lines
ry diligently, told me, That I loved a pretty Maid in a
orner, that I was a good Woman's Man, with ſome o-
er Particulars which I do not think proper to realate. My
iend Sir ROGER alighted from his Horſe, and expoſing
s Palm to two or three that ſtood by him, they crump-
d it into all Shapes, and diligently ſcanned every Wrinkle
at could be made in it; when one of them, who was
der and more Sun-burnt than the reſt, told him, That
e had a Widow in his Line of Life: Upon which the
night cryed, Go, go, you are an idle Baggage; and at the
me time ſmiled upon me. The Gypſie finding he was not
pleaſed in his Heart, told him after a further Enquiry in-
his Hand, that his True-love was conſtant, and that ſhe
ould dream of him to Night. My old Friend cryed Piſh,
d bid her go on. The Gypſie told him that he was a Bat-
elor, but would not be ſo long; and that he was dearer
ſome Body than he thought: The Knight ſtill repeated,
e was an idle Baggage, and bid her go on. Ah Maſter,
s the Gypſie, that roguiſh Leer of yours makes a pretty
oman's Heart ake; you ha'n't that Simper about the
outh for Nothing——— The uncouth Gibberiſh with
hich all this was uttered like the darkneſs of an Oracle,
ade us the more attentive to it. To be ſhort, the Knight
t the Money with her that he had croſſed her Hand with,
d got up again on his Horſe.

AS we were riding away, Sir ROGER told me, th
he knew ſeveral ſenſible People who believed theſe Gypſ
now and then foretold very ſtrange things; and for H
an Hour together appeared more jocund than ordina
In the Height of his good Humour, meeting a comm
Beggar upon the Road who was no Conjurer, as he we
to relieve him he found his Pocket was pickt: That bei
a Kind of Palmiſtry at which this Race of Vermin a
very dextrous.

I might here entertain my Reader with Hiſtorical R
marks on this idle profligate People, who infeſt all t
Countries of *Europe*, and live in the Midſt of Governme
in a kind of Common-wealth by themſelves. But inſte
of entering into Obſervations of this nature, I ſhall f
the remaining part of my Paper with a Story which
ſtill freſh in *Holland*, and was printed in one of our Mont
ly Accounts about twenty Years ago, 'As the *Trekſchu*
'or Hackney-boat, which carries Paſſengers from *Lei*
'to *Amſterdam*, was putting off, a Boy running along t
'Side of the Canal deſired to be taken in; which t
'Maſter of the Boat refuſed, becauſe the Lad had not qu
'Money enough to pay the uſual Fare. An eminent Me
'chant being pleaſed with the Looks of the Boy, and
'cretly touched with Compaſſion towards him, paid t
'Money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. U
'on talking with him afterwards, he found that he cou
'ſpeak readily in three or four Languages, and learne
'upon further Examination that he had been ſtoln awa
'when he was a Child by a Gypſy, and had rambled ev
'ſince with a Gang of thoſe Strollers up and down ſever
'Parts of *Europe*. It happened that the Merchant, who
'Heart ſeems to have inclined towards the Boy by a ſecr
'kind of Inſtinct, had himſelf loſt a Child ſome Years b
'fore. The Parents, after a long Search for him, ga
'him for drowned in one of the Canals with which th
'Country abounds; and the Mother was ſo afflicted at th
'Loſs of a fine Boy, who was her only Son, that ſhe d
'ed for Grief of it. Upon laying together all Particular
'and examining the ſeveral Moles and Marks by which th
'Mother uſed to deſcribe the Child when he was firſt mi
'ſing, the Boy proved to be the Son of the Merchan
'whoſe Heart had ſo unaccountably melted at the Sight o
'him

him. The Lad was very well pleaſed to find a Father who was ſo rich, and likely to leave him a good Eſtate; the Father, on the other hand, was not a little delighted to ſee a Son return to him, whom he had given for loſt, with ſuch a Strength of Conſtitution, Sharpneſs of Underſtanding, and Skill in Languages. Here the printed ſtory leaves off; but if I may give Credit to Reports, our Linguiſt having received ſuch extraordinary Rudiments towards a good Education, was afterwards trained up in every thing that becomes a Gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious Habits and Practices that he had been addicted to in the Courſe of his Peregrinations: Nay, it is ſaid, that he has ſince been employed in foreign Courts upon National Buſineſs, with great Reputation to himſelf and Honour to thoſe who ſent him, and that he has viſited ſeveral Countries as a publick Miniſter, in which he formerly wandered as a Gypſy. C

N° 131. *Tueſday, July* 31.

— *Ipſæ rurſum concedite Sylvæ.* Virg.

IT is uſual for a Man who loves Country Sports to preſerve the Game in his own Grounds, and divert himſelf upon thoſe that belong to his Neighbour. My friend Sir ROGER generally goes two or three Miles from his Houſe, and gets into the Frontiers of his Eſtate, before he beats about in ſearch of a Hare or Partridge, on purpoſe to ſpare his own Fields, where he is always ſure of finding Diverſion when the worſt comes to the worſt. By this means the Breed about his Houſe has time to encreaſe and multiply, beſides that the Sport is the more agreeable where the Game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie ſo thick as to produce any Perplexity or Confuſion in the Purſuit. For theſe Reaſons the Country Gentleman, like the Fox, ſeldom preys near his own Home.

IN the ſame manner I have made a Month's Excurſion out of the Town, which is the great Field of Game for Sportſmen of my Species, to try my Fortune in the Country, where I have ſtarted ſeveral Subjects, and hunted them down, with ſome Pleaſure to my ſelf, and I hope to others. I am here forced to uſe a great deal of Diligence before I can ſpring any thing to my Mind, whereas in Town, whilſt I am following one Character, it is ten to one but I am croſſed in my Way by another, and put up ſuch a Variety of odd Creatures in both Sexes, that they foil the Scent of one another, and puzzle the Chace. My greateſt Difficulty in the Country is to find Sport, and in Town to chuſe it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole Month's Reſt to the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*, I promiſe my ſelf abundance of new Game upon my return thither.

IT is indeed high time for me to leave the Country, ſince I find the whole Neighbourhood begin to grow very inquiſitive after my Name and Character: My Love of Solitude, Taciturnity, and particular way of Life, having raiſed a great Curioſity in all theſe Parts.

THE Notions which have been framed of me are various; ſome look upon me as very proud, ſome as very modeſt, and ſome as very melancholy. *Will. Wimble*, as my Friend the Butler tells me, obſerving me very much alone, and extreamly ſilent when I am in Company, is afraid I have killed a Man. The Country People ſeem to ſuſpect me for a Conjurer; and ſome of them hearing of the Viſit which I made to *Moll White*, will needs have it that Sir ROGER has brought down a Cunning-Man with him, to cure the old Woman, and free the Country from her Charms. So that the Character which I go under in part of the Neighbourhood, is what they here call a *White Witch*.

A Juſtice of Peace, who lives about five Miles off, and is not of Sir ROGER's Party, has it ſeems ſaid twice or thrice at his Table, that he wiſhes Sir ROGER does not harbour a Jeſuit in his Houſe, and that he thinks the Gentlemen of the Country would do very well to make me give ſome Account of my ſelf.

ON the other ſide, ſome of Sir ROGER's Friends are afraid the old Knight is impoſed upon by a deſigning Fellow, and as they have heard he converſes very promiſcuouſly

who

when he is in Town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen, and says nothing, because he is out of Place.

SUCH is the Variety of Opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected Person, and among others for a Popish Priest; among some for a Wizard, and among others for a Murderer; and all this for no other Reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and hollow and make a Noise. It is true, my Friend Sir ROGER tells them *that it is my way*, and that I am only a Philosopher; but this will not satisfie them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my Tongue for nothing.

FOR these and other Reasons I shall set out for *London* To-morrow, having found by Experience that the Country is not a Place for a Person of my Temper, who does not love Jollity, and what they call Good-Neighbourhood. A Man that is out of Humour when an unexpected Guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an Afternoon to every Chance-comer; that will be the Master of his own Time, and the Pursuer of his own Inclinations, makes but a very unsociable Figure in this kind of Life. I shall therefore retire into the Town, if I may make use of that Phrase, and get into the Crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what Speculations I please upon others without being observed my self, and at the same time enjoy all the Advantages of Company with all the Privileges of Solitude. In the mean while, to finish the Month and conclude these my Rural Speculations, I shall here insert a Letter from my Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB, who has not lived a Month for these forty Years out of the Smoke of *London*, and rallies me after his way upon my Country Life.

Dear SPEC.

'I Suppose this Letter will find thee picking of Daisies, or 'smelling to a Lock of Hay, or passing away thy time 'in some innocent Country Diversion of the like Nature. I 'have however Orders from the Club to summon thee up 'to Town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be 'able to relish our Company, after thy Conversations with '*Moll. White* and *Will. Wimble*. Pr'ythee don't send us up

'any more Stories of a Cock and a Bull, nor frighten t
'Town with Spirits and Witches. Thy Speculations beg
'to ſmell confoundedly of Woods and Meadows. If th
'doſt not come up quickly, we ſhall conclude thou art
'Love with one of Sir ROGER's Dairy Maids. Service
'Knight. Sir ANDREW is grown the Cock of the Cl
'ſince he left us, and if he does not return quickly w
'make every Mother's Son of us Common-wealths-M

Dear SPEC,

Thine Eternally,

C WILL. HONEYCOM

Nº 132. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 1.

——*Qui aut Tempus quid poſtulet non videt, aut plura quitur, aut ſe oſtentat, aut eorum quibuſcum eſt ratio non habeat, is ineptus eſſe dicitur.* T

HAVING notified to my good Friend Sir Rog that I ſhould ſet out for *London* the next Day, Horſes were ready at the appointed Hour in Evening; and, attended by one of his Grooms, I arri at the Country Town at Twilight, in order to be ready the Stage-Coach the Day following. As ſoon as we arri at the Inn, the Servant who waited upon me, enquired the Chamberlain in my Hearing what Company he had the Coach? The Fellow anſwered, Mrs. *Betty Arable* great Fortune, and the Widow her Mother; a recruit Officer (who took a Place becauſe they were to go;) you Squire *Quickſet* her Couſin (that her Mother wiſhed her be married to;) *Ephraim* the Quaker, her Guardian; an Gentleman that had ſtudied himſelf dumb from ROGER DE COVERLEY's. I obſerved by what he of my ſelf, that according to his Office he dealt much Intelligence; and doubted not but there was ſome Fo dation for his Reports of the reſt of the Company, as w as for the whimſical Account he gave of me. The n Morning at Day-break we were all called; and I, w kn

know my own natural Shyneſs, and endeavour to be as little liable to be diſputed with as poſſible, dreſſed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The firſt Preparation for our Setting out, was, that the Captain's Half-Pike was placed near the Coach-man, and a Drum behind the Coach. In the mean time the Drummer, the Captain's Equipage, was very loud, that none of the Captain's things ſhould be placed ſo as to be ſpoiled; upon which his Cloak-bag was fixed in the Seat of the Coach: And the Captain himſelf, according to a frequent, though invidious Behaviour of Military Men, ordered his Man to look ſharp, that none but one of the Ladies ſhould have the Place he had taken fronting to the Coach-box.

WE were in ſome little time fixed in our Seats, and ſat with that Diſlike which People not too good-natured uſually conceive of each other at firſt Sight. The Coach jumbled us inſenſibly into ſome ſort of Familiarity; and we had not moved above two Miles, when the Widow asked the Captain what Succeſs he had in his Recruiting? The Officer, with a Frankneſs he believed very graceful, told her, 'That indeed he had but very little Luck, and had ſuffered much by Deſertion, therefore ſhould be glad to end his Warfare in the Service of her or her fair Daughter. In a Word, continued he, I am a Soldier, and to be plain is my Character: You ſee me, Madam, young, ſound, and impudent; take me your ſelf, Widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your Diſpoſal. I am a Soldier of Fortune, ha!' This was followed by a vain Laugh of his own, and a deep Silence of all the reſt of the Company. I had nothing left for it but to fall faſt aſleep, which I did with all Speed. 'Come, ſaid he, reſolve upon it, we will make a Wedding at the next Town: We will wake this pleaſant Companion who is fallen aſleep, to be the Brideman, and (giving the Quaker a Clap on the Knee) he concluded, 'This ſly Saint, who, I'll warrant, underſtands what's what as well as you or I, Widow, ſhall give the Bride as Father. The Quaker, who happened to be a Man of Smartneſs, anſwered, 'Friend, I take it in good Part that thou haſt given me the Authority of a Father over this comely and virtuous Child; and I muſt aſſure thee, that if I have the giving her, I ſhall not beſtow her on thee. Thy Mirth, Friend, ſavoureth of Folly:

'Thou

'Thou art a Perſon of a light Mind; thy Drum is a Type
'of thee, it ſoundeth becauſe it is empty. Verily, it is not
'from thy Fullneſs, but thy Emptineſs, that thou haſt ſpo-
'ken this Day. Friend, Friend, we have hired this Coach
'in Partnerſhip with thee, to carry us to the great City;
'we cannot go any other Way. This worthy Mother
'muſt hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy Follies; we
'cannot help it, Friend, I ſay; if thou wilt, we muſt hear
'thee: But if thou wert a Man of Underſtanding, thou
'wouldſt not take Advantage of thy courageous Counte-
'nance to abaſh us Children of Peace. Thou art, thou ſay-
'eſt, a Soldier; give Quarter to us, who cannot reſiſt thee.
'Why didſt thou fleer at our Friend, who feigned himſelf
'aſleep? he ſaid nothing; but how doſt thou know what
'he containeth? If thou ſpeakeſt improper Things in the
'Hearing of this virtuous young Virgin, conſider it is an
'Outrage againſt a diſtreſſed Perſon that cannot get from
'thee: To ſpeak indiſcreetly what we are obliged to hear
'by being haſped up with thee in this publick Vehicle, is
'in ſome Degree aſſaulting on the high Road.

HERE *Ephraim* pauſed, and the Captain with an happy and uncommon Impudence (which can be convicted and ſupport it ſelf at the ſame time) cries, 'Faith, Friend
'I thank thee; I ſhould have been a little Impertinent if
'thou hadſt not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I ſee
'a ſmoaky old Fellow, and I'll be very orderly the enſuing
'Part of the Journey. I was a going to give my ſelf
'Airs, but Ladies I beg Pardon.

THE Captain was ſo little out of Humour, and our Company was ſo far from being ſowred by this little Ruffle, that *Ephraim* and he took a particular Delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and aſſumed their different Provinces in the Conduct of the Company. Our Reckonings, Apartments, and Accommodation, fell under *Ephraim:* and the Captain looked to all Diſputes on the Road, as the good Behaviour of our Coachman, and the Right we had of taking Place as going to *London* of all Vehicles coming from thence. The Occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the Relation of them: But when I conſider'd the Company we were in, I took it for no ſmall good Fortune that the whole Journey was not ſpent in Impertinencies, which

which to one Part of us might be an Entertainment, to the other a Suffering. What therefore *Ephraim* ſaid when we were almoſt arrived at *London*, had to me an Air not only of good Underſtanding, but good Breeding. Upon the young Lady's expreſſing her Satisfaction in the Journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, *Ephraim* delivered himſelf as follows; 'There is no ordinary Part of humane Life which expreſſeth ſo much a good Mind, and a right inward Man, as his Behaviour upon meeting with Strangers, eſpecially ſuch as may ſeem the moſt unſuitable Companions to him: Such a Man, when he falleth in the Way with Perſons of Simplicity and Innocence, however knowing he may be in the Ways of Men, will not vaunt himſelf thereof; but will the rather hide his Superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good Friend, (continued he, turning to the Officer) thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: But be adviſed by a plain Man; Modes and Apparel are but Trifles to the real Man, therefore do not think ſuch a Man as thy ſelf terrible for thy Garb, nor ſuch a one as me contemptible for mine. When two ſuch as thee and I meet, with Affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou ſhouldſt rejoice to ſee my peaceable Demeanour, and I ſhould be glad to ſee thy Strength and Ability to protect me in it. T

N° 133. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 2.

Quis Deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam Chari capitis? Hor.

THERE is a ſort of Delight, which is alternately mixed with Terror and Sorrow, in the Contemplation of Death. The Soul has its Curioſity more than ordinarily awakened, when it turns its Thoughts upon the Conduct of ſuch who have behaved themſelves with an Equal, a Reſigned, a Chearful, a Generous or Heroick Temper in that Extremity. We are affected with theſe reſpective Manners of Behaviour, as we ſecretly believe the Part

Part of the dying Perſon imitable by our ſelves, or ſuch we imagine our ſelves more particularly capable of. M of exalted Minds march before us like Princes, and are, the Ordinary Race of Mankind, rather Subjects for th Admiration than Example. However, there are no Id ſtrike more forcibly upon our Imaginations, than tho which are raiſed from Reflections upon the Exits of gr and excellent Men. Innocent Men who have ſuffered Criminals, tho' they were Benefactors to human Socie ſeem to be Perſons of the higheſt Diſtinction, among t vaſtly greater Number of Humane Race, the Dead. Wh the Iniquity of the Times brought *Socrates* to his Execu on, how great and wonderful is it to behold him, unſu ported by any thing but the Teſtimony of his own Co ſcience and Conjectures of Hereafter, receive the Poiſ with an Air of Mirth and good Humour, and as if goi on an agreeable Journey beſpeak ſome Deity to make fortunate.

WHEN *Phocion*'s good Actions had met with the li Reward from his Country, and he was led to Death wi many others of his Friends, they bewailing their Fate, walking compoſedly towards the Place of Execution, ho gracefully does he ſupport his Illuſtrious Character to t very laſt Inſtant. One of the Rabble ſpitting at him as paſſed, with his uſual Authority he called to know if one was ready to teach this Fellow how to behave himſe When a poor-ſpirited Creature that dyed at the ſame ti for his Crimes bemoaned himſelf unmanfully, he rebuke him with this Queſtion, Is it no Conſolation to ſuch Man as thou art to die with *Phocion*? At the Inſtant wh he was to die, they asked what Commands he had for h Son, he anſwered, To forget this Injury of the *Athenian Nicocles*, his Friend, under the ſame Sentence, deſired h might drink the Potion before him; *Phocion* ſaid, becau he never had denied him any thing he would not ev this, the moſt difficult Requeſt he had ever made.

THESE Inſtances were very noble and great, and th Reflections of thoſe Sublime Spirits had made Death t them what it is really intended to be by the Author of Na ture, a Relief from a various Being ever ſubject to Sor rows and Difficulties.

EP

EPAMINONDAS the *Theban* General, having received in Fight a Mortal Stab with a Sword, which was left in his Body, lay in that Posture 'till he had Intelligence that his Troops had obtained the Victory, and then permitted it to be drawn out, at which Instant he expressed himself in this manner, *This is not the end of my Life, my Fellow Soldiers; it is now your* Epaminondas *is born, who dies in so much Glory.*

IT were an endless Labour to collect the Accounts with which all Ages have filled the World of noble and Heroick Minds that have resigned this Being, as if the termination of Life were but an ordinary Occurrence of it.

THIS common-place way of Thinking I fell into from an aukward Endeavour to throw off a real and fresh Affliction, by turning over Books in a Melancholy Mood; but it is not easy to remove Griefs which touch the Heart, by applying Remedies which only entertain the Imagination. As therefore this Paper is to consist of any thing which concerns Human Life, I cannot help letting the present Subject regard what has been the last Object of my Eyes, tho' an Entertainment of Sorrow.

I went this Evening to visit a Friend, with a design to rally him, upon a Story I had heard of his intending to steal a Marriage without the Privity of us his intimate Friends and Acquaintance. I came into his Apartment with that Intimacy which I have done for very many Years, and walked directly into his Bed-chamber, where I found my Friend in the Agonies of Death. What could I do? The innocent Mirth in my Thoughts struck upon me like the most flagitious Wickedness: I in vain called upon him; he was senseless, and too far spent to have the least Knowledge of my Sorrow, or any Pain in himself. Give me leave then to transcribe my Soliloquy, as I stood by his Mother, dumb with the weight of Grief for a Son who was her Honour, and her Comfort, and never 'till that Hour since his Birth had been an Occasion of a Moment's Sorrow to her.

'HOW surprizing is this Change! from the Possession 'of vigorous Life and Strength, to be reduced in 'a few Hours to this fatal Extremity! Those Lips which 'look so pale and livid, within these few Days gave De-

'light to all who heard their Utterance: It was the But
'neſs, the Purpoſe of his Being, next to Obeying him
'whom he is going, to pleaſe and inſtruct, and that f
'no other end but to pleaſe and inſtruct. Kindneſs w
'the Motive of his Actions, and with all the Capacity r
'quiſite for making a Figure in a contentious World, M
'deration, Good-Nature, Affability, Temperance and Ch
'ſtity, were the Arts of his Excellent Life. There as h
'lies in helpleſs Agony, no Wiſe Man who knew him
'well as I, but would reſign all the World can beſtow
'be ſo near the End of ſuch a Life. Why does my Hea
'ſo little obey my Reaſon as to lament thee thou excelle
'Man.—— Heaven receive him, or reſtore him——Th
'beloved Mother, thy obliged Friends, thy helpleſs Servant
'ſtand around thee without Diſtinction. How muc
'wouldſt thou, hadſt thou thy Senſes, ſay to each of us,

'BUT now that good Heart burſts, and he is at reſt
'with that Breath expired a Soul who never indulged
'Paſſion unfit for the Place he is gone to: Where are no
'thy Plans of Juſtice, of Truth, of Honour? Of what u
'the Volumes thou haſt collated, the Arguments thou ha
'invented, the Examples thou haſt followed. Poor wer
'the Expectations of the Studious, the Modeſt and th
'Good, if the Reward of their Labours were only to b
'expected from Man. No, my Friend, thy intende
'Pleadings, they intended Good Offices to thy Friends, th
'intended Services to thy Counntry, are already peforme
'(as to thy Concern in them) in his ſight before whom
'the Paſt, Preſent and Future, appear at one view. Whil
'others with thy Talents were tormented with Ambitio
'with Vain-Glory, with Envy, with Emulation, how we
'didſt thou turn thy Mind to its own Improvement i
'things out of the Power of Fortune; in Probity, in In
'tegrity, in the Practice and Study of Juſtice; how file
'thy Paſſage, how private thy Journey, how Glorious th
'End! *Many have I known more Famous, ſome more Know*
'*ing, not one ſo Innocent.*

Friday

№ 134. *Friday, Auguſt* 3.

——*Opiferque per Orbem*
Dicor—— Ovid.

DURING my Abſence in the Country, ſeveral Packets have been left for me, which were not forwarded to me, becauſe I was expected every Day in Town. The Author of the following Letter, dated from Tower-hill, having ſometimes been entertained with ſome learned Gentlemen in Pluſh Doublets, who have vended their Wares from a Stage in that Place, has pleaſantly enough addreſſed to Me, as no leſs a Sage in Morality, than they are in Phyſick. To comply with his kind Inclination to make my Cures famous, I ſhall give you his Teſtimonial of my great Abilities at large in his own Words.

SIR,

YOUR ſaying t'other Day there is ſomething wonderful in the Narrowneſs of thoſe Minds, which can be pleaſed, and be barren of Bounty to thoſe who pleaſe them, makes me in pain that I am not a Man of Power. If I were, you ſhould ſoon ſee how much I approve your Speculations. In the mean time, I beg leave to ſupply that Inability with the empty Tribute of an honeſt Mind, by telling you plainly I love and thank you for your daily Refreſhments. I conſtantly peruſe your Paper as I ſmoke my Morning's Pipe, (tho' I can't forbear reading the Motto before I fill and light) and really it gives a grateful Reliſh to every Whif; each Paragraph is freight either with uſeful or delightful Notions, and I never fail of being highly diverted or improved. The Variety of your Subjects ſurprizes me as much as a Box of Pictures did formerly, in which there was only one Face, that by pulling ſome Pieces of Iſinglaſs over it, was changed into a grave Senator or a *Merry Andrew*, a Patch'd Lady or a Nun, a Beau or a Black-a-more, a Prude or a Coquet, a Country 'Squire or a Conjurer, with many other different Repreſentations (very entertaining as

you

'you are) tho' ſtill the ſame at the Bottom. This was
'childiſh Amuſement when I was carried away with o
'ward Appearance, but you make a deeper Impreſſion, a
'affect the ſecret Springs of the Mind; you charm t
'Fancy, ſooth the Paſſions, and inſenſibly lead the Rea
'to that Sweetneſs of Temper that you ſo well deſcrib
'you rouſe Generoſity with that Spirit, and inculcate Hu
'manity with that Eaſe, that he muſt be miſerably Stup
'that is not affected by you. I can't ſay indeed that yo
'have put Impertinence to Silence, or Vanity out of Cou
'tenance; but methinks you have bid as fair for it, as a
'Man that ever appeared upon a publick Stage; and offe
'an infallible Cure of Vice and Folly, for the Price of O
'Penny. And ſince it is uſual for thoſe who receive Be
'nefit by ſuch famous Operators, to publiſh an Advertiſe
'ment, that others may reap the ſame Advantage, I think
'my ſelf obliged to declare to all the World, that havin
'for a long time been ſplenatick, ill-natured, froward, ſu
'picious and unſociable, by the Application of your Me
'dicines, taken only with half an Ounce of right *Virgini*
'Tobacco, for ſix ſucceſſive Mornings, I am become open
'obliging, officious, frank and hoſpitable.

I am,

Tower-hill, July 5, 1711. *Your humble Servant and great Admirer,* George Truſty

THIS careful Father and humble Petitioner hereafte
mentioned, who are under Difficulties about the juſt Ma
nagement of Fans, will ſoon receive proper Advertiſement
relating to the Profeſſors in that behalf, with their Place
of Abode and Methods of Teaching.

SIR, *June the 5th,* 171

'IN your Spectator of *June* the 7th, you Tranſcribe
'Letter ſent to you from a new ſort of Muſter-ma
'ſter, who teaches Ladies the whole Exerciſe of the Fan
'I have a Daughter juſt come to Town, who tho' ſhe ha
'always held a Fan in her Hand at proper times, yet ſh
'knows no more how to uſe it according to true Diſci
'pline, than an aukward School-boy does to make uſe o
'hi

his new Sword: I have ſent for her on purpoſe to learn the Exerciſe, ſhe being already very well accompliſhed in all other Arts which are neceſſary for a young Lady to underſtand; my Requeſt is, that you will ſpeak to your Correſpondent on my behalf, and in your next Paper let me know what he expects, either by the Month, or the Quarter, for teaching; and where he keeps his Place of Rendezvous; I have a Son too, whom I would fain have taught to gallant Fans, and ſhould be glad to know what the Gentleman will have for teaching them both, I finding Fans for Practice at my own Expence. This Information will in the higheſt manner oblige,

SIR, Your moſt humble Servant,

William Wiſeacre.

'AS ſoon as my Son is perfect in this Art (which I hope will be in a Year's time, for the Boy is pretty apt,) I deſign he ſhall learn to ride the great Horſe, (altho' he is not yet above twenty Years old) if his Mother, whoſe Darling he is, will venture him.

To the SPECTATOR.

The humble Petition of Benjamin Eaſie, *Gent.*

Sheweth,

'THAT it was your Petitioner's Misfortune to walk to 'Hackney Church laſt *Sunday*, where to his great Amazement he met with a Soldier of your own training; ſhe furls a Fan, recovers a Fan, and goes through the whole Exerciſe of it to Admiration. This well managed Officer of yours has, to my knowledge, been the Ruin of above five young Gentlemen beſides my ſelf, and ſtill goes on laying waſte whereſoever ſhe comes, whereby the whole Village is in great Danger. Our humble Requeſt is therefore, that this bold *Amazon* be ordered immediately to lay down her Arms, or that you would iſſue forth an Order, that we who have been thus injured may meet at the Place of General Rendezvous, and there be taught to manage our Snuff-Boxes in ſuch manner as we may be an equal Match for her:

And your Petitioner ſhall ever Pray, &c.

Saturday,

Nº 135. *Saturday, Auguſt* 4.

Eſt brevitate opus, ut currat Sententia —— Hor.

I Have ſomewhere read of an eminent Perſon, who uſe in his private Offices of Devotion to give Thanks Heaven that he was born a *Frenchman*: For my ow Part, I look upon it as a peculiar Bleſſing that I was bo an *Engliſhman*. Among many other Reaſons, I think m ſelf very happy in my Country, as the *Language* of it wonderfully adapted to a Man who is ſparing of his Word and an Enemy to Loquacity.

AS I have frequently reflected on my good Fortune i this Particular, I ſhall communicate to the Publick m Speculations upon the *Engliſh* Tongue, not doubting bu they will be acceptable to all my curious Readers.

THE *Engliſh* delight in Silence more than any othe *European* Nation, if the Remarks which are made on us b Foreigners are true. Our Diſcourſe is not kept up in Con verſation, but falls into more Pauſes and Intervals than i our Neighbouring Countries; as it is obſerved, that th matter of our Writings is thrown much cloſer together and lies in a narrower Compaſs than is uſual in the Work of Foreign Authors: For, to favour our Natural Taciturnity when we are obliged to utter our Thoughts, we do it in th ſhorteſt way we are able, and give as quick a Birth to ou Conceptions as poſſible.

THIS Humour ſhews it ſelf in ſeveral Remarks tha we may make upon the *Engliſh* Language. As firſt of a by its abounding in Monoſyllables, which gives us an Op portunity of delivering our Thoughts in few Sounds. Thi indeed takes off from the Elegance of our Tongue, but a the ſame time expreſſes our Ideas in the readieſt manner and conſequently anſwers the firſt Deſign of Speech bette than the Multitude of Syllables, which make the Words o other Languages more Tunable and Sonorous. The Sound of our *Engliſh* Words are commonly like thoſe of String Muſick, ſhort and tranſient, which riſe and periſh upon ſingle

gle Touch; thoſe of other Languages are like the Notes Wind Inſtruments, ſweet and ſwelling, and lengthen'd into variety of Modulation.

IN the next place we may obſerve, that where the ords are not Monoſyllables, we often make them ſo, as uch as lies in our Power, by our Rapidity of Pronunciaon; as it generally happens in moſt of our long Words hich are derived from the *Latin*, where we contract the ngth of the Syllables that gives them a grave and ſolemn r in their own Language, to make them more proper diſpatch, and more conformable to the Genius of our ngue. This we may find in a Multitude of Words, as *berty*, *Conſpiracy*, *Theatre*, *Orator*, &c.

THE ſame natural Averſion to Loquacity has of late ars made a very conſiderable Alteration in our Language, cloſing in one Syllable the Termination of our Prætereſect Tenſe, as in the Words *drown'd*, *walk'd*, *arriv'd*, for *rowned*, *walked*, *arrived*, which has very much diſfigured e Tongue, and turned a tenth part of our ſmootheſt ords into ſo many Cluſters of Conſonants. This is the ore remarkable, becauſe the want of Vowels in our Lanage has been the general Complaint of our politeſt Auors, who nevertheleſs are the Men that have made theſe trenchments, and conſequently very much increaſed our rmer Scarcity.

THIS Reflection on the Words that end in *ed*, I have ard in Converſation from one of the greateſt Genius's this ge has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing ſervation, the Change which has happened in our Lanage, by the Abbreviation of ſeveral Words that are terinated in *eth*, by ſubſtituting an *s* in the room of the laſt llable, as in *drowns*, *walks*, *arrives*, and innumerable oer Words, which in the Pronunciation of our Fore-fathers ere *drowneth*, *walketh*, *arriveth*. This has wonderfully ultiplied a Letter which was before too frequent in the *gliſh* Tongue, and added to that *hiſſing* in our Language, hich is taken ſo much notice of by Foreigners; but at e ſame time humours our Taciturnity, and eaſes us of ny ſuperfluous Syllables.

I might here obſerve, that the ſame ſingle Letter on ny occaſions does the Office of a whole Word, and reſents the *His* and *Her* of our Fore-fathers. There is no doubt

doubt but the Ear of a Foreigner, which is the beſt Ju in this Caſe, would very much diſapprove of ſuch Inno tions, which indeed we do our ſelves in ſome meaſ by retaining the old Termination in Writing, and in the Solemn Offices of our Religion.

AS in the Inſtances I have given we have epitomiz many of our particular Words to the Detriment of Tongue, ſo on other Occaſions we have drawn two Wo into one, which has likewiſe very much untuned our L guage, and clogged it with Conſonants, as *mayn't*, *ca ſha'nt*, *wo'nt*, and the like, for *may not*, *can not*, *ſhall will not*, &c.

IT is perhaps this Humour of ſpeaking no more t we needs muſt, which has ſo miſerably curtailed ſome our Words, that in familiar Writings and Converſations t often loſe all but their firſt Syllables, as in *mob. rep. pos. cog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous Words make th firſt Entry into a Language by familiar Phraſes, I dare anſwer for theſe that they will not in time be looked up as a part of our Tongue. We ſee ſome of our Poets h been ſo indiſcreet as to imitate *Hudibras*'s Doggrel Exp ſions in their ſerious Compoſitions, by throwing out Signs of our Subſtantives, which are eſſential to the *Eng* Language. Nay, this Humour of ſhortning our Langu had once run ſo far, that ſome of our celebrated Autho among whom we may reckon Sir *Roger L'Eſtrange* in p ticular, began to prune their Words of all ſuperfluous L ters, as they termed them, in order to adjuſt the Spelli to the Pronunciation; which would have confounded our Etymologies, and have quite deſtroyed our Tongue.

WE may here likewiſe obſerve that our proper Nam when familiarized in *Engliſh*, generally dwindle to Mo ſyllables, whereas in other modern Languages they rece a ſofter Turn on this occaſion, by the Addition of a n Syllable. *Nick* in *Italian* is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in *French Ja* and ſo of the reſt.

THERE is another Particular in our Language wh is a great Inſtance of our Frugality in Words, and that the ſuppreſſing of ſeveral Particles which muſt be produc in other Tongues to make a Sentence intelligible: This ten perplexes the beſt Writers, when they find the Re tives *whom*, *which* or *they*, at their Mercy whether they m ha

e Admiſſion or not; and will never be decided till we ſomething like an Academy, that by the beſt Authori- and Rules drawn from the Analogy of Languages ſhall e all Controverſies between Grammar and Idiom.

have only conſidered our Language as it ſhews the Ge- s and natural Temper of the *Engliſh*, which is modeſt, ughtful and ſincere, and which perhaps may recom- d the People, though it has ſpoiled the Tongue. We ght perhaps carry the ſame Thought into other Lan- ges, and deduce a great part of what is peculiar to them n the Genius of the People who ſpeak them. It is cer- , the light talkative Humour of the *French*, has not a e infected their Tongue, which might be ſhewn by ma- Inſtances; as the Genius of the *Italians*, which is ſo ch addicted to Muſick and Ceremony, has moulded all r Words and Phraſes to thoſe particular Uſes. The tlineſs and Gravity of the *Spaniards* ſhews it ſelf to Per- tion in the Solemnity of their Language, and the blunt eſt Humour of the *Germans* ſounds better in the Rough- s of the *High Dutch*, than it would in a Politer Tongue

C

136. *Monday, Auguſt* 6.

——— *Parthis mendacior* ——— Hor.

ACCORDING to the Requeſt of this ſtrange Fellow, I ſhall Print the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Shall, without any manner of Preface or Apology, ac- 'quaint you, that I am, and ever have been from my outh upward, one of the greateſt Liars this Iſland has roduced. I have read all the Moraliſts upon the Sub- ct, but could never find any Effect their Diſcourſes had pon me, but to add to my Misfortune by new Thoughts nd Ideas, and making me more ready in my Language, nd capable of ſometimes mixing ſeeming Truths with y Improbabilities. With this ſtrong Paſſion towards alſhood in this kind, there does not live an honeſter Man,

'or

'or a ſincerer Friend; but my Imagination runs away w
'me, and whatever is ſtarted I have ſuch a Scene of
'ventures appears in an Inſtant before me, that I ca
'help uttering them, tho' to my immediate Confuſio
'cannot but know I am liable to be detected by the
'Man I meet.

'UPON Occaſion of the mention of the Battel of
'*towa*, I could not forbear giving an Account of a K
'man of mine, a young Merchant who was bred at M
'that had too much Metal to attend Books of Entries
'Accounts, when there was ſo active a Scene in the C
'try where he reſided, and followed the Czar as a Vo
'teer: This warm Youth, born at the Inſtant the t
'was ſpoke of, was the Man who unhorſed the *Sw*
'General, he was the Occaſion that the *Muſcovites*
'their Fire in ſo Soldier-like a manner, and brought
'thoſe Troops which were covered from the Enem
'the beginning of the Day; beſides this, he had at laſt
'good Fortune to be the Man who took Count *P*
'With all this Fire I knew my Couſin to be the civ
'Creature in the World. He never made any imperti
'Show of his Valour, and then he had an excellent G
'us for the World in every other kind. I had Le
'from him (here I felt in my Pockets) that exactly ſp
'the Czar's Character, which I knew perfectly well;
'I could not forbear concluding, that I lay with his
'perial Majeſty twice or thrice a Week all the while
'lodged at *Debtford*. What is worſe than all this, it is
'poſſible to ſpeak to me, but you give me ſome occa
'of coming out with one Lie or other, that has nei
'Wit, Humour, proſpect of Intereſt, or any other
'tive that I can think of in Nature. The other Day, w
'one was commending an Eminent and Learned Div
'what occaſion in the World had I to ſay, Methinks
'would look more Venerable if he were not ſo fair a M
'I remember the Company ſmiled. I have ſeen the G
'tleman ſince, and he is Cole black. I have Intimat
'every Day in my Life that no Body believes me, yet I
'never the better. I was ſaying ſomething the other
'to an old Friend at *Will*'s Coffee-houſe, and he made
'no manner of Anſwer; but told me, that an Acqu
'tance of *Tully* the Orator having two or three ti

together ſaid to him, without receiving any Anſwer, That upon his Honour he was but that very Month forty Years of Age; *Tully* anſwer'd, Surely you think me the moſt incredulous Man in the World, if I don't believe what you have told me every Day this ten Years. The Miſchief of it is, I find my ſelf wonderfully inclin'd to have been preſent at every Occurrence that is ſpoken of before me; this has led me into many Inconveniencies, but indeed they have been the fewer, becauſe I am no ill-natur'd Man, and never ſpeak Things to any Man's Diſadvantage. I never directly defame, but I do what is as bad in the Conſequence, for I have often made a Man ſay ſuch and ſuch a lively Expreſſion, who was born a mere elder Brother. When one has ſaid in my Hearing, Such a one is no wiſer than he ſhould be, I immediately have reply'd, Now 'faith I can't ſee that, he ſaid a very good Thing to my Lord ſuch a one, upon ſuch an Occaſion, and the like. Such an honeſt Dolt as this has been watch'd in every Expreſſion he uttered, upon my Recommendation of him, and conſequently been ſubject to the more Ridicule. I once endeavoured to cure my ſelf of this impertinent Quality, and reſolved to hold my Tongue for ſeven Days together; I did ſo, but then I had ſo many Winks and unneceſſary Diſtortions of my Face upon what any Body elſe ſaid, that I found I only forbore the Expreſſion, and that I ſtill lied in my Heart to every Man I met with. You are to know one Thing (which I believe you'll ſay is a Pity conſidering the Uſe I ſhould have made of it) I never Travelled in my Life; but I do not know whether I could have ſpoken of any Foreign Country with more Familiarity than I do at preſent, in Company who are Strangers to me. I have curſed the Inns in *Germany*; commended the Brothels at *Venice*; the Freedom of Converſation in *France*; and tho' I never was out of this dear Town, and fifty Miles about it, have been three Nights together dogged by Bravoes for an Intrigue with a Cardinal's Miſtreſs at *Rome*.

'IT were endleſs to give you Particulars of this kind, but I can aſſure you, Mr. SPECTATOR, there are about Twenty or Thirty of us in this Town, I mean by this Town the Cities of *London* and *Weſtminſter*; I ſay there are in Town a ſufficient Number of us to make a Society

« among our ſelves; and ſince we cannot be believed any
« longer, I beg of you to print this my Letter, that we
« may meet together, and be under ſuch Regulation as
« there may be no Occaſion for Belief or Confidence among
« us. If you think fit we might be called *The Hiſtorians*
« for *Liar* is become a very harſh Word. And that a Mem-
« ber of the Society may not hereafter be ill received by the
« reſt of the World, I deſire you would explain a little this
« ſort of Men, and not let us *Hiſtorians* be ranked as we
« are in the Imaginations of ordinary People, among com-
« mon Liars, Make-bates, Impoſtors and Incendiaries. For
« your Inſtruction herein, you are to know that an *Hiſto-*
« *rian*, in Converſation, is only a Perſon of ſo pregnant a
« Fancy, that he cannot be contented with ordinary Oc-
« currences. I know a Man of Quality of our Order, who
« is of the wrong Side of Forty-three, and has been
« of that Age, according to *Tully*'s Jeſt, for ſome Years
« ſince, whoſe Vein is upon the Romantick. Give him
« the leaſt Occaſion, and he will tell you ſomething ſo ve-
« ry particular that happened in ſuch a Year, and in ſuch
« Company, where by the By was preſent ſuch a one, who
« was afterwards made ſuch a thing. Out of all theſe Cir-
« cumſtances, in the beſt Language in the World, he will
« join together with ſuch probable Incidents an Account
« that ſhews a Perſon of the deepeſt Penetration, the ho-
« neſteſt Mind, and withal ſomething ſo humble when he
« ſpeaks of himſelf, that you would admire. Dear Sir,
« why ſhould this be Lying! There is nothing ſo inſtruct-
« ive. He has withal the graveſt Aſpect; ſomething ſo ve-
« ry venerable and great! Another of theſe Hiſtorians is
« a Young Man whom we would take in, tho' he extream-
« ly wants Parts; as People ſend Children (before they can
« learn any thing) to School to keep them out of Harm's
« way. He tells Things which have nothing at all in them,
« and can neither pleaſe nor diſpleaſe, but meerly take up
« your Time to no manner of Purpoſe, no manner of De-
« light; but he is Good-natured, and does it becauſe he
« loves to be ſaying ſomething to you, and entertain you.

« I could name you a Soldier that hath done very great
« things without Slaughter; he is prodigiouſly dull and
« ſlow of Head, but what he can ſay is for ever falſe, ſo
« that we muſt have him.

GIVE

GIVE me leave to tell you of one more who is a Lover, he is the most afflicted Creature in the World, lest what happened between him and a Great Beauty should ever be known. Yet again he comforts himself. *Hang the Jade her Woman. If Mony can keep the Slut trusty I will do it, tho' I mortgage every Acre*; Anthony *and* Cleopatra *for that*; *All for Love, and the World well lost* ——

THEN, Sir, there is my little Merchant, honest *Indigo* of the *Change*, there's my Man for Loss and Gain; there's Tare and Tret, there's lying all round the Globe; he has such a prodigious Intelligence he knows all the *French* are doing, and what we intend or ought to intend, and has it from such Hands. But alas whither am I running! While I complain, while I remonstrate to you, even all this is a Lie, and there is not one such Person of Quality, Lover, Soldier, or Merchant as I have now described in the whole World that I know of. But I will catch my self once in my Life, and in spite of Nature speak one Truth, to wit that I am

Your humble Servant, &c.

N° 137. *Tuesday, August 7.*

Sibat etiam servis semper liber animus fuerunt, timerent, gauderent, dolerent suo potius quam alterius arbitrio. Tull. Epist.

IT is no small Concern to me, that I find so many Complaints from that Part of Mankind whose Portion it is to live in Servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their Condition will admit of. There are, as these unhappy Correspondents inform me, Masters who are offended at a chearful Countenance, and think a Servant is broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost Awe in their Presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied, his Master asks him what makes him so pert this Morning; if a little sower, Hark ye, Sirrah, are not you paid your Wages? The poor Creatures live in the most extreme Misery together; The Master knows not how to preserve

Reſpect, nor the Servant how to give it. It ſeems t
Perſon is of ſo ſullen a Nature, that he knows but lit
Satisfaction in the midſt of a plentiful Fortune, and ſecre
frets to ſee any Appearance of Content, in one that liv
upon the hundredth Part of his Income, who is unhap
in the Poſſeſſion of the Whole. Uneaſie Perſons, who c
not poſſeſs their own Minds, vent their Spleen upon
who depend upon them; which, I think, is expreſſed
a lively Manner in the following Letters.

SIR, *Auguſt* 2, 17

'I Have read your *Spectator* of the third of the laſt Mon
'and wiſh I had the Happineſs of being prefer
'to ſerve ſo good a Maſter as Sir ROGER. The Ch
'racter of my Maſter is the very Reverſe of that go
'and gentle Knight's. All his Directions are given, a
'his Mind revealed by way of Contraries: As when a
'thing is to be remembred, with a peculiar Caſt of F
'he cries, *Be ſure to forget now.* If I am to make ha
'back, *Don't come theſe two Hours; be ſure to call by*
'*Way upon ſome of your Companions.* Then another exc
'lent Way of his is, if he ſets me any thing to do, whi
'he knows muſt neceſſarily take up half a Day, he c
'ten Times in a Quarter of an Hour to know whethe
'have done yet. This is his Manner, and the ſame P
'verſeneſs runs through all his Actions, according as t
'Circumſtances vary. Beſides all this, he is ſo ſuſpicio
'that he ſubmits himſelf to the Drudgery of a Spy. He
'as unhappy himſelf as he makes his Servants: He is co
'ſtantly watching us, and we differ no more in Pleaſu
'and Liberty than as a Gaoler and a Priſoner. He la
'Traps for Faults, and no ſooner makes a Diſcovery, b
'falls into ſuch Language, as I am more aſhamed of
'coming from him, than for being directed to me. Th
'Sir, is a ſhort Sketch of a Maſter I have ſerved upwa
'of nine Years; and tho' I have never wronged him,
'confeſs my Deſpair of pleaſing him has very much aban
'my Endeavour to do it. If you will give me Leave
'ſteal a Sentence out of my Maſter's *Clarendon*, I ſhall
'you my Caſe in a Word, *Being uſed worſe than I deſerv*
'*I cared leſs to deſerve well than I had done.*

I am, SIR, Your Humble Servant,

4 RALPH VALE

Dear Mr. SPECTER,

I Am the next Thing to a Lady's Woman, and am under both my Lady and her Woman. I am so used by them both, that I should be very glad to see them in the SPECTER. My Lady her self is of no Mind in the World, and for that Reason her Woman is of twenty Minds in a Moment. My Lady is one that never knows what to do with her self; she pulls on and puts off every Thing she wears twenty Times before she resolves upon it for that Day. I stand at one End of the Room, and reach Things to her Woman. When my Lady asks for a Thing, I hear and have half brought it, when the Woman meets me in the middle of the Room to receive it, and at that Instant she says No she will not have it. Then I go back, and her Woman comes up to her, and by this Time she will have that, and two or three Things more in an Instant: The Woman and I run to each other; I am loaded and delivering the Things to her, when my Lady says she wants none of all these Things, and we are the dullest Creatures in the World, and she the unhappiest Woman living, for she shan't be dress'd in any Time. Thus we stand not knowing what to do, when our good Lady with all the Patience in the World tells us as plain as she can speak, that she will have Temper because we have no manner of Understanding; and begins again to dress, and see if we can find out of our selves what we are to do. When she is Dressed she goes to Dinner, and after she has disliked every thing there, she calls for the Coach, then commands it in again, and then she will not go out at all, and then will go too, and orders the Chariot. Now good Mr SPECTER, I desire you would in the Behalf of all who serve froward Ladies, give out in your Paper, that nothing can be done without allowing Time for it, and that one cannot be back again with what one was sent for, if one is called back before one can go a Step for that they want. And if you please let them know that all Mistresses are as like as all Servants.

I am your loving Friend,

PATIENCE GIDDY.

THESE are great Calamities; but I met the other Da in the five Fields towards *Chelsea*, a pleasanter Tyrant tha either of the above represented. A fat Fellow was puffin on in his open Wastecoat; a Boy of fourteen in a Livery carrying after him his Cloak, upper Coat, Hat, Wig, an Sword. The poor Lad was ready to sink with the Weigh and could not keep up with his Master, who turned bac every half Furlong, and wondered what made the laz young Dog lag behind.

THERE is something very unaccountable, that Peo ple cannot put themselves in the Condition of the Perso below them, when they consider the Commands they giv But there is nothing more common, than to see a Fello (who if he were reduced to it, would not be hired by a ny Man living) lament that he is troubled with the mo worthless Dogs in Nature.

IT would, perhaps, be running too far out of commo Life, to urge, that he who is not Master of himself and hi own Passions, cannot be a proper Master of another. Æ quanimity in a Man's own Words and Actions, will easil diffuse it self through the whole Family. *Pamphilio* has th happiest Houshold of any Man I know, and that proceed from the human Regard he has to them in their private Per sons, as well as in respect that they are his Servants. I there be any Occasion, wherein they may in themselves b supposed to be unfit to attend their Master's Concerns, b reason of an Attention to their own, he is so good as t place himself in their Condition. I thought it very becom ing in him, when at Dinner the other Day he made an A pology for want of more Attendants. He said, *One of m Footmen is gone to the Wedding of his Sister, and the other I don expect to wait, because his Father died but two Days ago.*

Nº 138. *Wednesday, August* 8.

Utitur in re non Dubia testibus non necessariis. Tull.

ONE meets now and then with Persons who are ex treamly learned and knotty in expounding clear Ca ses. *Tully* tells us of an Author that spent some Pa ges to prove that Generals could not perform the great En terprize

Qualities which have made them so illustrious, if they had not had Men. He asserted also, it seems, that a Minister at home, no more than a Commander abroad, could do any thing without other Men were his Instruments and Assistants. On this Occasion he produces the Example of *Themistocles*, *Pericles*, *Cyrus*, and *Alexander* himself, whom he denies to have been capable of effecting what they did, except they had been followed by others. It is pleasant enough to see such Persons contend without Opponents, and triumph without Victory.

THE Author above-mentioned by the Orator, is placed for ever in a very ridiculous Light, and we meet every Day in Conversation such as deserve the same kind of Renown, for troubling those with whom they Converse with the like Certainties. The Persons that I have always thought to deserve the highest Admiration in this kind are your ordinary Story-tellers, who are most religiously careful of keeping to the Truth in every particular Circumstance of a Narration, whether it concern the main end, or not. A Gentleman whom I had the Honour to be in Company with the other Day, upon some Occasion that he was pleas'd to take, said, He remembred a very pretty Repartee made by a very witty Man in King *Charles*'s time upon the like Occasion. I remember (said he, upon entering into the Tale) much about the time of *Oats*'s Plot, that a Cousin-German of mine and I were at the *Bear* in *Holborn*: No, I am out, it was at the *Cross-Keys*; but *Jack Thompson* was there, for he was very great with the Gentleman who made the Answer. But I am sure it was spoken somewhere thereabouts, for we drank a Bottle in that Neighbourhood every Evening: But no matter for all that, the thing is the same; but ——

HE was going on to settle the Geography of the Jest when I left the Room, wondering at this odd turn of Head which can play away its Words, with uttering nothing to the Purpose, still observing its own Impertinences, and yet proceeding in them. I do not question but he informed the rest of his Audience, who had more Patience than I, of the Birth and Parentage, as well as the Collateral Alliances of his Family, who made the Repartee, and of him who provoked him to it.

IT is no ſmall Misfortune to any who have a juſt Valu for their Time, when this Quality of being ſo very circumſtantial, and careful to be exact, happens to ſhew it ſelf i a Man whoſe Quality obliges them to attend his Proof that it is now Day, and the like. But this is augmente when the ſame Genius gets into Authority, as it often doe Nay, I have known it more than once aſcend the ver Pulpit. One of this ſort taking it in his Head to be a gre Admirer of Dr. *Tillotſon* and Dr. *Beveridge*, never failed o proving out of theſe great Authors Things which no Ma living would have denied him upon his own ſingle Autho rity. One Day, reſolving to come to the Point in hand he ſaid, According to that excellent Divine, I will ente upon the Matter, or in his Words, in his fifteenth Sermo of the *Folio* Edition, Page 160.

I ſhall briefly explain the Words, and then conſider th Matter contained in them.

THIS honeſt Gentleman needed not, one would think ſtrain his Modeſty ſo far as to alter his Deſign of *Entering upon the Matter*, to that of *Briefly explaining*. But ſo was, that he would not even be contented with that Authority, but added alſo the other Divine to ſtrengthen hi Method, and told us, With the Pious and Learned Dr. *Beveridge*, Page 4th of his 9th Volume, *I ſhall endeavour t make it as plain as I can from the Words which I have now read wherein for that Purpoſe we ſhall conſider*——This Wiſacre was reckoned by the Pariſh, who did not underſtand him a moſt excellent Preacher, but that he read too much, and was ſo humble that he did not truſt enough to his own Parts.

NEXT to theſe ingenious Gentlemen, who argue for what no Body can deny them, are to be ranked a ſort o People who do not indeed attempt to prove inſignificant Things, but are ever labouring to raiſe Arguments with you about Matters you will give up to them without the leaſt Controverſie. One of theſe People told a Gentleman who ſaid he ſaw Mr. ſuch a one go this Morning at nine a Clock towards the *Gravel-Pits*, Sir, I muſt beg your Pardon for that, for tho' I am very loth to have any Diſpute with you, yet I muſt take the Liberty to tell you it was nine when I ſaw him at St. *James's*. When Men of this Genius are pretty far gone in Learning they will put you to prove that

that Snow is white, and when you are upon that Topick can ſay that there is really no ſuch thing as Colour in Nature; in a Word, they can turn what little Knowledge they have, into a ready Capacity of raiſing Doubts; into a Capacity of being always frivolous and always unanſwerable. It was of two Diſputants of this impertinent and laborious kind that the Cynick ſaid, *One of theſe Fellows is milking a Ram, and the other holds the Pail.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Exerciſe of the Snuff-Box, according to the moſt fashionable Airs and Motions, in oppoſition to the Exerciſe of the Fan, will be Taught with the beſt plain or perfumed Snuff, at Charles Lillie's *Perfumer at the Corner of* Beaufort-Buildings *in the* Strand, *and Attendance given for the Benefit of the young Merchants about the Exchange for two Hours every Day at Noon, except* Saturdays, *at a Toy-ſhop near* Garraway's *Coffee-Houſe. There will be likewiſe Taught* The Ceremony of the Snuff-Box, *or Rules for offering Snuff to a Stranger, a Friend, or a Miſtreſs, according to the Degree of Familiarity or Diſtance; with an Explanation of the Careleſs, the Scornful, the Politick, and the Surly Pinch, and the Geſtures proper to each of them.*

N. B. *The Undertaker does not queſtion but in a ſhort time to have formed a Body of Regular Snuff-Boxes ready to meet and make Head againſt all the Regiment of Fans which have been lately Diſciplined, and are now in Motion.* T

N° 139. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 9.

Vera Gloria radices agit, atque etiam propagatur. Ficta omnia celeriter, tanquam floſculi, decidunt, nec ſimulatum poteſt quidquam eſſe diuturnum. Tull.

OF all the Affections which attend Human Life, the Love of Glory is the moſt ardent. According as this is Cultivated in Princes, it produces the greateſt Good or the greateſt Evil. Where Sovereigns have it by Impreſſions received from Education only, it creates an Ambitious rather than a Noble Mind; where it is the na-

tural Bent of the Prince's Inclination, it prompts him r
the Purſuit of Things truly Glorious. The two greate
Men now in *Europe* (according to the common Accepta
on of the Word *Great*) are *Lewis* King of *France*, and Pet
Emperor of *Ruſſia*. As it is certain that all Fame does n
ariſe from the Practice of Virtue, it is, methinks, no u
pleaſing Amuſement to examine the Glory of theſe Poten
tates, and diſtinguiſh that which is empty, periſhing a
frivolous, from what is ſolid, laſting and important. *Lew*
of *France* had his Infancy attended by Crafty and World
Men, who made Extent of Territory the moſt glorious I
ſtance of Power, and miſtook the ſpreading of Fame fo
the Acquiſition of Honour. The young Monarch's Hea
was by ſuch Converſation eaſily deluded into a Fondne
for Vain-Glory, and upon theſe unjuſt Principles to form
or fall in with ſuitable Projects of Invaſion, Rapine, Mur
der, and all the Guilts that attend War when it is unju
At the ſame time this Tyranny was laid, Sciences and Ar
were encouraged in the moſt generous manner, as if Me
of higher Faculties were to be bribed to permit the Maſſ
cre of the reſt of the World. Every Superſtructure whic
the Court of *France* built upon their firſt Deſigns, whic
were in themſelves Vicious, was ſuitable to its falſe Foun
dation. The Oſtentation of Riches, the Vanity of Equi
page, Shame of Poverty, and Ignorance of Modeſty, wer
the common Arts of Life: The generous Love of one Wo
man was changed into Gallantry for all the Sex, and Friend
ſhips among Men turned into Commerces of Intereſts, o
mere Profeſſions. *While theſe were the Rules of Life, Perju
ries in the Prince, and a general Corruption of Manners in th
Subject, were the Snares in which* France *has entangled all h
Neighbours.* With ſuch falſe Colours have the Eyes of *Lew*
been Enchanted from the Debauchery of his early Youth
to the Superſtition of his preſent old Age. Hence it is, tha
he has the Patience to have Statues erected to his Prowe
his Valour, his Fortitude; and in the Softneſs and Luxu
ry of a Court, to be applauded for Magnanimity and En
terprize in Military Atchievements.

PETER ALEXOVITZ of *Ruſſia*, when he came t
the Years of Manhood, though he found himſelf Empero
of a vaſt and numerous People, Maſter of an endleſs Ter
ritory, abſolute Commander of the Lives and Fortunes o
h

his Subjects, in the midſt of his unbounded Power and Greatneſs turned his Thoughts upon himſelf and People with Sorrow. Sordid Ignorance and a Brute Manner of Life this Generous Prince beheld, and contemned from the Light of his own *Genius*. His Judgment ſuggeſted this to him, and his Courage prompted him to amend it. In order to this he did not ſend to the Nation from whence the reſt of the World has borrowed its Politeneſs, but himſelf left his Diadem to learn the true Way to Glory and Honour, and Application to uſeful Arts, wherein to employ the Laborious, the Simple, the Honeſt part of his People. Mechanick Employments and Operations were very juſtly the firſt Objects of his Favour and Obſervation. With this glorious Intention he travelled into Foreign Nations in an obſcure Manner, above receiving little Honours where he ſojourned, but prying into what was of more Conſequence, their Arts of Peace and of War. By this means has this great Prince laid the Foundation of a great and laſting Fame, by perſonal Labour, perſonal Knowledge, perſonal Valour. It would be Injury to any of Antiquity to name them with him. Who, but himſelf, ever left a Throne to learn to ſit in it with more Grace? Who ever thought himſelf mean in Abſolute Power, till he had learned to uſe it?

IF we conſider this wonderful Perſon, it is Perplexity to know where to begin his Encomium. Others may in a Metaphorical or Philoſophick Senſe be ſaid to command themſelves, but this Emperor is alſo literally under his own Command. How generous and how good was his entring his own Name as a Private Man in the Army he raiſed, that none in it might expect to out-run the Steps with which he himſelf advanced? By ſuch Meaſures this God-like Prince learned to Conquer, learned to uſe his Conqueſts. How terrible has he appeared in Battel, how gentle in Victory? Shall then the baſe Arts of the *Frenchman* be held Polite, and the honeſt Labours of the *Ruſſian* Barbarous? No: Barbarity is the Ignorance of true Honour, or placing any thing inſtead of it. The unjuſt Prince is Ignoble and Barbarous, the Good Prince only Renowned and Glorious.

THO' Men may impoſe upon themſelves what they pleaſe by their corrupt Imaginations, Truth will ever keep its Station; and as Glory is nothing elſe but the Shadow

of

of Virtue, it will certainly disappear at the Departure o Virtue. But how carefully ought the true Notions of to be preserved, and how industrious should we be to en courage any Impulses towards it? The *Westminster* Schoo Boy that said the other Day he could not sleep or play so the Colours in the Hall, ought to be free from receivin a Blow for ever.

BUT let us consider what is truly Glorious accordin to the Author I have to Day quoted in the Front of m Paper.

THE Perfection of Glory, says *Tully*, consists in thes three Particulars: *That the People love us; that they hav Confidence in us; that being affected with a certain Admiratio towards us, they think we deserve Honour.* This was spoke of Greatness in a Commonwealth: But if one were to form a Notion of Consummate Glory under our Constitution one must add to the above-mentioned Felicities, a certai necessary Inexistence, and Disrelish of all the rest withou the Prince's Favour. He should, methinks, have Riches Power, Honour, Command, Glory; but Riches, Power Honour, Command and Glory should have no Charms, bu as accompanied with the Affection of his Prince. He should methinks, be Popular because a Favourite, and a Favourit because Popular. Were it not to make the Character too imaginary, I would give him Sovereignty over some Fo reign Territory, and make him esteem that an empty Ad dition without the kind Regards of his own Prince. On may meerly have an *Idea* of a Man thus composed an circumstantiated, and if he were so made for Power with out an Incapacity of giving Jealousy, he would be als Glorious without Possibility of receiving Disgrace. Thi Humility and this Importance must make his Glory im mortal.

THESE Thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the u sual Length of this Paper, but if I could suppose such Rap sodies could out-live the common Fate of ordinary things I would say these Sketches and Faint Images of Glor were drawn in *August* 1711, when *John* Duke of *Marlbo rough* made that memorable March wherein he took th *French* Lines without Blood-shed. T

Friday

№ 140. *Friday, Auguſt* 10.

—Animum curis nunc huc nunc dividit illuc. Virg.

WHEN I acquaint my Reader, that I have many other Letters not yet acknowledged, I believe he will own, what I have a mind he ſhould believe, that I have no ſmall Charge upon me, but am a Perſon of ſome Conſequence in this World. I ſhall therefore employ the preſent Hour only in reading Petitions, in the Order as follows.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Have loſt ſo much Time already, that I deſire, upon the Receipt hereof, you would ſit down immediately, and give me your Anſwer. I would know of you whether a Pretender of mine really loves me. As well as I can, I will deſcribe his Manners. When he ſees me he is always talking of Conſtancy, but vouchſafes to viſit me but once a Fortnight, and then is always in haſte to be gone. When I am ſick, I hear, he ſays he is mightily concerned, but neither comes nor ſends, becauſe, as he tells his Acquaintance with a Sigh, he does not care to let me know all the Power I have over him, and how impoſſible it is for him to live without me. When he leaves the Town he writes once in ſix Weeks, deſires to hear from me, complains of the Torment of Abſence, ſpeaks of Flames, Tortures, Languiſhings and Ecſtaſies. He has the Cant of an impatient Lover, but keeps the Pace of a Lukewarm one. You know I muſt not go faſter than he does, and to move at this rate is as tedious as counting a great Clock. But you are to know he is rich, and my Mother ſays, As he is ſlow he is ſure; He will love me long, if he love me little: But I appeal to you whether he loves at all

Your Neglected Humble Servant,

Lydia Novell.

* *All theſe Fellows who have Money are extreamly ſawcy and cold; Pray, Sir, tell them of it.* Mr.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have been delighted with nothing more throughout
'whole Courſe of your Writings than the ſubſtantial
Account you lately gave of Wit, and I could wiſh you
would take ſome other Opportuity to expreſs further the
corrupt Taſte the Age is run into; which I am chiefly apt
to attribute to the Prevalency of a few popular Authors
whoſe Merit in ſome Reſpects has given a Sanction to
their Faults in others. Thus the Imitators of *Milton* ſeem
to place all the Excellency of that ſort of Writing either
in the uncouth or antique Words, or ſomething elſe which
was highly vicious, tho' pardonable, in that Great Man.
The Admirers of what we call Point, or Turn, look up
on it as the particular Happineſs to which *Cowley*, *Ovid*
and others, owe their Reputation, and therefore imitate
them only in ſuch Inſtances; what is Juſt, Proper and
Natural does not ſeem to be the Queſtion with them,
but by what Means a quaint Antitheſis may be brought
about, how one Word may be made to look two Ways, and
what will be the Conſequence of a forced Alluſion. Now
tho' ſuch Authors appear to me to reſemble thoſe who
make themſelves fine, inſtead of being well dreſſed, or
graceful; yet the Miſchief is, that theſe Beauties in them
which I call Blemiſhes, are thought to proceed from a
Luxuriance of Fancy, and overflowing of good Senſe.
In one Word, they have the Character of being too Wit-
ty; but if you would acquaint the World they are not
Witty at all, you would, among many others, oblige,

SIR,

Your moſt Benevolent Reader, R. D.

SIR,

'I AM a young Woman, and reckoned Pretty, there-
'fore you'll pardon me that I trouble you to decide
a Wager between me and a Couſin of mine, who is al-
ways contradicting one becauſe he underſtands *Latin*.
Pray, Sir, is *Dimple* ſpelt with a ſingle or a double *p*?

I am, SIR,

Your very Humble Servant,

Betty Saunter.

'P.S. I

'PRAY, Sir, *direct thus,* To the kind Queriſt, *and leave it at Mr.* Lillie's, *for I don't care to be known in the thing at all.* I am, Sir, again Your Humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Muſt needs tell you there are ſeveral of your Papers 'I do not much like. You are often ſo Nice there is 'no enduring you, and ſo Learned there is no underſtanding you. What have you to do with our Petticoats?

Your Humble Servant,

Parthenope.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'LAST Night as I was walking in the Park, I met a couple of Friends; Pr'ythee *Jack,* ſays one of them, let us go drink a Glaſs of Wine, for I am fit for nothing elſe. This put me upon reflecting on the many Miſcarriages which happen in Converſations over Wine, when Men go the Bottle to remove ſuch Humours as it only ſtirs up and awakens. This I could not attribute more to any thing than to the Humour of putting Company upon others which Men do not like themſelves. Pray, Sir, declare in your Papers, that he who is a troubleſome Companion to himſelf, will not be an agreeable one to others. Let People reaſon themſelves into good Humour, before they impoſe themſelves upon their Friends. Pray, Sir, be as Eloquent as you can upon this Subject, and do Human Life ſo much good, as to argue powerfully, that it is not every one that can ſwallow who is fit to drink a Glaſs of Wine.

Your moſt humble Servant.

SIR,

'I This Morning caſt my Eye upon your Paper concerning the Expence of Time. You are very obliging to the Women, eſpecially thoſe who are not young and paſt Gallantry, by touching ſo gently upon Gaming: Therefore I hope you do not think it wrong to employ a little leiſure time in that Diverſion; but I ſhould be glad to hear you ſay ſomething upon the Behaviour of ſome of the Female Gameſters.

'I have obſerved Ladies, who in all other reſpects are gentle, good-humoured, and the very Pinks of good

'Breed-

'Breeding; who as soon as the Ombre Table is called fo
'and set down to their Business, are immediately Tran
'migrated into the veriest Wasps in Nature.

'YOU must know I keep my Temper, and win the
'Money; but am out of Countenance to take it, it mak
'them so very uneasie. Be pleased, dear Sir, to instru
'them to lose with a better Grace, and you will oblige

Yours, Rachel Bast

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Kindness to *Eleonora*, in one of your Paper
'has given me Encouragement to do my self th
'Honour of Writing to you. The great Regard you hav
'so often expressed for the Instruction and Improvemen
'of our Sex, will, I hope, in your own Opinion suffic
'ently excuse me from making any Apology for the Im
'pertinence of this Letter. The great Desire I have t
'Embellish my Mind with some of those Graces whic
'you say are so becoming, and which you assert Readin
'helps us to, has made me uneasie 'till I am put in a Ca
'pacity of attaining them: This, Sir, I shall never thin
'my self in, 'till you shall be pleased to recommend som
'Author or Authors to my Perusal.

'I thought indeed, when I first cast my Eye on *Eleon*
'*ra*'s Letter, that I should have had no occasion for reques
'ing it of you; but to my very great Concern, I found
'on the Perusal of that *Spectator*, I was entirely disappoint
'ed, and am as much at a loss how to make use of m
'Time for that end as ever. Pray, Sir, oblige me at least wit
'one Scene, as you were pleased to entertain *Eleonora* wit
'your Prologue. I write to you not only my own Sen
'timents, but also those of several others of my Acquaint
'ance, who are as little pleased with the ordinary man
'ner of spending one's Time as my self: And if a fervent
'Desire after Knowledge, and a great Sense of our presen
'Ignorance, may be thought a good Presage and Earnest
'of Improvement, you may look upon your Time you
'shall bestow in answering this request not thrown away
'to no purpose. And I can't but add, that unless you
'have a particular and more than ordinary Regard for E
'*leonora*, I have a better Title to your Favour than she
'since I do not content my self with a Tea-Table Read
'in

g of your Papers, but it is my Entertainment very of-
n when alone in my Cloſet. To ſhew you I am capa-
le of Improvement, and hate Flattery, I acknowledge I
o not like ſome of your Papers; but even there I am
eadier to call in queſtion my own ſhallow Underſtand-
g than Mr. SPECTATOR's profound Judgment.

I am, Sir, your already (and in hopes of being more your) obliged Servant,

PARTHENIA.

This laſt Letter is written with ſo urgent and ſerious an
, that I cannot but think it incumbent upon me to comply
ih her Commands, which I ſhall do very ſuddenly. T.

N° 141. *Saturday, Auguſt* 11.

——Migravit ab Aure voluptas
Omnis —— Hor.

N the preſent Emptineſs of the Town, I have ſeveral Applications from the lower Part of the Players, to admit Suffering to paſs for Acting. They in very oblig- Terms deſire me to let a Fall on the Ground, a Stum-, or a good Slap on the Back, be reckoned a Jeſt. Theſe mbols I ſhall tolerate for a Seaſon, becauſe I hope the il cannot continue longer than till the People of Condition Taſte return to Town. The Method, ſome time ago, s to entertain that Part of the Audience who have no culty above Eye-ſight, with Rope-Dancers and Tumblers; hich was a way diſcreet enough, becauſe it prevented Con-ſion, and diſtinguiſhed ſuch as could ſhow all the Po-res which the Body is capable of, from thoſe who were repreſent all the Paſſions to which the Mind is ſubject. t tho' this was prudently ſettled, Corporeal and Intelle-ual Actors ought to be kept at a ſtill wider Diſtance than appear on the ſame Stage at all: For which Reaſon I uſt propoſe ſome Methods for the Improvement of the Bear-

Bear-Garden, by dismissing all Bodily Actors to that Quarter.

IN Cases of greater Moment, where Men appear in Public, the Consequence and Importance of the thing e bear them out. And tho' a Pleader or Preacher is Hoa or Aukward, the weight of their Matter commands R spect and Attention; but in Theatrical speaking, if the Pe former is not exactly proper and graceful, he is utterly diculous. In Cases where there is little else expected, b the Pleasure of the Ears and Eyes, the least Diminution that Pleasure is the highest Offence. In acting, barely perform the Part is not commendable, but to be the le out is contemptible. To avoid these Difficulties and De cacies, I am informed, that while I was out of Town t Actors have flown in the Air, and played such Pranks, a run such Hazards, that none but the Servants of the Fi Office, Tilers and Masons, could have been able to perfo the like. The Author of the following Letter, it seem has been of the Audience at one of these Entertainmen and has accordingly complained to me upon it; but I thi he has been to the utmost degree severe against what exceptionable in the Play he mentions, without dwelli so much as he might have done on the Author's most c cellent Talent of Humour. The pleasant Pictures he h drawn of Life, should have been more kindly mentione at the same time that he banishes his Witches, who are t dull Devils to be attacked with so much Warmth.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'UPON a Report that *Moll White* had followed y
'to Town, and was to act a Part in the *Lancashir*
'*Witches*, I went last Week to see that Play. It was m
'Fortune to sit next to a Country Justice of the Peac
'a Neighbour (as he said) of Sir ROGER's, who preten
'ed to shew her to us in one of the Dances. There w
'Witchcraft enough in the Entertainment almost to i
'cline me to believe him; *Ben. Johnson* was almost lamed
'young *Bullock* narrowly saved his Neck; the Audien
'was astonished, and an old Acquaintance of mine, a Pe
'son of Worth, whom I would have bowed to in the Pi
'at two Yards distance did not know me.

'I

'IF you were what the Country People reported you, a white Witch, I could have wiſhed you had been there to have exorciſed that Rabble of Broomſticks, with which we were haunted for above three Hours. I could have allowed them to ſet *Clod* in the Tree, to have ſcared the Sportſmen, plagued the Juſtice, and employed honeſt *Teague* with his holy Water. This was the proper Uſe of them in Comedy, if the Author had ſtopped here; but I cannot conceive what Relation the Sacrifice of the Black Lamb, and the Ceremonies of their Worſhip to the Devil, have to the Buſineſs of Mirth and Humour.

'THE Gentleman who writ this Play, and has drawn ſome Characters in it very juſtly, appears to have been miſled in his Witchcraft by an unwary following the inimitable *Shakeſpear*. The Incantations in *Mackbeth* have a Solemnity admirably adapted to the Occaſion of that Tragedy, and fill the Mind with a ſuitable Horror; beſides, that the Witches are a part of the Story it ſelf, as we find it very particularly related in *Hector Boetius*, from whom he ſeems to have taken it. This therefore is a proper Machine where the Buſineſs is dark, horrid and bloody; but is extreamly foreign from the Affair of Comedy. Subjects of this Kind, which are in themſelves diſagreeable, can at no time become entertaining, but by paſſing thro' an Imagination like *Shakeſpear*'s to form them; for which Reaſon Mr. *Dryden* would not allow even *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* capable of imitating him.

But Shakeſpear's *Magick cou'd not copy'd be,*
Within that Circle none durſt Walk but He.

'I ſhould not, however, have troubled you with theſe Remarks, if there were not ſomething elſe in this Comedy, which wants to be exorciſed more than the Witches: I mean the Freedom of ſome Paſſages, which I ſhould have overlooked, if I had not obſerved that thoſe Jeſts can raiſe the loudeſt Mirth, though they are painful to right Senſe, and an Outrage upon Modeſty.

'WE muſt attribute ſuch Libertries to the Taſte of that Age, but indeed by ſuch Repreſentations a Poet ſacrifices the beſt Part of his Audience to the worſt; and, as one would think, neglects the Boxes, to write to the Orange Wenches.

'I

'I must not conclude till I have taken notice of t
'Moral with which this Comedy ends. The two you
'Ladies having given a notable Example of outwitti
'those who had a Right in the Diſpoſal of them, and ma
'rying without Conſent of Parents, one of the injur
'Parties, who is eaſily reconcil'd, winds up all with th
'Remark,

——— Deſign whate'er we will,
There is a Fate which over-rules us ſtill.

'We are to ſuppoſe that the Gallants are Men of Mer
'but if they had been Rakes the Excuſe might have ſerv
'as well. *Hans Carvel*'s Wife was of the ſame Princip
'but has expreſs'd it with a Delicacy which ſhews ſhe
'not ſerious in her Excuſe, but in a ſort of Humorous Ph
'loſophy turns off the Thought of her Guilt, and ſays,

That if weak Women go aſtray,
Their Stars are more in fault than they.

'THIS, no doubt, is a full Reparation, and diſmiſ
'the Audience with very edifying Impreſſions.

'THESE things fall under a Province you have pa
'ly purſu'd already, and therefore demand your Anima
'verſion, for the regulating ſo Noble an Entertainment
'that of the Stage. It were to be wiſhed, that all w
'write for it hereafter would raiſe their Genius, by t
'Ambition of pleaſing People of the beſt Underſtandin
'and leave others who ſhew nothing of the Human Spec
'but Riſibility, to ſeek their Diverſion at the Bear-Gard
'or ſome other Privileg'd Place, where Reaſon and go
'Manners have no Right to diſturb them.

Auguſt 8. 1711. *I am*, &c.

T

N° 142. *Monday, Auguſt* 13.

——— Irrupta tenet Copula ——— Ho

THE following Letters being Genuine, and the In
ges of a Worthy Paſſion, I am willing to give t
old Lady's Admonition to my ſelf, and the Rep
ſentation of her own Happineſs, a Place in my Writin

Mr. SPECTATOR, *August* 9, 1711.

I Am now in the Sixty ſeventh Year of my Age, and 'read you with Approbation; but methinks you do not ſtrike at the Root of the greateſt Evil in Life, which is the falſe Notion of Gallantry in Love. It is, and has long been, upon a very ill Foot; but I who have been a Wife Forty Years, and was bred in a way that has made me ever ſince very happy, ſee through the Folly of it. In a Word, Sir, when I was a young Woman, all who avoided the Vices of the Age were very carefully educated, and all Phantaſtical Objects were turned out of our Sight. The Tapeſtry Hangings, with the great and venerable Simplicity of the Scripture Stories, had better Effects than now the Loves of *Venus* and *Adonis*, or *Bacchus* and *Ariadne* in your fine preſent Prints. The Gentleman I am Married to made Love to me in Rapture, but it was the Rapture of a Chriſtian and a Man of Honour, not a Romantick Hero, or a Whining Coxcomb: This put our Life upon a right Baſis. To give you an Idea of our Regard one to another, I encloſe to you ſeveral of his Letters writ Forty Years ago, when my Lover; and one writ t'other Day, after ſo many Years Cohabitation.

Your Servant,

Andromache.

Madam, *Auguſt* 7. 1671.

'IF my Vigilance and ten thouſand Wiſhes for your 'Welfare and Repoſe could have any force, you laſt Night ſlept in Security, and had every good Angel in your Atttendance. To have my Thoughts ever fixed on you, to live in conſtant Fear of every Accident to which Human Life is liable, and to ſend up my hourly Prayers to avert 'em from you; I ſay, Madam, thus to think, and 'thus to ſuffer, is what I do for Her who is in Pain at 'my Approach, and calls all my tender Sorrow Impertinence. You are now before my Eyes, my Eyes that are ready to flow with Tenderneſs, but cannot give Relief to my guſhing Heart, that dictates what I am now 'ſaying, and yearns to tell you all its Achings. How art

'thou,

‘ thou, oh my Soul, ſtoln from thy ſelf! How is all t
‘ Attention broken! My Books are blank Papers, and m
‘ Friends Intruders. I have no hope of Quiet but fro
‘ your Pity. To grant it, would make more for yo
‘ Triumph. To give Pain is the Tyranny, to make Ha
‘ py the true Empire of Beauty. If you would conſid
‘ aright, you'd find an agreeable Change in diſmiſſing t
‘ Attendance of a Slave, to receive the Complaiſance of
‘ Companion. I bear the former in hopes of the lat
‘ Condition: As I live in Chains without murmuring
‘ the Power which inflicts 'em, ſo I could enjoy Freedo
‘ without forgetting the Mercy that gave it.

MADAM, I am,

Your moſt Devoted, moſt Obedient Servan

*Tho' I made him no Declarations in his Favour, you ſee
had hopes of Me when he writ this in the Month following.*

Madam, *September* 3, 167

‘ BEFORE the Light this Morning dawned upon t
‘ Earth I awaked, and lay in expectation of its r
‘ turn, not that it cou'd give any new Senſe of Joy to m
‘ but as I hoped it would bleſs you with its chearful Fac
‘ after a Quiet which I wiſh'd you laſt Night. If m
‘ Prayers are heard, the Day appear'd with all the Influen
‘ of a Merciful Creator upon your Perſon and Actions. L
‘ others, my lovely Charmer, talk of a blind Being th
‘ diſpoſes their Hearts, I contemn their low Images
‘ Love. I have not a Thought which relates to you, th
‘ I cannot with Confidence beſeech the All-ſeeing Pow
‘ to bleſs me in. May He direct you in all your Steps, a
‘ reward your Innocence, your Sanctity of Manners, yo
‘ prudent Youth, and becoming Piety, with the Contin
‘ uance of his Grace and Protection. This is an unuſu
‘ Language to Ladies; but you have a Mind elevated abo
‘ the giddy Motions of a Sex inſnared by Flattery, an
‘ miſled by a falſe and ſhort Adoration into a ſolid a
‘ long Contempt. Beauty, my faireſt Creature, palls in th
‘ Poſſeſſion, but I love alſo your Mind; your Soul is
‘ dear to me as my own; and if the Advantages of a lib
‘ ral Education, ſome Knowledge, and as much Contem

‘ C

of the World, join'd with the Endeavours towards a Life of ſtrict Virtue and Religion, can qualify me to raiſe new Ideas in a Breaſt ſo well diſpoſed as yours is, our Days will paſs away with Joy; and old Age, inſtead of introducing melancholy Proſpects of Decay, give us hope of Eternal Youth in a better Life. I have but few Minutes from the Duty of my Employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ, therefore beſeech you to pardon the firſt Hints of my Mind, which I have expreſs'd in ſo little Order.

I am, Deareſt Creature,

Your moſt Obedient, moſt Devoted Servant.

The two next were Written after the Day for our Marriage was fixed.

Madam, *September* 25, 1671.

IT is the hardeſt thing in the World to be in Love, and not yet attend Buſineſs. As for me, all that ſpeak to me find me out, and I muſt lock my ſelf up, or other People will do it for me. A Gentleman asked me this Morning what News from *Holland*, and I anſwered, She's exquiſitely handſome. Another deſir'd to know when I had been laſt at *Windſor*, I reply'd, She deſigns to go with me. Pr'ythee allow me at leaſt to kiſs your Hand before the appointed Day, that my Mind may be in ſome Compoſure. Methinks I could write a Volume to you, but all the Language on Earth would fail to ſaying how much, and with what diſ-intereſted Paſſion,

I am ever yours.

September 30, 1671.
Seven in the Morning.

Dear Creature,

NEXT to the Influence of Heav'n, I am to thank you that I ſee the returning Day with Pleaſure. To paſs my Evenings in ſo ſweet a Converſation, and have the Eſteem of a Woman of your Merit, has in it a Particularity of Happineſs no more to be expreſs'd than return'd. But I am, my Lovely Creature, contented

'to be on the oblig'd Side, and to employ all my Days
'new Endeavours to convince you and all the World
'the Sense I have of your Condescension in Chusing,

MADAM, your most Faithful,

Most Obedient Humble Servant.

He was, when he writ the following Letter, as agreeable and pleasant a Man as any in England.

Madam, *October* 20, 167

'I Beg Pardon that my Paper is not finer, but I am for
'to write from a Coffee-House where I am attended
'about Business. There is a dirty Croud of Busie Faces
'around me talking of Money, while all my Ambition,
'my Wealth is Love: Love, which animates my Hea
'sweetens my Humour, enlarges my Soul, and affects
'ry Action of my Life. 'Tis to my Lovely Charmer
'owe that many noble Ideas are continually affix'd to
'Words and Actions: 'Tis the natural Effect of that Ge
'rous Passion to create in the Admirers some Similitu
'of the Object admir'd; thus, my Dear, I am every Da
'improve from so sweet a Companion. Look up, my
'One, to that Heaven which made thee such, and join w
'me to implore its Influence on our tender innocent Ho
'and beseech the Author of Love to bless the Rites
'has ordain'd, and mingle with our Happiness a just S
'of our Transient Condition, and a Resignation to
'Will, which only can regulate our Minds to a steady
'deavour to please him and each other.

I am, for Ever, your Faithful Serva

'*I will not trouble you with more Letters at this time, b*
you saw the poor withered hand which sends you these Mina
I am sure you would smile to think that there is one wh
so gallant as to speak of it still as so welcome a Present, a
forty Years Possession of the Woman whom he writes to.

Madam, *June* 20, 17

'I Heartily beg your Pardon for my Omission to w
'Yesterday. It was no Failure of my tender Re
'for you; but having been very much perplexed in

'Thou

Thoughts on the Subject of my laſt, made me determine to ſuſpend ſpeaking of it till I came my ſelf. But, my lovely Creature, know it is not in the Power of Age, or Misfortune, or any other Accident which hangs over Human Life, to take from me the pleaſing Eſteem I have for you, or the Memory of the bright Figure you appeared in when you gave your Hand and Heart to,

Madam, Your moſt grateful
Husband, and obedient Servant.

N° 143. *Tueſday, Auguſt* 14.

Non eſt vivere ſed valere Vita. Martial.

IT is an unreaſonable Thing ſome Men expect of their Acquaintance. They are ever complaining that they are out of Order, or diſpleaſed, or they know not how, and are ſo far from letting that be a Reaſon for retiring to their own Homes, that they make it their Argument for coming into Company. What has any Body to do with Accounts of a Man's being indiſpos'd but his Phyſician? If a Man laments in Company, where the reſt are in Humour enough to enjoy themſelves, he ſhould not take it ill if a Servant is ordered to preſent him with a Porringer of Cawdle or Poſſet-Drink, by way of Admonition that he go home to Bed. That Part of Life which we ordinarily underſtand by the Word Converſation, is an Indulgence to the Sociable Part of our Make; and ſhould incline us to bring our Proportion of good Will or good Humour among the Friends we meet with, and not to trouble them with Relations which muſt of Neceſſity oblige them to a real or feigned Affliction. Cares, Diſtreſſes, Diſeaſes, Uneaſineſſes, and Diſlikes of our own, are by no means to be obtruded upon our Friends. If we would conſider how little of this Viciſſitude of Motion and Reſt, which we call Life, is ſpent with Satisfaction, we would be more tender to our Friends, than to bring them the Sorrows which do not belong to them. There is no real Life, but chearful Life; therefore Valetudinarians ſhould be ſworn before they enter into Company, not ſo

ſay a Word of themſelves till the Meeting breaks up. It is not here pretended, that we ſhould be always ſitting with Chaplets of Flowers round our Heads, or be crowned with Roſes in order to made our Entertainment agreeable to us; but if (as it is uſually obſerved) they who reſolve to be merry, ſeldom are ſo; it will be much more unlikely for us to be well pleaſed, if they are admitted who are always complaining they are ſad. Whatever we do we ſhould keep up the Chearfulneſs of our Spirits, and never let them ſink below an Inclination at leaſt to be well pleaſed: The Way to this, is to keep our Bodies in Exerciſe, our Minds at Eaſe. That inſipid State wherein neither are in Vigour is not to be accounted any Part of our Portion of Being. When we are in the Satisfaction of ſome innocent Pleaſure or Purſuit of ſome laudable Deſign, we are in the Poſſeſſion of Life, of Human Life. Fortune will give us Diſappointments enough, and Nature is attended with Infirmities enough, without our adding to the unhappy Side of our Account by our Spleen or ill Humour. Poor *Cottilus*, among ſo many real Evils, a chronical Diſtemper and a narrow Fortune, is never heard to complain: That equal Spirit of his, which any Man may have, that, like him, will conquer Pride, Vanity and Affectation, and follow Nature, is not to be broken, becauſe it has no Points to contend for. To be anxious for nothing but what Nature demands as neceſſary, if it is not the Way to an Eſtate, is the Way to what Men aim at by getting an Eſtate. This Temper will preſerve Health in the Body, as well as Tranquility in the Mind. *Cottilus* ſees the World in an Hurry with the ſame Scorn that a ſober Perſon ſees a Man drunk. Had he been contented with what he ought to have been, how could, ſays he, ſuch a one have met with ſuch a Diſappointment? If another had valued his Miſtreſs for what he ought to have loved her, he had not been in her Power. If her Virtue had had a Part of his Paſſion, her Levity had been his Cure; ſhe could not then have been falſe and amiable at the ſame Time.

SINCE we cannot promiſe our ſelves conſtant Health, let us endeavour at ſuch a Temper as may be our beſt Support in the Decay of it. *Uranius* has arrived at that Compoſure of Soul, and wrought himſelf up to ſuch a Neglect of every thing with which the Generality of Mankind are enchanted

enchanted, that nothing but acute Pains can give him Diſturbance, and againſt thoſe too he will tell his intimate Friends he has a Secret which gives him preſent Eaſe. *Uranius* is ſo thoroughly perſuaded of another Life, and endeavours ſo ſincerely to ſecure an Intereſt in it, that he looks upon Pain but as a quickning of his Pace to an Home, where he ſhall be better provided for than in his preſent Apartment. Inſtead of the melancholly Views which others are apt to give themſelves, he will tell you that he has forgot he is mortal, nor will he think of himſelf as ſuch. He thinks at the Time of his Birth he entered into an eternal Being; and the ſhort Article of Death he will not allow an Interruption of Life; ſince that Moment is not of half the Duration of his ordinary Sleep. Thus is his Being one uniform and conſiſtent Series of chearful Diverſions and moderate Cares, without Fear or Hope of Futurity. Health to him is more than Pleaſure to another Man, and Sickneſs leſs affecting to him than Indiſpoſition is to others.

I muſt confeſs, if one does not regard Life after this manner, none but Ideots can paſs it away with any tolerable Patience. Take a fine Lady who is of a delicate Frame, and you may obſerve from the Hour ſhe riſes a certain Wearineſs of all that paſſes about her. I know more than one who is much too nice to be quite alive. They are ſick of ſuch ſtrange frightful People that they meet; one is ſo aukward, and another ſo diſagreeable, that it looks like a Penance to breathe the ſame Air with them. You ſee this is ſo very true, that a great Part of Ceremony and Good-breeding among the Ladies turns upon their Uneaſineſs; and I'll undertake, if the How-d'ye Servants of our Women were to make a Weekly Bill of Sickneſs, as the Pariſh-Clerks do of Mortality, you would not find in the Account of ſeven Days, one in thirty that was not ſomething ſick or indiſpoſed, or but a very little better than ſhe was, and ſo forth.

IT is certain, that to enjoy Life and Health as a conſtant Feaſt, we ſhould not think Pleaſure neceſſary; but, if poſſible, to arrive at an Equality of Mind. It is as mean to be overjoyed upon Occaſions of good Fortune, as to be dejected in Circumſtances of Diſtreſs. Laughter in one Condition, is as unmanly as Weeping in the other. We

ſhould not form our Minds to expect Tranſport on every Occaſion, but know how to make it Enjoyment to be out of Pain. Ambition, Envy, vagrant Deſire, or impertinent Mirth will take up our Minds, without we can poſſeſs our ſelves in that Sobriety of Heart which is above all Pleaſures, and can be felt much better than deſcribed. But the ready Way, I believe, to the right Enjoyment of Life, is by a Proſpect towards another to have but a very mean Opinion of it. A great Author of our Time has ſet this in an excellent Light, when with a Philoſophick Pity of Human Life, he ſpoke of it in his Theory of the Earth in the following manner.

FOR what is this Life but a Circulation of little mean Actions? We lie down and riſe again, dreſs and undreſs, feed and wax hungry, work or play, and are weary, and then we lie down again, and the Circle returns. We ſpend the Day in Trifles, and when the Night comes we throw our ſelves into the Bed of Folly, amongſt Dreams and broken Thoughts and wild Imaginations. Our Reaſon lies aſleep by us, and we are for the Time as arrant Brutes as thoſe that ſleep in the Stalls or in the Field. Are not the Capacities of Man higher than theſe? And ought not his Ambition and Expectations to be greater? Let us be Adventurers for another World: 'Tis at leaſt a fair and noble Chance; and there is nothing in this worth our Thoughts or our Paſſions. If we ſhould be diſappointed, we are ſtill no worſe than the reſt of our Fellow Mortals; and if we ſucceed in our Expectation, we are eternally happy. T

Nº 144. *Wedneſday, Auguſt* 15.

——— *Noris quam elegans formarum*
Spectator ſiem. Ter.

BEAUTY has been the Delight and Torment of the World ever ſince it began. The Philoſophers have felt its Influence ſo ſenſibly, that almoſt every one of them has left us ſome Saying or other, which intimated that he too well knew the Power of it. One has told us, that

grace

graceful Perſon is a more powerful Recommendation, than the beſt Letter that can be writ in your Favour. Another deſires the Poſſeſſor of it to conſider it as a meer Gift of Nature, and not any Perfection of his own. A Third calls it a ſhort-liv'd Tyranny; a Fourth, a ſilent Fraud, becauſe it impoſes upon us without the Help of Language; but, I think *Carneades* ſpoke as much like a Philoſopher as any of them, tho' more like a Lover, when he called it Royalty without Force. It is not indeed to be denied, that there is ſomething irreſiſtible in a Beauteous Form; the moſt Severe will not pretend, that they do not feel an immediate Prepoſſeſſion in Favour of the Handſome. No one denies them the Privilege of being firſt heard, and being regarded before others in Matters of ordinary Conſideration. At the ſame time the Handſome ſhould conſider that it is a Poſſeſſion, as it were, foreign to them. No one can give it himſelf, or preſerve it when they have it. Yet ſo it is, that People can bear any Quality in the World better than Beauty. It is the Conſolation of all who are naturally too much affected with the Force of it, that a little Attention, if a Man can attend with Judgment, will cure them. Handſome People uſually are ſo phantaſtically pleas'd with themſelves, that if they do not kill at firſt Sight, as the Phraſe is, a ſecond Interview diſarms them of all their Power. But I ſhall make this Paper rather a Warning-Piece to give Notice where the Danger is, than to propoſe Inſtructions how to avoid it when you have fallen in the Way of it. Handſome Men ſhall be the Subjects of another Chapter, the Women ſhall take up the preſent Diſcourſe.

AMARYLLIS, who has been in Town but one Winter, is extreamly improved with the Arts of Good-Breeding, without leaving Nature. She has not loſt the Native Simplicity of her Aſpect, to ſubſtitute that Patience of being ſtared at, which is the uſual Triumph and Diſtinction of a Town Lady. In Publick Aſſemblies you meet her careleſs Eye diverting it ſelf with the Objects around her, inſenſible that ſhe herſelf is one of the brighteſt in the Place.

DULCISSA is quite of another Make, ſhe is almoſt a Beauty by Nature, but more than one by Art. If it were poſſible for her to let her Fan or any Limb about her reſt,

ſhe would do ſome Part of the Execution ſhe meditates; but tho' ſhe deſigns her ſelf a Prey, ſhe will not ſtay to be taken. No Painter can give you Words for the different Aſpects of *Dulciſſa* in half a Moment, where-ever ſhe appears: So little does ſhe accompliſh what ſhe takes ſo much Pains for, to be gay and careleſs.

MERAB is attended with all the Charms of Woman and Accompliſhments of Man. It is not to be doubted but ſhe has a great deal of Wit, if ſhe were not ſuch a Beauty; and ſhe would have more Beauty had ſhe not ſo much Wit. Affectation prevents her Excellencies from walking together. If ſhe has a Mind to ſpeak ſuch a Thing, it muſt be done with ſuch an Air of her Body; and it ſhe has an Inclination to look very careleſs, there is ſuch a ſmart Thing to be ſaid at the ſame Time, that the Deſign of being admired deſtroys it ſelf. Thus the unhappy *Merab*, tho' a Wit and Beauty, is allowed to be neither, becauſe ſhe will always be both.

ALBACINDA has the Skill as well as Power of Pleaſing. Her Form is majeſtick, but her Aſpect humble. All good Men ſhould beware of the Deſtroyer. She will ſpeak to you like your Siſter till ſhe has you ſure; but is the moſt vexatious of Tyrants when you are ſo. Her Familiarity of Behaviour, her indifferent Queſtions, and general Converſation, make the ſilly Part of her Votaries full of Hopes, while the wiſe fly from her Power. She well knows ſhe is too Beautiful and too Witty to be indifferent to any who converſe with her, and therefore knows ſhe does not leſſen her ſelf by Familiarity, but gains Occaſions of Admiration, by ſeeming Ignorance of her Perfection.

EUDOSIA adds to the Height of her Stature a Nobility of Spirit which ſtill diſtinguiſhes her above the reſt of her Sex. Beauty in others is lovely, in others agreeable, in others attractive; but in *Eudoſia* it is commanding: Love towards *Eudoſia* is a Sentiment like the Love of Glory. The Lovers of other Women are ſoftened into Fondneſs, the Admirers of *Eudoſia* exalted into Ambition.

EUCRATIA preſents her ſelf to the Imagination with a more kindly Pleaſure, and as ſhe is Woman, her Praiſe is wholly Feminine. If we were to form an Image of Dignity in a Man, we ſhould give him Wiſdom and Valour, as being eſſential to the Character of Manhood.

In

In like manner, if you deſcribe a right Woman in a laudable Senſe, ſhe ſhould have gentle Softneſs, tender Fear, and all thoſe Parts of Life, which diſtinguiſh her from the other Sex; with ſome Subordination to it, but ſuch an Inferiority that makes her ſtill more lovely. *Eucratia* is that Creature, ſhe is all over Woman, Kindneſs is all her Art, and Beauty all her Arms. Her Look, her Voice, her Geſture, and whole Behaviour is truly Feminine. A Goodneſs mixed with Fear, gives a Tincture to all her Behaviour. It would be Savage to offend her, and Cruelty to uſe Art to gain her. Others are Beautiful, but *Eucratia* thou art Beauty!

OMNAMANTE is made for Deceit, ſhe has an Aſpect as Innocent as the famed *Lucrece*, but a Mind as Wild as the more famed *Cleopatra*: Her Face ſpeaks a Veſtal, but her Heart a *Meſſalina*. Who that beheld *Omnamante*'s negligent unobſerving Air, would believe that ſhe hid under that regardleſs Manner the witty Proſtitute, the rapacious Wench, the prodigal Curtizan? She can, when ſhe pleaſes, adorn thoſe Eyes with Tears like an Infant that is chid! She can caſt down that pretty Face in Confuſion, while you rage with Jealouſie, and ſtorm at her Perfidiouſneſs; ſhe can wipe her Eyes, tremble and look frighted, till you think your ſelf a Brute for your Rage, own your ſelf an Offender, beg Pardon, and make her new Preſents.

BUT I go too far in reporting only the Dangers in beholding the Beauteous, which I deſign for the Inſtruction of the Fair as well as their Beholders; and ſhall end this Rhapſody with mentioning what I thought was well enough ſaid of an Ancient Stage to a Beautiful Youth, whom he ſaw admiring his own Figure in Braſs. What, ſaid the Philoſopher, could that Image of yours ſay for it ſelf if it could ſpeak? It might ſay, (anſwered the Youth) *That it is very Beautiful.* *And are not you aſhamed*, reply'd the Cynick, *to value your ſelf upon that only of which a Piece of Braſs is capable?*

T

Nº 145. *Thursday, August* 16.

Stultitiam patiuntur opes ——— Hor.

IF the following Enormities are not amended upon the first Mention, I desire further Notice from my Correspondents.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am obliged to you for your Discourse the other Day upon frivolous Disputants, who with great Warmth and Enumeration of many Circumstances and Authorities undertake to prove Matters which no Body living denies. You cannot employ your self more usefully than in adjusting the Laws of Disputation in Coffee-houses and accidental Companies, as well as in more formal Debates. Among many other Things which your own Experience must suggest to you, it will be very obliging if you please to take Notice of Wagerers. I will not here repeat what *Hudibras* says of such Disputants, which is so true, that it is almost Proverbial; but shall only acquaint you with a Set of young Fellows of the Inns of Court, whose Fathers have provided for them so plentifully, that they need not be very anxious to get Law into their Heads for the Service of their Country at the Bar; but are of those who are sent (as the Phrase of Parents is) to the *Temple* to know how to keep their own. One of these Gentlemen is very loud and captious at a Coffee-House which I frequent, and being in his Nature troubled with an Humour of Contradiction, though withal excessive Ignorant, he has found a Way to indulge this Temper, go on in Idleness and Ignorance, and yet still give himself the Air of a very learned and knowing Man, by the Strength of his Pocket. The Misfortune of the Thing is, I have, as it happens sometimes, a greater Stock of Learning than of Money. The Gentleman I am speaking of takes Advantage of the Narrowness of my Circumstances in such a manner, that he has read all that I can pre-

'tend

tend to, and runs me down with ſuch a poſitive Air, and with ſuch powerful Arguments, that from a very Learned Perſon I am thought a mere Pretender. Not long ago I was relating that I had read ſuch a Paſſage in *Tacitus*, up ſtarts my young Gentleman in a full Company, and pulling out his Purſe offered to lay me ten Guineas, to be ſtaked immediately in that Gentleman's Hands, (pointing to one ſmoaking at another Table) that I was utterly miſtaken. I was Dumb for want of ten Guineas; he went on unmercifully to triumph over my Ignorance how to take him up, and told the whole Room he had read *Tacitus* twenty Times over, and ſuch a remarkable Incident as that could not eſcape him. He has at this Time three conſiderable Wagers depending between him and ſome of his Companions, who are rich enough to hold an Argument with him. He has five Guineas upon Queſtions in Geography, two that the *Iſle* of *Wight* is a Peninſula, and three Guineas to one that the World is round. We have a Gentleman comes to our Coffee-Houſe, who deals mightily in Antique Scandal; my Diſputant has laid him Twenty Pieces upon a Point of Hiſtory, to wit, that *Cæſar* never lay with *Cato*'s Siſter, as is ſcandalouſly reported by ſome People.

'THERE are ſeveral of this ſort of Fellows in Town, who Wager themſelves into Stateſmen, Hiſtorians, Geographers, Mathematicians, and every other Art, when the Perſons with whom they talk have not Wealth equal to their Learning. I beg of you to prevent, in theſe Youngſters, this compendious Way to Wiſdom, which coſts other People ſo much Time and Pains, and you will oblige

Your humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Coffee-Houſe near the* Temple, Aug. 12, 1711.

'HERE's a young Gentleman that ſings Opera-Tunes or Whiſtles in a full Houſe. Pray let him know that he has no Right to act here as if he were in an empty Room. Be pleaſed to divide the Spaces of a Publick Room, and certifie Whiſtlers, Singers, and Common Orators, that are heard further than their Portion of the Room comes to, that the Law is open, and that there is

'an Equity which will relieve us from such as interrupt us 'in our Lawful Discourse, as much as against such as stop 'us on the Road. I take these Persons, Mr. SPECTATOR, 'to be such Trespassers as the Officer in your Stage-Coach 'and am of the same Sentiment with Counsellor *Ephraim*. 'It is true the young Man is rich, and, as the Vulgar say, 'needs not care for any Body; but sure that is no Author- 'rity for him to go whistle where he pleases.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant.

P. S. 'I have Chambers in the *Temple*, and here are 'Students that learn upon the Hautboy; pray desire the 'Benchers, that all Lawyers who are Proficients in Wind 'Musick may lodge to the *Thames*.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WE are a Company of young Women who pass 'our Time very much together, and obliged by 'the mercenary Humour of the Men to be as mercenarily 'inclined as they are. There visits among us an old Ba- 'chelor whom each of us has a Mind to. The Fellow is 'rich, and knows he may have any of us, therefore is 'particular to none, but excessively ill-bred. His Plea- 'santry consists in Romping, he snatches Kisses by Sur- 'prize, puts his Hand in our Necks, tears our Fans, rob 'us of Ribbons, forces Letters out of our Hands, looks 'into any of our Papers, and a Thousand other Rudenesses. 'Now what I'll desire of you is to acquaint him, by 'Printing this, that if he does not marry one of us very 'suddenly, we have all agreed, the next Time he pretends 'to be merry, to affront him, and use him like a Clown 'as he is. In the Name of the Sisterhood I take my Leave 'of you, and am, as they all are,

Your Constant Reader, and Well-Wisher.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I And several others of your Female Readers, have con- 'formed our selves to your Rules, even to our very 'Dress. There is not one of us but has reduced our out- 'ward Petticoat to its ancient Sizable Circumference, tho' 'indeed we retain still a Quilted one underneath, which 'make

'makes us not altogether unconformable to the Faſhion; 'but 'tis on Condition Mr. SPECTATOR extends not his 'Cenſure ſo far. But we find you Men ſecretly approve 'our Practice, by imitating our Pyramidical Form. The 'Skirt of your faſhionable Coats forms as large a Circum-'ference as our Petticoats; as theſe are ſet out with Whale-'bone, ſo are thoſe with Wire, to encreaſe and ſuſtain the 'Bunch of Fold that hangs down on each ſide; and the 'Hat, I perceive, is decreaſed in juſt proportion to our 'Head-dreſſes. We make a regular Figure, but I defy 'your Mathematicks to give Name to the Form you ap-'pear in. Your Architecture is mere *Gothick*, and betrays 'a worſe Genius than ours; therefore if you are partial to 'your own Sex, I ſhall be leſs than I am now

T *Your Humble Servant.*

N° 146. *Friday, Auguſt* 17.

Nemo Vir Magnus ſine aliquo Afflatu divino unquam fuit.
Tull.

WE know the higheſt Pleaſure our Minds are capable of enjoying with Compoſure, when we read ſublime Thoughts communicated to us by Men of Great Genius and Eloquence. Such is the Entertainment we meet with in the philoſophick Parts of *Cicero*'s Writings. Truth and good Senſe have there ſo charming a Dreſs, that they could hardly be more agreeably repreſented with the Addition of poetical Fiction and the Power of Numbers. This ancient Author, and a modern one, have fallen into my Hands within theſe few Days; and the Impreſſions they have left upon me, have at the preſent quite ſpoiled me for a merry Fellow. The Modern is that admirable Writer the Author of the Theory of the Earth. The Subjects with which I have lately been entertained in them both bear a near Affinity; they are upon Enquiries into Hereafter, and the Thoughts of the latter ſeem to me to be raiſed above thoſe of the former in proportion to his Advantages of Scripture and Revelation. If I had a Mind

to

to it, I could not at preſent talk of any thing elſe; there
fore I ſhall tranſlate a Paſſage in the one, and tranſcribe
Paragraph out of the other, for the Speculation of th
Day. *Cicero* tells us, that *Plato* reports *Socrates*, upon re
ceiving his Sentence, to have ſpoken to his Judges in th
following Manner.

'I have great Hope, oh my Judges, that it is infinitel
'to my Advantage that I am ſent to Death: For it muſt o
'Neceſſity be, that one of theſe two things muſt be th
'Conſequence. Death muſt take away all theſe Senſes, o
'convey me to another Life. If all Senſe is to be take
'away, and Death is no more than that profound Slee
'without Dreams, in which we are ſometimes buried, o
'Heavens! how deſirable is it to die? how many Days d
'we know in Life preferrable to ſuch a State? But if it b
'true that Death is but a Paſſage to Places which they wh
'lived before us do now inhabit, how much ſtill happie
'is it to go from thoſe who call themſelves Judges, to ap
'pear before thoſe that really are ſuch; before *Minos*, *Rh*
'*damanthus*, *Æacus* and *Triptolemus*, and to meet Men wh
'have lived with Juſtice and Truth? Is this, do you thin
'no happy Journey? Do you think it nothing to ſpea
'with *Orpheus*, *Muſæus*, *Homer* and *Heſiod*? I would, in
'deed, ſuffer many Deaths to enjoy theſe Things. Wit
'what particular Delight ſhould I talk to *Palamedes*, *Aja*
'and others who like me have ſuffered by the Iniquity o
'their Judges. I ſhould examine the Wiſdom of that gre
'Prince, who carried ſuch mighty Forces againſt *Troy*; an
'argue with *Ulyſſes* and *Siſyphus*, upon difficult Points, as
'have in Converſation here, without being in Danger o
'being condemned. But let not thoſe among you wh
'have pronounced me an innocent Man be afraid of Deat
'No Harm can arrive at a good Man whether dead or li
'ving; his Affairs are always under the Direction of th
'Gods; nor will I believe the Fate which is allotted to m
'my ſelf this Day to have arrived by Chance; nor have
'ought to ſay either againſt my Judges or Accuſers, bu
'that they thought they did me an Injury.——But I de
'tain you too long, it is Time that I retire to Death, an
'you to your Affairs of Life; which of us has the Bette
'is known to the Gods, but to no mortal Man.

THE

THE divine *Socrates* is here repreſented in a Figure worthy his great Wiſdom and Philoſophy, worthy the greateſt more Man that ever breathed. But the modern Diſcourſe is written upon a Subject no leſs than the Diſſolution of Nature it ſelf. Oh how glorious is the old Age of that great Man, who has ſpent his Time in ſuch Contemplations as has made this Being, what only it ſhould be, an Education for Heaven! He has, according to the Lights of Reaſon and Revelation, which ſeemed to him cleareſt, traced the Steps of Omnipotence: He has, with a Celeſtial Ambition, as far as it is conſiſtent with Humility and Devotion, examined the Ways of Providence, from the Creation to the Diſſolution of the viſible World. How pleaſing muſt have been the Speculation, to obſerve Nature and Providence move together, the phyſical and moral World march the ſame Pace: To obſerve Paradiſe and eternal Spring the Seat of Innocence, troubled Seaſons and angry Skies the Portion of Wickedneſs and Vice. When this admirable Author has reviewed all that has paſt, or is to come, which relates to the habitable World, and run through the whole Race of it, how could a Guardian Angel, that has attended it through all its Courſes or Changes, ſpeak more emphatically at the End of his Charge, than does our Author, when he makes, as it were, a Funeral Oration over this Globe, looking to the Point where it once ſtood?

'LET us only, if you pleaſe, to take Leave of this 'Subject, reflect upon this Occaſion on the Vanity and 'tranſient Glory of this habitable World. How by the 'Force of one Element breaking looſe upon the reſt, all 'the Vanities of Nature, all the Works of Art, all the La'bours of Men, are reduced to Nothing. All that we ad'mired and adored before as great and magnificent, is ob'literated or vaniſhed; and another Form and Face of things, 'plain, ſimple, and every where the ſame, overſpreads 'the whole Earth. Where are now the great Empires of 'the World and their great Imperial Cities? Their Pil'lars, Trophies, and Monuments of Glory? Shew me 'where they ſtood, read the Inſcription, tell me the Vict'or's Name. What Remains, what Impreſſions, what 'Difference, or Diſtinction, do you ſee in this Maſs of 'Fire? *Rome* it ſelf, eternal *Rome*, the great City, the 'Empreſs of the World, whoſe Domination and Superſti-

'tion,

« tion, antient and modern, make a great Part of the H
« ſtory of this Earth, what is become of her now? Sh
« laid her Foundations deep, and her Palaces were ſtron
« and ſumptuous; *She glorified her ſelf, and lived delicious*
« *and ſaid in her Heart I ſit a Queen, and ſhall ſee no ſo*
« *row*: But her Hour is come, ſhe is wiped away from th
« Face of the Earth, and buried in everlaſting Oblivio
« But it is not Cities only, and Works of Mens Hands, b
« the everlaſting Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of th
« Earth are melted as Wax before the Sun, and *their Pla*
« *is no where found.* Here ſtood the *Alpes*, the Load of th
« Earth, that covered many Countries, and reached the
« Arms from the Ocean to the *Black Sea*; this huge Maſs
« Stone is ſoftned and diſſolved as a tender Cloud into Rai
« Here ſtood the *African* Mountains, and *Atlas* with h
« Top above the Clouds; there was frozen *Caucaſus*, an
« *Taurus*, and *Imaus*, and the Mountains of *Aſia*; and yo
« der towards the North, ſtood the *Riphaan* Hills, cloath
« in Ice and Snow. All theſe are vaniſhed, dropt away
« the Snow upon their Heads. *Great and marvellous are t*
« *Works, juſt and true are thy Ways, thou King of Saint*
« *Halleluiah!*

Nº 147. *Saturday, Auguſt* 18.

Pronuntiatio eſt Vocis & Vultus & Geſtus moderatio cu
venuſtate. Tull.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

« THE well reading of the Common-Prayer is of
« great Importance, and ſo much neglected, th
« I take the Liberty to offer to your Conſideratio
« ſome Particulars on that Subject: And what more wo
« thy your Obſervation than this? A thing ſo Publick, an
« of ſo high Conſequence. It is indeed wonderful, that th
« frequent Exerciſe of it ſhould not make the Performe
« of that Duty more expert in it. This Inability, as I con
« ceive, proceeds from the little Care that is taken of the
Reading, while Boys and at School, where when they ar

« go

'got into *Latin*, they are looked upon as above *Engliſh*, the 'Reading of which is wholly neglected, or at leaſt read to 'very little purpoſe, without any due Obſervations made 'to them of the proper Accent and manner of Reading; 'by this means they have acquired ſuch ill Habits as won't 'eaſily be removed. The only way that I know of to re-'medy this, is to propoſe ſome Perſon of great Ability that 'way as a Pattern for them; Example being moſt effectu-'al to convince the Learned, as well as inſtruct the Ig-'norant.

'YOU muſt know, Sir, I've been a conſtant Frequenter 'of the Service of the Church of *England* for above theſe 'four Years laſt paſt, and 'till *Sunday* was Sevennight ne-'ver diſcovered, to ſo great a Degree, the Excellency of 'the Common-Prayer. When being at St. *James's Garlick-hill* Church, I heard the Service read ſo diſtinctly, ſo em-'phatically, and ſo fervently, that it was next to an Im-'poſſibility to be unattentive. My Eyes and my Thoughts 'could not wander as uſual, but were confin'd to my Pray-'ers: I then conſidered I addreſſed my ſelf to the Almigh-'ty, and not to a beautiful Face. And when I reflected 'on my former Performances of that Duty, I found I had 'run it over as a matter of Form, in compariſon to the 'Manner in which I then diſcharged it. My Mind was 'really affected, and fervent Wiſhes accompanied my Words. 'The Confeſſion was read with ſuch a reſigned Humility, 'the Abſolution with ſuch a comfortable Authority, the 'Thankſgivings with ſuch a Religious Joy, as made me 'feel thoſe Affections of the Mind in a manner I never did 'before. To remedy therefore the Grievance above com-'plained of, I humbly propoſe, that this excellent Reader, 'upon the next and every Annual Aſſembly of the Clergy 'of *Sion College*, and all other Conventions, ſhould read 'Prayers before them. For then thoſe, that are afraid of 'ſtretching their Mouths, and ſpoiling their ſoft Voice, 'will learn to Read with Clearneſs, Loudneſs, and Strength. 'Others that affect a rakiſh negligent Air by folding their 'Arms, and lolling on their Book, will be taught a de-'cent Behaviour, and comely Erection of Body. Thoſe 'that Read ſo faſt as if impatient of their Work, may learn 'to ſpeak Deliberately. There is another ſort of Perſons 'whom I call Pindarick Readers, as being confined to no

'ſet

'ſet meaſure; theſe Pronounce five or ſix Words wit
'great Deliberation, and the five or ſix Subſequent one
'with as great Celerity: The firſt part of a Sentence wit
'a very exalted Voice, and the latter part with a Submi
'ſive one: Sometimes again with one ſort of Tone, an
'immediately after with a very different one. Theſe Ge
'tlemen will learn of my admired Reader an Evenneſs o
'Voice and Delivery. And all who are Innocent of the
'Affectations, but read with ſuch an Indifferency as
'they did not underſtand the Language, may then be in
'formed of the Art of Reading movingly and fervently
'how to place the Emphaſis, and give the proper Accen
'to each Word, and how to vary the Voice according t
'the Nature of the Sentence. There is certainly a ver
'great Difference between the Reading a Prayer and a Ga
'zette, which I beg of you to inform a Sett of Reader
'who affect, forſooth, a certain Gentleman-like Familia
'rity of Tone, and mend the Language as they go on, cry
'ing inſtead of Pardoneth and Abſolveth, Pardons an
'Abſolves. Theſe are often pretty Claſſical Scholars, an
'would think it an unpardonable Sin to read *Virgil* o
'*Martial* with ſo little Taſte as they do Divine Service.

'THIS Indifferency ſeems to me to ariſe from the En
'deavours of avoiding the Imputation of Cant, and the falſ
'Notion of it. It will be proper therefore to trace the O
'riginal and Signification of this Word. Cant is, by ſom
'People, derived from one *Andrew Cant*, who, they ſay
'was a Presbyterian Miniſter in ſome illiterate part of *Scot*
'*land*, who by Exerciſe and Uſe had obtained the Faculty
'*alias* Gift, of Talking in the Pulpit in ſuch a Dialect, tha
'it's ſaid he was underſtood by none but his own Congre
'gation, and not by all of them. Since *Maſ. Cant*'s time
'it has been underſtood in a larger Senſe, and ſignifies al
'ſudden Exclamations, Whinings, unuſual Tones, and in
'fine all Praying and Preaching, like the unlearned of the
'Presbyterians. But I hope a proper Elevation of Voice,
'a due Emphaſis and Accent, are not to come within thi
'Deſcription: So that our Readers may ſtill be as unlike
'the Presbyterians as they pleaſe. The Diſſenters (I mean
'ſuch as I have heard) do indeed elevate their Voices, but
'it is with ſudden jumps from the lower to the higher
'part of them; and that with ſo little Senſe or Skill, that

'their

their Elevation and Cadence is Bawling and Muttering. They make uſe of an Emphaſis, but ſo improperly, that it is often placed on ſome very inſignificant Particle, as upon *if*, or *and*. Now if theſe Impropriеties have ſo great an Effect on the People, as we ſee they have, how great an Influence would the Service of our Church, containing the beſt Prayers that ever were compoſed, and that in Terms moſt affecting, moſt humble, and moſt expreſſive of our Wants, and Dependance on the Object of our Worſhip, diſpos'd in moſt proper Order, and void of all Confuſion; what Influence, I ſay, would theſe Prayers have, were they delivered with a due Emphaſis, an appoſite Riſing and Variation of Voice, the Sentence concluded with a gentle Cadence, and, in a Word, with ſuch an Accent and turn of Speech as is peculiar to Prayer?

'AS the matter of Worſhip is now managed, in Diſſenting Congregations, you find inſignificant Words and Phraſes raiſed by a lively Vehemence; in our own Churches, the moſt exalted Senſe depreciated, by a diſpaſſionate Indolence. I remember to have heard Dr. *S——e* ſay in his Pulpit, of the Common-Prayer, that, at leaſt, it was as perfect as any thing of Human Inſtitution: If the Gentlemen who err in this kind would pleaſe to recollect the many Pleaſantries they had read upon thoſe who recite good Things with an ill Grace, they would go on to think that what in that Caſe is only Ridiculous, in themſelves is Impious. But leaving this to their own Reflections, I ſhall conclude this Trouble with what *Caſar* ſaid upon the Irregularity of Tone in one who read before him, *Do you read or ſing? If you ſing, you ſing very ill.*

Your moſt Humble Servant.

N° 148. *Monday, Auguſt* 20.

——— *Exempta juvat ſpinis e pluribus una.* Hor.

MY Correſpondents aſſure me that the Enormities which they lately complained of, and I publiſhed an Account of, are ſo far from being amended, that new Evils ariſe every Day to interrupt their Converſation, in

in Contempt of my Reproofs. My Friend who writes from the Coffee-house near the *Temple*, informs me, that th Gentleman who constantly sings a Voluntary in spite of th whole Company, was more musical than ordinary after read ing my Paper; and has not been contented with that, but ha danced up to the Glass in the Middle of the Room, an practised Minuet-steps to his own Humming. The incorr gible Creature has gone still farther, and in the open Coffe house, with one Hand extended as leading a Lady in it, h has danced both *French* and Country-Dances, and admonis ed his supposed Partner by Smiles and Nods to hold up he Head, and fall back, according to the respective Facings an Evolutions of the Dance. Before this Gentleman began th his Exercise, he was pleased to clear his Throat by coughin and spitting a full half Hour; and as soon as he struck up, h appealed to an Attorney's Clerk in the Room, whether h hit as he ought, *Since you from Death have saved me?* an then asked the young Fellow (pointing to a Chancery-Bill un der his Arm) whether that was an Opera-Score he carried o not? Without staying for an Answer he fell into the Exe cise above-mentioned, and practised his Airs to the fu House who were turned upon him, without the lea Shame or Repentance for his former Transgressions.

I am to the last Degree at a Loss what to do with th young Fellow, except I declare him an Outlaw, and pro nounce it penal for any one to speak to him in the said Hou which he frequents, and direct that he be obliged to drin his Tea and Coffee without Sugar, and not receive from an Person whatsoever any thing above mere Necessaries.

AS we in *England* are a sober People, and generally in clined rather to a certain Bashfulness of Behaviour in Pu lick, it is amazing whence some Fellows come whom on meets with in this Town; They do not at all seem to be t Growth of our Island; the pert, the talkative, all such have no Sense of the Observation of others, are certainly foreign Extraction. As for my Part, I am as much su prized when I see a talkative *Englishman*, as I should be t see the *Indian* Pine growing on one of our quick-set Ho ges; where these Creatures get Sun enough, to make the such lively Animals and dull Men, is above my Philosoph

THERE are another Kind of Impertinents which Man is perplexed with in mixed Company, and those a yo

our loud Speakers: Theſe treat Mankind as if we were
l deaf; they do not expreſs but declare themſelves. Ma-
y of theſe are guilty of this Outrage out of Vanity, be-
uſe they think all thay ſay is well; or that they have their
wn Perſons in ſuch Veneration, that they believe nothing
hich concerns them can be inſignificant to any Body elſe.
r theſe Peoples ſake, I have often lamented that we can-
t cloſe our Ears with as much Eaſe as we can our Eyes:
is very uneaſie that we muſt neceſſarily be under Perſe-
tion. Next to theſe Bawlers, is a troubleſome Creature
hom comes, with the Air of your Friend and your Intimate,
d that is your Whiſperer. There is one of them at a
offee-houſe which I my ſelf frequent, who obſerving me
be a Man pretty well made for Secrets, gets by me, and
ith a Whiſper tells me things which all the Town knows.
is no very hard Matter to gueſs at the Source of this Im-
rtinence, which is nothing elſe but a Method or Mecha-
ick Art of being wiſe. You never ſee any frequent in it,
hom you can ſuppoſe to have any thing in the World to
. Theſe Perſons are worſe than Bawlers, as much as a
ret Enemy is more dangerous than a declared one. I
ſh this my Coffee-houſe Friend would take this for an
imation, that I have not heard one Word he has told me
r theſe ſeveral Years; whereas he now thinks me the
oſt truſty Repoſitory of his Secrets. The Whiſperers
ve a pleaſant Way of ending the cloſe Converſation, with
ying aloud, *Do not you think ſo?* Then whiſper again, and
en aloud, *but you know that Perſon*; Then whiſper again.
he thing would be well enough, if they whiſpered to keep
e Folly of what they ſay among Friends, but alas, they
e it to preſerve the Importance of their Thoughts. I am
re I could name you more than one Perſon whom no Man
ing ever heard talk upon any Subject in Nature, or e-
r ſaw in his whole Life with a Book in his Hand, that
know not how can whiſper ſomething like Knowledge
f what has and does paſs in the World; which you would
ink he learned from ſome familiar Spirit that did not
ink him worthy to receive the whole Story. But in
uth Whiſperers deal only in half Accounts of what they
ertain you with. A great Help to their Diſcourſe is,
That the Town ſays, and People begin to talk very freely,
and they had it from Perſons too conſiderable to be na-

med,

'med, what they will tell you when Things are rip
My Friend has winked upon me any Day ſince I came
Town laſt, and has communicated to me as a Secret, t
he deſigned in a very ſhort Time to tell me a Secret; b
I ſhall know what he means, he now aſſures me, in l
than a Fortnight's Time.

BUT I muſt not omit the dearer Part of Mankind, I me
the Ladies, to take up a whole Paper upon Grievan
which concern the Men only; but ſhall humbly propoſe, t
we change Fools for an Experiment only. A certain S
of Ladies complain they are frequently perplexed with
Viſitant, who affects to be wiſer than they are; whi
Character he hopes to preſerve by an obſtinate Gravity, a
great Guard againſt diſcovering his Opinion upon any O
caſion whatever. A painful Silence has hitherto gained hi
no further Advantage, than that as he might, if he h
behaved himſelf with Freedom, been excepted againſt, b
as to this and that Particular, he now offends in the who
To relieve theſe Ladies my good Friends and Correſpo
dents, I ſhall exchange my dancing Outlaw for their dum
Viſitant, and aſſign the ſilent Gentleman all the Haunts
the Dancer: In order to which, I have ſent them by t
Penny-Poſt the following Letters for their Conduct in th
new Converſations.

SIR,

'I Have, you may be ſure, heard of your Irregularit
'without regard to my Obſervations upon you; b
'ſhall not treat you with ſo much Rigour as you deſer
'If you will give your ſelf the Trouble to repair to t
'Place mentioned in the Poſtſcript to this Letter at Sev
'this Evening, you will be conducted into a ſpacious Roo
'well lighted, where there are Ladies and Muſick. Y
'will ſee a young Lady laughing next the Window to t
'Street; you may take her out, for ſhe loves you as w
'as ſhe does any Man, tho' ſhe never ſaw you before. S
'never thought in her Life any more than your ſelf. S
'will not be ſurprized when you accoſt her, nor concer
'ed when you leave her. Haſten from a Place where y
'are laughed at, to one where you will be admired. Y
'are of no Conſequence, therefore go where you will b
'welcome for being ſo. *Your moſt Humble Servant.*

SI

SIR,

THE Ladies whom you visit, think a wise Man the most impertinent Creature living, therefore you cannot be offended that they are displeased with you. Why will you take Pains to appear wise, where you would not be the more esteemed for being really so? Come to us; forget the Gigglers; and let your Inclination go along with you whether you speak or are silent; and let all such Women as are in a Clan or Sisterhood, go their own way; there is no Room for you in that Company who are the common Taste of the Sex.

For Women born to be control'd
Stoop to the forward and the bold:
Affect the haughty, and the proud,
The gay, the frolick, and the loud.

T

No 149. *Tuesday, August* 21.

Cui in manu sit quem esse dementem velit,
Quem sapere, quem sanari, quem in morbum injici,
Quem contra amari, quem accersiri, quem expeti.
Cæcil. apud Tull.

THE following Letter and my Answer shall take up the present Speculation.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Am the young Widow of a Country Gentleman, who has left me entire Mistress of a large Fortune, which he agreed to as an Equivalent for the Difference in our Years. In these Circumstances it is not extraordinary to have a Crowd of Admirers; which I have abridged in my own Thoughts, and reduced to a couple of Candidates [illegible] both young, and neither of them disagreeable in their [illegible]sons; according to the common Way of computing, [illegible]ne the Estate more than deserves my Fortune,

'in the other my Fortune more than deſerves the Eſta
'When I conſider the firſt, I own I am ſo far a Woma
'cannot avoid being delighted with the Thoughts of
'ving great; but then he ſeems to receive ſuch a Degr
'of Courage from the Knowledge of what he has,
'looks as if he was going to confer an Obligation on m
'and the Readineſs he accoſts me with, makes me jealo
'I am only hearing a Repetition of the ſame things he h
'ſaid to a hundred Women before. When I conſider t
'other, I ſee my ſelf approached with ſo much Modeſ
'and Reſpect, and ſuch a Doubt of himſelf, as betra
'methinks an Affection within, and a Belief at the ſam
'Time that he himſelf would be the only Gainer by m
'Conſent. What an unexceptionable Husband could I mak
'out of both! But ſince that's impoſſible, I beg to be co
'cluded by your Opinion; it is abſolutely in your Pow
'to diſpoſe of

Your moſt Obedient Servant,

Sylvi

Madam,

YOU do me great Honour in your Application to m on this important Occaſion; I ſhall therefore talk you with the Tenderneſs of a Father, in Gratitude for yo giving me the Authority of one. You do not ſeem t make any great Diſtinction between theſe Gentlemen as t their Perſons; the whole Queſtion lies upon their Circum ſtances and Behaviour; If the one is leſs reſpectful becau he is rich, and the other more obſequious becauſe he is no ſo, they are in that Point moved by the ſame Principle, th Conſideration of Fortune, and you muſt place them in eac others Circumſtances, before you can judge of their Incl nation. To avoid Confuſion in diſcuſſing this Point, I wi call the richer Man *Strephon*, and the other *Florio*. If yo believe *Florio* with *Strephon*'s Eſtate would behave himſe as he does now, *Florio* is certainly your Man; but if yo think *Strephon*, were he in *Florio*'s Condition, would b as obſequious as *Florio* is now, you ought for your ow ſake to chuſe *Strephon*; for where the Men are equal, ther is no doubt Riches ought to be a Reaſon for Prefere After this manner, my dear Child, I would have y take ſtract them from their Circumſtances; for you for granted, that he who is very humbl by becauſe he

e is poor, is the very ſame Man in Nature with him who haughty becauſe he is rich.

WHEN you have gone thus far, as to conſider the Fi-re they make towards you; you will pleaſe, my Dear, ext to conſider the Appearance you make towards them. f they are Men of Diſcerning, they can obſerve the Mo-ves of your Heart; and *Florio* can ſee when he is diſre-arded only upon Account of Fortune, which makes you him a mercenary Creature: and you are ſtill the ſame ing to *Strephon*, in taking him for his Wealth only: You e therefore to conſider whether you had rather oblige, r receive an Obligation.

THE Marriage-Life is always an inſipid, a vexatious, an happy Condition. The firſt is, when two People of Genius or Taſte for themſelves meet together, upon ch a Settlement as has been thought reaſonable by Pa-nts and Conveyancers from an exact Valuation of the nd and Caſh of both Parties: In this Caſe the young dy's Perſon is no more regarded, than the Houſe and mprovements in Purchaſe of an Eſtate; but ſhe goes with r Fortune, rather than her Fortune with her. Theſe ake up the Crowd or Vulgar of the Rich, and fill up the mber of human Race, without Beneficence towards thoſe low them, or Reſpect towards thoſe above them; and d a deſpicable, independent and uſeleſs Life, without ſe of the Laws of Kindneſs, Good-nature, mutual fices, and the elegant Satisfactions which flow from ſon and Virtue.

THE vexatious Life ariſes from a Conjunction of two ple of quick Taſte and Reſentment, put together for ſons well known to their Friends, in which eſpecial re is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of Evils) verty, and enſure to them Riches, which every Evil be-es. Theſe good People live in a conſtant Conſtraint be-re Company, and too great Familiarity alone; when they within Obſervation they fret at each others Carriage d Behaviour; when alone, they revile each others Perſon d Conduct: In Company they are in a Purgatory, when y together in an Hell.

THE happy Marriage is, where two Perſons meet d voluntarily make Choice of each other, without prin-ally regarding or neglecting the Circumſtances of For-

tune or Beauty. Theſe may ſtill love in ſpite of Adverſit or Sickneſs: The former we may in ſome Meaſure defen our ſelves from, the other is the Portion of our very Mak When you have a true Notion of this ſort of Paſſion, you humour of living great will vaniſh out of your Imaginat on, and you will find Love has nothing to do with Stat Solitude, with the Perſon beloved, has a Pleaſure, even i a Woman's Mind, beyond Show or Pomp. You are ther fore to conſider which of your Lovers will like you be undreſs'd, which will bear with you moſt when out Humour; and your Way to this is to ask of your ſel which of them you value moſt for his own Sake? and b that judge which gives the greater Inſtances of his valui you for your ſelf only.

AFTER you have expreſſed ſome Senſe of the hum ble Approach of *Florio*, and a little Diſdain at *Strephon* Aſſurance in his Addreſs, you cry out, *What an unexcept onable Husband could I make out of both!* It would ther fore methinks be a good Way to determine your ſel Take him in whom what you like is not transferable t another; for if you chuſe otherwiſe, there is no Hop your Husband will ever have what you liked in his Riva but intrinſick Qualities in one Man may very probably pu chaſe every thing that is adventitious in another. In plai er Terms; he whom you take for his perſonal Perfectio will ſooner arrive at the Gifts of Fortune, than he who you take for the ſake of his Fortune attain to Perſonal Pe fections. If *Strephon* is not as accompliſh'd and agreeab as *Florio*, Marriage to you will never make him ſo; b Marriage to you may make *Florio* as rich as *Strephon*: Ther fore to make a ſure Purchaſe, employ Fortune upon Ce tainties, but do not ſacrifice Certainties to Fortune.

I am,

Your moſt Obedient,

Humble Servant.

T

Wedneſd

N° 150. *Wednesday, August* 22.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit —— Juv.

AS I was walking in my Chamber the Morning before I went last into the Country, I heard the Hawkers with great Vehemence crying about a Paper, entitled, *The ninety nine Plagues of an empty Purse.* I had indeed some Time before observed, that the Orators of *Grub-street* had dealt very much in *Plagues.* They had already published in the same Month, *The Plagues of Matrimony, The Plagues of a single Life, The nineteen Plagues of a Chambermaid, The Plagues of a Coachman, The Plagues of a Woman,* and *The Plague of Plagues.* The Success these several *Plagues* met with, propably gave Occasion to the above-mentioned Poem on an *empty Purse.* However that be, the Noise so frequently repeated under my Window, drew me insensibly to think on some of those Inconveniencies and Mortifications which usually attend on Poverty, and in short gave Birth to the present Speculation: for after my Fancy had run over the most obvious and common Calamities which Men of mean Fortunes are liable to, it descended to those little Insults and Contempts, which, tho' they may seem to dwindle into nothing when a Man offers to describe them, are perhaps in themselves more cutting and insupportable than the former. *Juvenal* with a great deal of Humour and Reason tells us, that nothing bore harder upon a poor Man in his Time, than the continual Ridicule which his Habit and Dress afforded to the Beaus of *Rome.*

Quid quod materiam præbet causasque jocorum
Omnibus hic idem? si fœda & scissa lacerna;
Si toga sordidula est, & rupta calceus alter
Pelle patet, vel si consuto vulnere crassum
Atque recens linum ostendit non una Cicatrix. Juv. Sat. 3.

Add, that the Rich have ſtill a Gibe in Store,
And will be monſtrous witty on the Poor;
For the torn Surtout and the tatter'd Veſt,
The Wretch and all his Wardrobe are a Jeſt:
The greaſie Gown ſully'd with often turning,
Gives a good Hint to ſay the Man's in Mourning;
Or if the Shoe be ript, or patch is put,
He's wounded! ſee the Plaiſter on his Foot. Dryd.

'Tis on this Occaſion that he afterwards adds the Reflection which I have choſen for my Motto.

Want is the Scorn of ev'ry wealthy Fool,
And Wit in Rags is turn'd to Ridicule. Dryd.

IT muſt be confeſs'd, that few things make a Man appear more deſpicable, or more prejudice his Hearers againſt what he is going to offer, than an aukward or pitiful Dreſs; inſomuch that I fancy, had *Tully* himſelf pronounced one of his Orations with a Blanket about his Shoulders, more People would have laughed at his Dreſs than have admired his Eloquence. The laſt Reflection made we wonder at a Set of Men, who, without being ſubjected to it by the Unkindneſs of their Fortunes, are contented to draw upon themſelves the Ridicule of the World in this Particular; I mean ſuch as take it into their Heads, that the firſt regular Step to be a Wit is to commence a Sloven. It is certain nothing has ſo much debaſed that, which muſt have been otherwiſe ſo great a Character; and I know not how to account for it, unleſs it may poſſibly be in Complaiſance to thoſe narrow Minds who can have no Notion of the ſame Perſon's poſſeſſing different Accompliſhments; or that it is a ſort of Sacrifice which ſome Men are contented to make to Calumny, by allowing it to faſten on one Part of their Character, while they are endeavouring to eſtabliſh another. Yet however unaccountable this fooliſh Cuſtom is, I am afraid it could plead a long Preſcription; and probably gave too much Occaſion for the vulgar Definition ſtill remaining among us of an *Heathen Philoſopher*.

I have ſeen the Speech of a *Terræ-filius*, ſpoken in King *Charles* II's Reign; in which he deſcribes two very eminent Men, who were perhaps the greateſt Scholars of their Age;

Age; and after having mentioned the intire Friendſhip between them, concludes, That *they had but one Mind, one Purſe, one Chamber, and one Hat.* The Men of Buſineſs were alſo infected with a ſort of Singularity little better than this. I have heard my Father ſay, that a broad-brimm'd Hat, ſhort Hair, and an unfolded Handkerchief, were in his Time abſolutely neceſſary to denote a *notable Man*; and that he had known two or three who aſpired to the Characters of *very notable*, wear Shooe-ſtrings with great Succeſs.

TO the Honour of our preſent Age it muſt be allowed, that ſome of our greateſt Genius's for *Wit* and *Buſineſs* have almoſt intirely broke the Neck of theſe Abſurdities.

VICTOR, after having diſpatched the moſt important Affairs of the Commonwealth, has appeared at an Aſſembly, where all the Ladies have declared him the genteeleſt Man in the Company; and in *Atticus*, tho' every way one of the greateſt Genius's the Age has produced, one ſees nothing particular in his Dreſs or Carriage to denote his Pretenſions to Wit and Learning: So that at preſent a Man may venture to cock up his Hat, and wear a faſhionable Whig, without being taken for a Rake or a Fool.

THE Medium between a Fop and a Sloven is what a Man of Senſe would endeavour to keep; yet I remember Mr. *Osbourn* adviſes his Son to appear in his Habit rather above than below his Fortune; and tells him, that he will find an handſome Suit of Cloaths always procures ſome additional Reſpect. I have indeed my ſelf obſerved, that my Taylor ever bows loweſt to me when I wear my full bottom'd Whig; and writes me *Mr.* or *Eſq;* accordingly as he ſees me dreſſed.

I ſhall conclude this Paper with an Adventure which I was my ſelf an Eye-witneſs of very lately.

I happened the other Day to call in at a celebrated Coffee-houſe near the *Temple*. I had not been there long when there came in an elderly Man very meanly dreſſed, and ſat down by me; he had a thread-bare looſe Coat on, which it was plain he wore to keep himſelf warm, and not to favour his under Suit, which ſeemed to have been at leaſt his Contemporary: His ſhort Wig and Hat were both anſwerable to the reſt of his Apparel. He was no ſooner ſeated than he called for a Diſh of Tea; but as ſeve-

ral Gentlemen in the Room wanted other things, the Boys of the House did not think themselves at Leisure to mind him. I could observe the old Fellow was very uneasie at the Affront, and at his being obliged to repeat his Commands several Times to no Purpose; 'till at last one of the Lads presented him with some stale Tea in a broken Dish, accompanied with a Plate of brown Sugar; which so raised his Indignation, that after several obliging Appellations of Dog and Rascal, he asked him aloud before the whole Company, *Why he must be used with less Respect than that Fop there?* pointing to a well-dressed young Gentleman who was drinking Tea at the opposite Table. The Boy of the House replied with a good deal of Pertness, That his Master had two sorts of Customers, and that the Gentleman at the other Table had given him many a Six-Pence for wiping his Shoes. By this time the young *Templar* who found his Honour concerned in the Dispute, and that the Eyes of the whole Coffee-house were upon him, had thrown aside a Paper he had in his Hand, and was coming towards us, while we at the Table made what Haste we could to get away from the impending Quarrel, but were all of us surprised to see him as he approached nearer put on an Air of Deference and Respect. To whom the old Man said, *Hark you, Sirrah, I'll pay off your extravagant Bills once more; but will take effectual Care for the future, that your Prodigality shall not spirit up a Parcel of Rascals to insult your Father.*

THO' I by no Means approve either the Impudence of the Servants or the Extravagance of the Son, I cannot but think the old Gentleman was in some measure justly served for walking in Masquerade, I mean appearing in a Dress so much beneath his Quality and Estate.

X

N° 151. *Thurſday, Auguſt* 23.

Maximas Virtutes facere omnes neceſſe eſt Voluptate dominante. Tull. De Fin.

I Know no one Character that gives Reaſon a greater Shock, at the ſame time that it preſents a good ridiculous Image to the Imagination, than that of a Man of Wit and Pleaſure about the Town. This Deſcription of a Man of Faſhion ſpoken by ſome with a Mixture of Scorn and Ridicule, by others with great Gravity as a laudable Diſtinction, is in every Body's Mouth that ſpends any Time in Converſation. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB has this Expreſſion very frequently; and I never could underſtand by the Story which follows, upon his Mention of ſuch a one, but that his Man of Wit and Pleaſure was either a Drunkard too old for Wenching, or a young lewd Fellow with ſome Livelineſs, who would converſe with you, receive kind Offices of you, and at the ſame time debauch your Siſter, or lie with your Wife. According to his Deſcription, a Man of Wit when he could have Wenches for Crowns a-piece which he liked quite as well, would be ſo extravagant as to bribe Servants, make falſe Friendſhips, fight Relations: I ſay, according to him, plain and ſimple Vice was too little for a Man of Wit and Pleaſure; but he would leave an eaſie and acceſſible Wickedneſs, to come at the ſame thing with only the Addition of certain Falſhood and poſſible Murder. WILL. thinks the Town grown very dull, in that we do not hear ſo much as we uſed to do of theſe Coxcombs, whom (without obſerving it) he deſcribes as the moſt infamous Rogues in Nature, with Relation to Friendſhip, Love, or Converſation.

WHEN Pleaſure is made the chief Purſuit of Life, it will neceſſarily follow that ſuch Monſters as theſe will ariſe from a conſtant Application to ſuch Blandiſhments as naturally root out the Force of Reaſon and Reflection, and ſubſtitute in their Place a general Impatience of Thought, and a conſtant Prurience of inordinate Deſire.

PLEASURE, when it is a Man's chief Purpose, dis appoints it self; and the constant Application to it pall the Faculty of enjoying it, tho' it leaves the Sense of our Inability for that we wish, with a Disrelish of every thing else. Thus the intermediate Seasons of the Man of Pleasure, are more heavy than one would impose upon the vilest Criminal. Take him when he is awaked too soon after a Debauch, or disappointed in following a worthless Woman without Truth, and there is no Man living whose Being is such a Weight or Vexation as his is. He is an utter Stranger to the pleasing Reflexions in the Evening of a well spent Day, or the Gladness of Heart or Quickness of Spirit in the Morning after profound Sleep or indolent Slumbers. He is not to be at Ease any longer than he can keep Reason and good Sense without his Curtains; otherwise he will be haunted with the Reflection, that he could not believe such a one the Woman that upon Tryal he found her. What has he got by his Conquest, but to think meanly of her for whom a Day or two before he had the highest Honour? and of himself for, perhaps, wronging the Man whom of all Men living he himself would least willingly have injured?

PLEASURE seizes the whole Man who addicts himself to it, and will not give him Leisure for any good Office in Life which contradicts the Gaiety of the present Hour. You may indeed observe in People of Pleasure a certain Complacency and Absence of all Severity, which the Habit of a loose unconcerned Life gives them; but tell the Man of Pleasure your secret Wants, Cares, or Sorrows, and you will find he has given up the Delicacy of his Passions to the Cravings of his Appetites. He little knows the perfect Joy he loses, for the disappointing Gratifications which he pursues. He looks at Pleasure as she approaches, and comes to him with the Recommendation of warm Wishes, gay Looks, and graceful Motion; but he does not observe how she leaves his Presence with Disorder, Impotence, downcast Shame, and conscious Imperfection. She makes our Youth inglorious, our Age shameful.

WILL. HONEYCOMB gives us twenty Intimations in an Evening of several Hags whose Bloom was given up to his Arms; and would raise a Value to himself for having had, as the Phrase is, very good Women. WILL's good

Women

Women are the Comfort of his Heart, and support him, I warrant, by the Memory of past Interviews with Persons of their Condition. No, there is not in the World an Occasion wherein Vice makes so phantastical a Figure, as at the Meeting of two old People who have been Partners in unwarrantable Pleasure. To tell a toothless old Lady that she once had a good Set, or a defunct Wencher that he once was the admired Thing of the Town, are Satyrs instead of Applauses; but on the other Side, consider the old Age of those wo have passed their Days in Labour, Industry, and Virtue, their Decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the Imperfections of their Bodies are beheld as a Misfortune to humane Society that their Make is so little durable.

BUT to return more directly to my Man of Wit and Pleasure. In all Orders of Men where-ever this is the chief Character, the Person who wears it is a negligent Friend, Father, and Husband, and intails Poverty on his unhappy Descendants. Mortgages, Diseases, and Settlements are the Legacies a Man of Wit and Pleasure leaves to his Family. All the poor Rogues that make such lamentable Speeches after every Sessions at *Tyburn*, were, in their Way, Men of Wit and Pleasure, before they fell into the Adventures which brought them thither.

IRRESOLUTION and Procrastination in all a Man's Affairs, are the natural Effects of being addicted to Pleasure: Dishonour to the Gentleman and Bankruptcy to the Trader, are the Portion of either whose chief Purpose of Life is Delight. The chief Cause that this Pursuit has been in all Ages received with so much Quarter from the soberer Part of Mankind, has been that some Men of great Talents have sacrificed themselves to it: The shining Qualities of such People have given a Beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a Mixture of Wit has recommended Madness. For let any Man who knows what it is to have passed much Time in a Series of Jollity, Mirth, Wit, or humorous Entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a doing, and he will find that he has been at one Instant sharp to some Man he is sorry to have offended, impertinent to some one it was Cruelty to treat with such Freedom, ungracefully noisie at such a Time, unskilfully open at such a Time, unmercifully calumnious at such

a Time; and from the whole Course of his applauded Satisfaction, unable in the End to recollect any Circumstance which can add to the Enjoyment of his own Mind alone, or which he would put his Character upon with other Men. Thus it is with those who are best made for becoming Pleasures; but how monstrous is it in the Generality of Mankind who pretend this Way, without Genius or Inclination towards it? The Scene then is wild to an Extravagance: this is as if Fools should mimick Madmen. Pleasure of this Kind is the intemperate Meals and loud Jollities of the common Rate of Country Gentlemen, whose Practice and Way of Enjoyment is to put an End as fast as they can to that little Particle of Reason they have when they are sober: These Men of Wit and Pleasure dispatch their Senses as fast as possible by drinking till they cannot taste, smoaking till they cannot see, and roaring till they cannot hear. T

Nº 152. *Friday, August* 24.

Οἰήδη φύλλων γενεὴ τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρῶν. Hom.

THERE is no sort of People whose Conversation is so pleasant as that of military Men, who derive their Courage and Magnanimity from Thought and Reflection. The many Adventures which attend their Way of Life makes their Conversation so full of Incidents, and gives them so frank an Air in speaking of what they have been Witnesses of, that no Company can be more amiable than that of Men of Sense who are Soldiers. There is a certain irregular Way in their Narrations or Discourse, which has something more warm and pleasing than we meet with among Men, who are used to adjust and methodize their Thoughts.

I was this Evening walking in the Fields with my Friend Captain SENTRY, and I could not, from the many Relations which I drew him into of what passed when he was in the Service, forbear expressing my Wonder, that the Fear of Death, which we, the rest of Mankind, arm our selves

ſelves againſt with ſo much Contemplation, Reaſon and Philoſophy, ſhould appear ſo little in Camps, that common Men march into open Breaches, meet oppoſite Battallions, not only without Reluctance but with Alacrity. My Friend anſwered what I ſaid in the following Manner: 'What you wonder at may very naturally be the Subject 'of Admiration to all who are not converſant in Camps; 'but when a Man has ſpent ſome time in that way of 'Life, he obſerves a certain Mechanick Courage which the 'ordinary Race of Men become Maſters of from acting al-'ways in a Crowd: They ſee indeed many drop, but then 'they ſee many more alive; they obſerve themſelves eſcape 'very narrowly, and they do not know why they ſhould 'not again. Beſides which general way of looſe thinking, 'they uſually ſpend the other Part of their Time in Plea-'ſures, upon which their Minds are ſo entirely bent, that 'ſhort Labours or Dangers are but a cheap Purchaſe of 'Jollity, Triumph, Victory, freſh Quarters, new Scenes, 'and uncommon Adventures. Such are the Thoughts of 'the Executive Part of an Army, and indeed of the Groſs 'of Mankind in general, but none of theſe Men of Me-'chanical Courage have ever made any great Figure in the 'Profeſſion of Arms. Thoſe who are formed for Com-'mand, are ſuch as have reaſoned themſelves, out of a 'Conſideration of greater Good than Length of Days, in-'to ſuch a Negligence of their Being, as to make it their 'firſt Poſition, That it is one Day to be reſigned; and ſince 'it is, in the Proſecution of worthy Actions and Service 'of Mankind they can put it to habitual Hazard. The 'Event of our Deſigns, ſay they, as it relates to others, is 'uncertain; but as it relates to our ſelves it muſt be pro-'ſperous, while we are in the Purſuit of our Duty, and 'within the Terms upon which Providence has enſured 'our Happineſs, whether we die or live. All that Nature 'has preſcribed muſt be good; and as Death is natural to 'us, it is Abſurdity to fear it. Fear loſes its Purpoſe when 'we are ſure it cannot preſerve us, and we ſhould draw 'Reſolution to meet it from the Impoſſibility to eſcape it. 'Without a Reſignation to the Neceſſity of dying, there can 'be no Capacity in Man to attempt any thing that is glori-'ous; but when they have once attained to that Perfection, 'the Pleaſures of a Life ſpent in Martial Adventures, are as

great as any of which the human Mind is capable. Th
Force of Reason gives a certain Beauty, mixed with th
Conscience of Well-doing and Thirst of Glory, to a
which before was terrible and ghastly to the Imagination
Add to this, that the Fellowship of Danger, the commo
Good of Mankind, the general Cause, and the manifes
Virtue you may observe in so many Men, who made n
Figure till that Day, are so many Incentives to destro
the little Consideration of their own Persons. Such ar
the Heroick Part of Soldiers who are qualified for Lea
ders: As to the rest whom I before spoke of, I know
not how it is, but they arrive at a certain Habit of bein
void of Thought, insomuch that on Occasion of the mo
imminent Danger they are still in the same Indifferenc
Nay I remember an Instance of a gay *French-man* wh
was led on in Battle by a superior Officer, (whose Con
duct it was his Custom to speak of always with Con
tempt and Raillery) and in the Beginning of the Actio
received a Wound he was sensible was mortal; his Re
flection upon this Occasion was, *I wish I could live ano
ther Hour, to see how this blundering Coxcomb will g
clear of this Business.*

'I remember two young Fellows who rid in the sam
Squadron of a Troop of Horse, who were ever togethe
they eat, they drank, they intreagued; in a Word, a
their Passions and Affections seemed to tend the same Wa
and they appeared serviceable to each other in them. W
were in the Dusk of the Evening to march over a Rive
and the Troop these Gentlemen belonged to were to b
transported in a Ferry-boat as fast as they could. One
the Friends was now in the Boat, while the other w
drawn up with others by the Water-side waiting the Re
turn of the Boat. A Disorder happened in the Passag
by an unruly Horse; and a Gentleman who had the Rei
of his Horse negligently under his Arm, was forced int
the Water by his Horse's jumping over. The Friend o
the Shore cry'd out, Who's that is drowned trow? H
was immediately answered, Your Friend *Harry Thomso*
He very gravely reply'd, *Ay he had a mad Horse.* Th
short Epitaph from such a Familiar without more Word
gave me, at that Time under Twenty, a very moderat
Opinion of the Friendship of Companions. Thus is A

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'fection and every other Motive of Life in the Generality, 'rooted out by the preſent buſie Scene about them: they 'lament no Man whoſe Capacity can be ſupplied by ano-'ther; and where Men converſe without Delicacy, the 'next Man you meet will ſerve as well as he whom you 'have lived with half your Life. To ſuch the Devaſtation 'of Countries, the Miſery of Inhabitants, the Cries of the 'Pillaged, and the ſilent Sorrow of the great Unfortunate, 'are ordinary Objects; their Minds are bent upon the little 'Gratifications of their own Senſes and Appetites, forget-'ful of Compaſſion, inſenſible of Glory, avoiding only 'Shame; their whole Heart's taken up with the trivial 'Hope of meeting and being merry. Theſe are the Peo-'ple who make up the Groſs of the Soldiery: But the fine 'Gentleman in that Band of Men, is ſuch a One as I have 'now in my Eye, who is foremoſt in all Danger to which 'he is ordered. His Officers are his Friends and Compa-'nions, as they are Men of Honour and Gentlemen; the 'private Men his Brethren, as they are of his Species. He 'is beloved of all that behold him: They wiſh him in 'Danger as he views their Ranks, that they may have 'Occaſions to ſave him at their own Hazard. Mutual Love 'is the Order of the Files where he commands; every Man 'afraid for himſelf and his Neighbour, not leſt their Com-'mander ſhould puniſh them, but leſt he ſhould be offended. 'Such is his Regiment who knows Mankind, and feels 'their Diſtreſſes ſo far as to prevent them. Juſt in diſtri-'buting what is their Due, he would think himſelf below 'their Taylor to wear a Snip of their Cloaths in Lace 'upon his own; and below the moſt rapacious Agent, 'ſhould he enjoy a Farthing above his own Pay. Go on, 'brave Man, immortal Glory is thy Fortune, and immor-'tal Happineſs thy Reward. T

Saturday,

Nº 153. *Saturday, Auguſt* 25.

Habet natura ut aliarum omnium rerum ſic vivendi modum; ſenectas autem peractio Ætatis eſt tanquam Fabulæ. Cujus defatigationem fugere debemus, præſertim adjuncta Satietate. Tull. De Senec.

OF all the impertinent Wiſhes which we hear expreſſed in Converſation, there is not one more unworthy a Gentleman or a Man of liberal Education, than that of wiſhing one's ſelf younger. I have obſerved this Wiſh is uſually made upon Sight of ſome Object which gives the Idea of a paſt Action, that is no Diſhonour to us that we cannot now repeat; or elſe on what was in it ſelf ſhameful when we performed it. It is a certain Sign of a fooliſh or a diſſolute Mind if we want our Youth again only for the Strength of Bones and Sinews which we once were Maſters of. It is (as my Author has it) as abſurd in an old Man to wiſh for the Strength of a Youth, as it would be in a young Man to wiſh for the Strength of a Bull or a Horſe. Theſe Wiſhes are both equally out of Nature, which ſhould direct in all things that are not contradictory to Juſtice, Law and Reaſon. But tho' every old Man has been a Young, and every young one hopes to be old, there ſeems to be a moſt unnatural Miſunderſtanding between thoſe two Stages of Life. This unhappy Want of Commerce ariſes from the inſolent Arrogance or Exultation in Youth, and the irrational Deſpondence or Self-pity in Age. A young Man whoſe Paſſion and Ambition is to be good and wiſe, and an old one who has no Inclination to be lewd or debauched, are quite unconcerned in this Speculation; but the Cocking young Fellow who treads upon the Toes of his Elders, and the old Fool who envies the ſawcy Pride he ſees him in, are the Objects of our preſent Contempt and Deriſion. Contempt and Deriſion are harſh Words; but in what manner can one give Advice to a Youth in the Purſuit and Poſſeſſion of ſenſual Pleaſures, or afford Pity to an old Man in the Impotence and Deſire of Enjoy-

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ing them? When young Men in publick Places betray in their Deportment an abandoned Reſignation to their Appetites, they give to ſober Minds a Proſpect of a deſpicable Age, which, if not interrupted by Death in the midſt of their Follies, muſt certainly come. When an old Man bewails the Loſs of ſuch Gratifications which are paſſed, he diſcovers a monſtrous Inclination to that which is not in the Courſe of Providence to recall. The State of an old Man, who is diſſatisfy'd merely for his being ſuch, is the moſt out of all Meaſures of Reaſon and good Senſe of any Being we have any Account of from the higheſt Angel to the loweſt Worm. How miſerable is the Conſideration to conſider a libinous old Man (while all Created things, beſides himſelf and Devils, are following the Order of Providence) fretting at the Courſe of things, and being almoſt the ſole Malecontent in the Creation. But let us a little reflect upon what he has loſt by the number of Years: The Paſſions which he had in Youth are not to be obeyed as they were then, but Reaſon is more powerful now without the Diſturbance of them. An old Gentleman t'other day in Diſcourſe with a Friend of his (reflecting upon ſome Adventures they had in Youth together) cry'd out, *Oh Jack, thoſe were happy Days! That is true,* reply'd his Friend, *but methinks we go about our buſineſs more quietly than we did then.* One would think it ſhould be no ſmall Satisfaction to have gone ſo far in our Journey that the Heat of the Day is over with us. When Life it ſelf is a Feaver, as it is in licentious Youth, the Pleaſures of it are no other than the Dreams of a Man in that Diſtemper; and it is as abſurd to wiſh the Return of that Seaſon of Life, as for a Man in Health to be ſorry for the Loſs of gilded Palaces, fairy Walks, and flowery Paſtures, with which he remembers he was entertained in the troubled Slumbers of a Fit of Sickneſs.

AS to all the rational and worthy Pleaſures of our Being, the Conſcience of a good Fame, the Contemplation of another Life, the Reſpect and Commerce of honeſt Men, our Capacities for ſuch Enjoyments are enlarged by Years. While Health endures, the latter Part of Life, in the Eye of Reaſon, is certainly the more eligible. The Memory of a well-ſpent Youth gives a peaceable, unmixed, and elegant Pleaſure to the Mind; and to ſuch who are ſo unfortunate

tunate as not to be able to look back on Youth with Sat[is]faction, they may give themselves no little Consolation tha[t] they are under no Temptation to repeat their Follies, an[d] that they at present despise them. It was prettily said, 'H[e] 'that would be long an old Man, must begin early to b[e] 'one: It is too late to resign a thing after a Man is robbe[d] of it; therefore it is necessary that before the Arrival o[f] Age we bid adieu to the Pursuits of Youth, otherwise sen[-]sual Habits will live in our Imaginations when our Limb[s] cannot be subservient to them. The poor Fellow who lo[st] his Arm last Siege, will tell you, he feels the Fingers tha[t] are buried in *Flanders*, ake every cold Morning at *Chelsea*.

THE fond Humour of appearing in the gay and fashio[n]able World, and being applauded for trivial Excellencies is what makes Youth have Age in Contempt, and make[s] Age resign with so ill a Grace the Qualifications of Youth. But this in both Sexes is inverting all things, and turning the natural Course of our Minds, which should build their Approbations and Dislikes upon what Nature and Reason dictate, into Chimera and Confusion.

AGE in a virtuous Person, of either Sex, carries in it an Authority which makes it preferable to all the Pleasures of Youth. If to be saluted, attended, and consulted with Deference, are Instances of Pleasure, they are such as never fail a virtuous old Age. In the Enumeration of the Imperfections and Advantages of the younger and later Years of Man, they are so near in their Condition, that, methinks, it should be incredible we see so little Commerce of Kindness between them. If we consider Youth and Age with *Tully*, regarding the Affinity to Death, Youth has many more Chances to be near it than Age; what Youth can fly more than an old Man, "He shall live 'till Night?" Youth catches Distempers more easily, its Sickness is more violent, and its Recovery more doubtful. The Youth indeed hopes for many more Days, so cannot the old Man. The Youth's Hopes are ill grounded; for what is more foolish than to place any Confidence upon an Uncertainty? But the old Man has not Room so much as for Hope; he is still happier than the Youth, he has already enjoyed what the other does but hope for. One wishes to live long; the other has lived long. But alas, is there any thing in human Life, the Duration of which can be called long?

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There is nothing which must end to be valued for its Continuance. If Hours, Days, Months, and Years pass away, it is no Matter, what Hour, what Day, what Month, or what Year we die. The Applause of a good Actor is due to him at whatever Scene of the Play he makes his Exit. It is thus in the Life of a Man of Sense, a short Life is sufficient to manifest himself a Man of Honour and Virtue; when he ceases to be such he has lived too long, and while he is such, it is of no Consequence to him how long he shall be so, provided he is so to his Life's End. T

N° 154. *Monday, August 27.*

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus ——— Juv.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU are frequent in the mention of Matters which concern the feminine World, and take upon you 'to be very severe against Men upon all those Occasions: But all this while I am afraid you have been very little conversant with Women, or you would know the Generality of them are not so angry as you imagine at the general Vices among us. I am apt to believe (begging your Pardon) that you are still what I my self was once, a queer modest Fellow; and therefore, for your Information, shall give you a short Account of my self, and the Reasons why I was forced to wench, drink, play, and do every thing which are necessary to the Character of a Man of Wit and Pleasure, to be well with the Ladies.

'YOU are to know then that I was bred a Gentleman, 'and had the finishing Part of my Education under a Man 'of great Probity, Wit and Learning, in one of our Universities. I will not deny but this made my Behaviour 'and Mein bear in it a Figure of Thought rather than 'Action; and a Man of a quite contrary Character, who 'never thought in his Life, rallied me one Day upon it, 'and said, He believ'd I was still a Virgin. There was a young Lady of Virtue present, and I was not displeased

to

to favour the Insinuation; But it had a quite contrary Effect from what I expected. I was ever after treated with great Coldness both by that Lady and all the rest of my Acquaintance. In a very little Time I never came into a Room but I could hear a Whisper, Here comes the Maid: A Girl of Humour would on some Occasion say, Why how do you know more than any of us? An Expression of that kind was generally followed by a loud Laugh: In a Word, for no other Fault in the World than that they really thought me as innocent as themselves, I became of no Consequence among them, and was received always upon the Foot of a Jest. This made so strong an Impression upon me, that I resolved to be as agreeable as the best of the Men who laugh'd at me; but I observed it was Nonsense for me to be Impudent at first among those who knew me: My Character for Modesty was so notorious where-ever I had hitherto appeared, that I resolved to shew my new Face in new Quarters of the World. My first Step I chose with Judgment, for I went to *Astrop*; and came down among a Crowd of Academicks, at one Dash, the impudentest Fellow they had ever seen in their Lives. Flushed with this Success, I made Love and was happy. Upon this Conquest I thought it would be unlike a Gentleman to stay long with my Mistress, and crossed the Country to *Bury*: I could give you a very good Account of my self at that Place also. At these two ended my first Summer of Gallantry. The Winter following, you would wonder at it, but I relapsed into Modesty upon coming among People of Figure in *London*, yet not so much but that the Ladies who had formerly laughed at me, said, Bless us! how wonderfully that Gentleman is improved? Some Familiarities about the Play-houses towards the End of the ensuing Winter, made me conceive new Hopes of Adventures; and instead of returning the next Summer to *Astrop* or *Bury*, I thought my self qualified to go to *Epsom*, and followed a young Woman, whose Relations were jealous of my Place in her Favour, to *Scarborough*. I carried my Point, and in my third Year aspired to go to *Tunbridge*, and in the Autumn of the same Year made my Appearance at *Bath*. I was now got into the Way of Talk proper for Ladies, and was run

into

'into a vaſt Acquaintance among them, which I always improved to the *beſt Advantage*. In all this Courſe of Time, and ſome Years following, I found a ſober modeſt Man was always looked upon by both Sexes as a preciſe unfaſhioned Fellow of no Life or Spirit. It was ordinary for a Man who had been drunk in good Company, or paſſed a Night with a Wench, to ſpeak of it next Day before Women for whom he had the greateſt Reſpect. He was reproved, perhaps, with a Blow of the Fan, or an Oh Fie, but the angry Lady ſtill preſerved an apparent Approbation in her Countenance: He was called a ſtrange wicked Fellow, a ſad Wretch; he ſhrugs his Shoulders, ſwears, receives another Blow, ſwears again he did not know he ſwore, and all was well. You might often ſee Men game in the Preſence of Women, and throw at once for more than they were worth, to recommend themſelves as Men of Spirit. I found by long Experience that the looſeſt Principles and moſt abandoned Behaviour, carried all before them in Pretenſions to Women of Fortune. The Encouragement given to People of this Stamp, made me ſoon throw off the remaining Impreſſions of a ſober Education. In the above-mentioned Places, as well as in Town, I always kept Company with thoſe who lived moſt at large; and in due Proceſs of Time I was a pretty Rake among the Men, and a very pretty Fellow among the Women. I muſt confeſs, I had ſome melancholy Hours upon the Account of the Narrowneſs of my Fortune, but my Conſcience at the ſame Time gave me the Comfort that I had qualified my ſelf for marrying a Fortune.

'WHEN I had lived in this manner for ſome Time, and became thus accompliſhed, I was now in the Twenty Seventh Year of my Age, and about the Forty Seventh of my Conſtitution, my Health and Eſtate waſting very faſt; when I happened to fall into the Company of a very pretty young Lady in her own Diſpoſal. I entertained the Company, as we Men of Gallantry generally do, with the many Haps and Diſaſters, Watchings under Windows, Eſcapes from jealous Husbands, and ſeveral other Perils: The young Thing was wonderfully charmed with one that knew the World ſo well, and talked ſo fine; with *Deſdemona*, all her Lover ſaid affected her; *it was ſtrange*,

'*'twas wondrous strange.* In a Word, I saw the Impre
'sion I had made upon her, and with a very little Applic
'tion the pretty Thing has married me. There is so muc
'Charm in her Innocence and Beauty, that I do now
'much detest the Course I have been in for many Yea
'as ever I did before I entred into it.

'WHAT I intend, Mr. SPECTATOR, by writing
'this to you, is, that you would, before you go any fu
'ther with your Panegyricks on the fair Sex, give the
'some Lectures upon their silly Approbations. It is th
'I am weary of Vice, and that it was not my natur
'Way, that I am now so far recovered as not to trin
'this believing dear Creature to Contempt and Pover
'for her Generosity to me. At the same time tell t
'Youth of good Education of our Sex, that they take t
'little Care of improving themselves in little Things:
'good Air at entring into a Room, a proper Audacity
'expressing himself with Gayety and Gracefulness, wou
'make a young Gentleman of Virtue and Sense capable
'discountenancing the shallow impudent Rogues that shi
'among the Women.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, I don't doubt but you are a ve
'sagacious Person, but you are so great with *Tully* of la
'that I fear you will contemn these Things as Matters
'no Consequence: But believe me, Sir, they are of t
'highest Importance to Human Life; and if you can
'any thing towards opening fair Eyes, you will lay
'Obligation upon all your Contemporaries who are F
'thers, Husbands, or Brothers to Females.

Your most affectionate humble Servant,

T. Simon Honeycom

Tuesda

№ 155. *Tuesday, August* 28.

——— He nugæ seria ducunt
In mala ——— Hor.

I Have more than once taken Notice of an indecent Licence taken in Discourse, wherein the Conversation on one Part is involuntary, and the Effect of some necessary Circumstance. This happens in travelling together in the same hired Coach, sitting near each other in any publick Assembly, or the like. I have, upon making Observations of this sort, received innumerable Messages from that Part of the fair Sex whose Lot in Life is to be of any Trade or publick Way of Life. They are all to a Woman urgent with me to lay before the World the unhappy Circumstances they are under, from the unreasonable Liberty which is taken in their Presence, to talk on what Subject it is thought fit by every Coxcomb who wants Understanding or Breeding. One or two of these Complaints I shall set down.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

I Keep a Coffee-house, and am one of those whom you have thought fit to mention as an Idol some time ago. I suffered a good deal of Rallery upon that Occasion; but shall heartily forgive you, who were the Cause of it, if you will do me Justice in another Point. What I ask of you, is, to acquaint my Customers (who are otherwise very good ones) that I am unavoidably hasped in my Bar, and cannot help hearing the improper Discourses they are pleased to entertain me with. They strive who shall say the most immodest Things in my Hearing. At the same time half a dozen of them loll at the Bar staring just in my Face, ready to interpret my Looks and Gestures according to their own Imaginations. In this passive Condition I know not where to cast my Eyes, place my Hands, or what to employ my self in. But this Confusion is to be a Jest, and I hear them say in the

'the End, with an insipid Air of Mirth and Subtlety, Le
'her alone, she knows as well as we, for all she looks s
'Good Mr. SPECTATOR persuade Gentlemen that it
'out of all Decency: Say it is possible a Woman may b
'modest, and yet keep a Publick House. Be pleased to ar
'gue, that in Truth the Affront is the more unpardon
'able because I am obliged to suffer it, and cannot fl
'from it. I do assure you, Sir, the Chearfulness of Lif
'which would arise from the honest Gain I have, i
'utterly lost to me, from the endless, flat, impertinen
'Pleasantries which I hear from Morning to Nigh
'In a Word, it is too much for me to bear; and I de
'sire you to acquaint them, that I will keep Pen an
'Ink at the Bar, and write down all they say to me, an
'send it to you for the Press. It is possible when they se
'how empty what they speak, without the Advantage of a
'impudent Countenance and Gesture, will appear, the
'may come to some Sense of themselves, and the Insul
'they are guilty of towards me. I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

The Ido

THIS Representation is so just, that it is hard to speak of it without an Indignation which perhaps would appear too elevated to such as can be guilty of this inhuman Treatment, where they see they affront a modest, plain, and ingenuous Behaviour. This Correspondent is not the only Sufferer in this kind, for I have long Letters both from the *Royal* and *New Exchange* on the same Subject. They tell me that a young Fop cannot buy a Pair of Gloves, but he is at the same time straining for some ingenious Ribaldry to say to the young Woman who helps them on. It is no small Addition to the Calamity, that the Rogues buy as hard as the plainest and modestest Customers they have; besides which they loll upon their Counters half an Hour longer than they need, to drive away other Customers, who are to share their Impertinencies with the Milliner, or go to another Shop. Letters from *'Change Alley* are full of the same Evil, and the Girls tell me except I can chace some eminent Merchants from their Shops they shall in a short Time fail. It is very unaccountable, that Men can have

have ſo little Deference to all Mankind who paſs by them, as to bear being ſeen toying by two's and three's at a Time, with no other Purpoſe but to appear gay enough to keep up a light Converſation of common-place Jeſts, to the Injury of her whoſe Credit is certainly hurt by it, tho' their own may be ſtrong enough to bear it. When we come to have exact Accounts of theſe Converſations, it is not to be doubted but that their Diſcourſes will raiſe the uſual Style of buying and ſelling: Inſtead of the plain down-right Buying, and asking and bidding ſo unequally to what they will really give and take, we may hope to have from theſe fine Folks an Exchange of Compliments. There muſt certainly be a great deal of pleaſant Difference between the Commerce of Lovers, and that of all other Dealers, who are, in a Kind, Adverſaries. A ſealed Bond, or a Bank Note, would be a pretty Gallantry to convey unſeen into the Hands of one whom a Director is charmed with; otherwiſe the City Loiterers are ſtill more unreaſonable than thoſe at the other End of the Town: At the *New Exchange* they are eloquent for want of Caſh, but in the City they ought with Caſh to ſupply their want of Eloquence.

IF one might be ſerious on this prevailing Folly, one might obſerve, that it is a melancholy thing, when the World is mercenary even to the buying and ſelling our very Perſons, that young Women, tho' they have never ſo great Attractions from Nature, are never the nearer being happily diſpoſed of in Marriage; I ſay, it is very hard under this Neceſſity, it ſhall not be poſſible for them to go into a Way of Trade for their Maintenance, but their very Excellencies and perſonal Perfections ſhall be a Diſadvantage to them, and ſubject them to be treated as if they ſtood there to ſell their Perſons to Proſtitution. There cannot be a more melancholy Circumſtance to one who has made any Obſervation in the World, than one of theſe erring Creatures expoſed to Bankruptcy. When that happens, none of theſe toying Fools will do any more than any other Man they meet to preſerve her from Infamy, Inſult, and Diſtemper. A Woman is naturally more helpleſs than the other Sex; and a Man of Honour and Senſe ſhould have this in his View in all Manner of Commerce with her. Were this well weighed, Inconſideration, Ribaldry, and Nonſenſe, would not be more natural to entertain

Women with than Men; and it would be as much Impertinence to go into a Shop of one of these young Women without buying, as into that of any other Trader. I shall end this Speculation with a Letter I have received from a pretty Milliner in the City.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have read your Account of Beauties, and was not a little 'surprized to find no Character of my self in it. I 'do assure you I have little else to do but to give Audience 'as I am such. Here are Merchants of no small Considera'tion, who call in as certainly as they go to *'Change*, to 'say something of my roguish Eye: And here is one who 'makes me once or twice a Week tumble over all my 'Goods, and then owns it was only a Gallantry to see me 'act with these pretty Hands; then lays out three Pence 'in a little Ribbon for his Wrist-bands, and thinks he is a 'Man of great Vivacity. There is an ugly thing not far 'off me, whose Shop is frequented only by People of Busi'ness, that is all Day long as busy as possible. Must 'that am a Beauty be treated with for nothing but my 'Beauty? Be pleased to assign Rates to my kind Glances, 'or make all pay who come to see me, or I shall be un'done by my Admirers for want of Customers. *Albacinda*, *Eudosia*, and all the rest would be used just as we are, 'if they were in our Condition; therefore pray consider 'the Distress of us the lower Order of Beauties, and you 'shall be

'T *Your obliged humble Servant*

Nº 156. *Wednesday, August* 29.

——— *Sed tu simul obligasti*
Perfidum votis caput, enitescis
Pulchrior multo ——— Hor.

I Do not think any thing could make a pleasanter Entertainment, than the History of the reigning Favourite among the Women from Time to Time about the Town. In such an Account we ought to have a faithful Cor-

Confeſſion of each Lady for what ſhe liked ſuch and ſuch Man, and he ought to tell us by what particular Action Dreſs he believed he ſhould be moſt ſucceſsful. As for Part, I have always made as eaſy a Judgment when a Man dreſſes for the Ladies, as when he is equipped for Dancing or Courſing. The Woman's Man is a Perſon in Air and Behaviour quite different from the reſt of our Species: His Garb is more looſe and negligent, his Manner more ſoft and indolent; that is to ſay, in both theſe Caſes there is an apparent Endeavour to appear unconcerned and careleſs. In catching Birds the Fowlers have a Method of counterfeiting their Voices to bring them to the Snare; and our Women's Men have always a Similitude of the Creature they hope to betray, in their own Converſation. A Woman's Man is very knowing in all that paſſes from one Family to another, has little pretty Officiouſneſſes, is not at a Loſs what is good for a Cold, and it is not amiſs if he has a Bottle of Spirits in his Pocket in caſe of any ſudden Diſpoſition.

CURIOSITY having been my prevailing Paſſion, and indeed the ſole Entertainment of my Life, I have ſometimes made it my Buſineſs to examine the Courſe of Intrigues, as well as the Manners and Accompliſhments of ſuch as have been moſt ſucceſsful that Way. In all my Obſervation, I never knew a Man of good Underſtanding a general Favourite; ſome Singularity in his Behaviour, ſome Whim in his Way of Life, and what would have made him ridiculous among the Men, has recommended him to the other Sex. I ſhould be very ſorry to offend a People ſo fortunate as theſe of whom I am ſpeaking; but any one look over the old Beaux, and he will find the Art of Succeſs was remarkable for quarrelling impertinently for their Sakes, for dreſſing unlike the reſt of the World, or paſſing his Days in an inſipid Aſſiduity about the fair Sex, to gain the Figure he made amongſt them. Add to this that he muſt have the Reputation of being well with other Women, to pleaſe any one Woman of Gallantry; for you are to know, that there is a mighty Ambition among the fair Part of the Sex to gain Slaves from the Dominion of their Lovers. My Friend WILL. HONEYCOMB ſays it was a common Bite with him, to lay Suſpicious that he was favoured by a Lady's Enemy, that is ſome rival Beauty, to

be

be well with her self. A little Spite is natural to a great Beauty: and it is ordinary to snap up a disagreeable Fellow, lest another should have him. That impudent Toad *Bare-face* fares well among all the Ladies he converses with, for no other Reason in the World but that he has the Skill to keep them from Explanation with one another. Did they know there is not one who likes him in her Heart, each would declare her Scorn of him the next Moment; but he is well received by them because it is the Fashion, and Opposition to each other brings them insensibly into an Imitation of each other. What adds to him the greatest Grace is, that the pleasant Thief, as they call him, is the most inconstant Creature living, has a wonderful deal of Wit and Humour, and never wants something to say; besides all which, he has a most spiteful dangerous Tongue if you should provoke him.

TO make a Woman's Man, he must not be a Man of Sense, or a Fool; the Business is to entertain, and it is much better to have a Faculty of arguing than a Capacity of judging right. But the pleasantest of all the Womens Equipage are your regular Visitants; these are Volunteers in their Service, without Hopes of Pay or Preferment: It is enough that they can lead out from a publick Place, that they are admitted on a publick Day, and can be allowed to pass away Part of that heavy Load, their Time, in the Company of the Fair. But commend me above all others to those who are known for your Ruiners of Ladies; these are the choicest Spirits which our Age produces. We have several of these irresistible Gentlemen among us when the Company is in Town. These Fellows are accomplished with the Knowledge of the ordinary Occurrences about Court and Town, have that sort of good Breeding which is exclusive of all Morality, and consists only in being publickly decent, privately dissolute.

IT is wonderful how far a fond Opinion of herself can carry a Woman, to make her have the least Regard to a professed known Woman's Man: But as scarce one of all the Women who are in the Tour of Gallantries ever hear any thing of what is the common Sense of sober Minds, but are entertained with a continual Round of Flatteries, they cannot be Mistresses of themselves enough to make Arguments for their own Conduct from the Behaviour of

these

these Men to others. It is so far otherwise, that a general Fame for Falshood in this kind, is a Recommendation; and the Coxcomb, loaded with the Favours of many others, is received like a Victor that disdains his Trophies to be a Victim to the present Charmer.

IF you see a Man more full of Gesture than ordinary in a publick Assembly, if loud upon no Occasion, if negligent of the Company round him, and yet laying wait for destroying by that Negligence, you may take it for granted that he has ruined many a Fair One. The Woman's Man expresses himself wholly in that Motion which we call Strutting: An elevated Chest, a pinched Hat, a measurable Step, and a sly surveying Eye, are the Marks of him. Now and then you see a Gentleman with all these Accomplishments; but alas any one of them is enough to undo Thousands: When a Gentleman with such Perfections adds to it suitable Learning, there should be publick Warning of his Residence in Town, that we may remove our Wives and Daughters. It happens sometimes that such a fine Man has read all the Miscellany Poems, a few of our Comedies, and has the Translation of *Ovid*'s Epistles by Heart. Oh if it were possible that such a one could be as true as he is charming! but that is too much, the Women will share such a dear false Man: 'A little Gallantry to hear him Talk one 'would indulge one's self in, let him reckon the Sticks of 'one's Fan, say something of the *Cupids* in it; and then call 'one so many soft Names which a Man of his Learning has 'at his Finger's Ends. There sure is some Excuse for Frailty, 'when attacked by such Force against a weak Woman.' Such is the Soliloquy of many a Lady one might name, at the Sight of one of these who makes it no Iniquity to go on from Day to Day in the Sin of Woman-Slaughter.

IT is certain that People are got into a Way of Affectation, with a manner of over-looking the most solid Virtues, and admiring the most trivial Excellencies. The Woman is so far from expecting to be contemned for being a very injudicious silly Animal, that while she can preserve her Features and her Mein she knows she is still the Object of Desire; and there is a sort of secret Ambition, from reading frivolous Books, and keeping as frivolous Company, each side to be amiable in Imperfection, and arrive at the Characters of the Dear Deceiver and the Perjured Fair. T

N° 157. *Thursday, August* 30.

——Genius natale comes qui temperat astrum
Naturæ Deus humanæ Mortalis in unum
Quodque caput —— Hor.

I Am very much at a Loss to express by any Word that occurs to me in our Language that which is understood by *Indoles* in Latin. The natural Disposition to any particular Art, Science, Profession, or Trade, is very much to be consulted in the Care of Youth, and studied by Men for their own Conduct when they form to themselves any Scheme of Life. It is wonderfully hard indeed for a Man to judge of his own Capacity impartially; that may look great to me which may appear little to another, and I may be carried by Fondness towards my self so far, as to attempt Things too high for my Talents and Accomplishments: But it is not methinks so very difficult a Matter to make a Judgment of the Abilities of others, especially of those who are in their Infancy. My Common-place Book directs me on this Occasion to mention the Dawning of Greatness in *Alexander*, who being asked in his Youth to contend for a Prize in the Olympick Games, answered he would, if he had Kings to run against him. *Cassius*, who was one of the Conspirators against *Cæsar*, gave as great a Proof of his Temper, when in his Childhood he struck a Play-Fellow, the Son of *Sylla*, for saying his Father was Master of the *Roman* People. *Scipio* is reported to have answered, (when some Flatterers at Supper were asking him what the *Romans* should do for a General after his Death) Take *Marius*. *Marius* was then a very Boy, and had given no Instances of his Valour; but it was visible to *Scipio* from the Manners of the Youth, that he had a Soul formed for the Attempt and Execution of great Undertakings. I must confess I have very often with much Sorrow bewailed the Misfortune of the Children of *Great Britain*, when I consider the Ignorance and Undiscerning of the Generality of School-masters. The boasted Liberty we talk of is but a mea-

mean Reward for the long Servitude, the many Heart Aches and Terrours, to which our Childhood is expoſed in going through a Grammar-School: Many of theſe ſtupid Tyrants exerciſe their Cruelty without any manner of Diſtinction of the Capacities of Children, or the Intention of Parents in their Behalf. There are many excellent Tempers which are worthy to be nouriſhed and cultivated with all poſſible Diligence and Care, that were never deſigned to be acquainted with *Ariſtotle*, *Tully* or *Virgil*; and there are as many who have Capacities for underſtanding every Word thoſe great Perſons have writ, and yet were not born to have any Reliſh of their Writings. For want of this common and obvious diſcerning in thoſe who have the Care of Youth, we have ſo many Hundred unaccountable Creatures every Age whipped up into great Scholars, that are for ever near a right Underſtanding, and will never arrive at it. Theſe are the Scandal of Letters, and theſe are generally the Men who are to teach others. The Senſe of Shame and Honour is enough to keep the World it ſelf in Order without Corporal Puniſhment, much more to train the Minds of uncorrupted and innocent Children. It happens, I doubt not, more than once in a Year, that a Lad is chaſtiſed for a Blockhead, when it is a good Apprehenſion that makes him incapable of knowing what his Teacher means: A briſk Imagination very often may ſuggeſt an Errour, which a Lad could have not fallen into, if he had been as heavy in conjecturing as his Maſter in explaining: But there is no Mercy even towards a wrong Interpretation of his Meaning, the Sufferings of the Scholar's Body are to rectify the Miſtakes of his Mind.

I am confident that no Boy who will not be allured to Letters without Blows, will ever be brought to any thing with them. A great or good Mind muſt neceſſarily be the worſe for ſuch Indignities; and it is a ſad Change to loſe of its Virtue for the Improvement of its Knowledge. No one who has gone through what they call a great School, but muſt remember to have ſeen Children of excellent and ingenuous Natures, (as has afterwards appeared in their Manhood) I ſay no Man has paſſed through this Way of Education, but muſt have ſeen an ingenuous Creature expiring with Shame, with pale Looks, beſeeching Sorrow, and ſilent Tears, throw up its honeſt Eyes, and kneel on its

tender Knees to an inexorable Blockhead, to be forgiven the falſe Quantity of a Word in making a Latin Verſe: The Child is puniſhed, and the next Day he commits a like Crime, and ſo a third with the ſame Conſequence. I would fain ask any reaſonable Man whether this Lad, in the Simplicity of his Native Innocence, full of Shame, and capable of any Impreſſion from that Grace of Soul, was not fitter for any Purpoſe in this Life, than after that Spark of Virtue is extinguiſhed in him, tho' he is able to write twenty Verſes in an Evening?

Seneca ſays, after his exalted Way of Talking, *As the immortal Gods never learnt any Virtue tho' they are endued with all that is good; ſo there are ſome Men who have ſo natural a Propenſity to what they ſhould follow, that they learn it almoſt as ſoon as they hear it.* Plants and Vegetables are cultivated into the Production of finer Fruit than they would yield without that Care; and yet we cannot entertain Hopes of producing a tender conſcious Spirit into Acts of Virtue, without the ſame Methods as is uſed to cut Timber, or give new Shape to a Piece of Stone.

IT is wholly to this dreadful Practice that we may attribute a certain Hardneſs and Ferocity which ſome Men, tho' liberally educated, carry about them in all their Behaviour. To be bred like a Gentleman, and puniſhed like a Malefactor, muſt, as we ſee it does, produce that illiberal Saucineſs which we ſee ſometimes in Men of Letters.

THE *Spartan* Boy who ſuffered the Fox (which he had ſtollen and hid under his Coat) to eat into his Bowels, I dare ſay had not half the Wit or Petulance which we learn at great Schools among us: But the glorious Senſe of Honour, or rather Fear of Shame, which he demonſtrated in that Action, was worth all the Learning in the World without it.

IT is methinks a very melancholy Conſideration, that a little Negligence can ſpoil us, but great Induſtry is neceſſary to improve us; the moſt excellent Natures are ſoon depreciated, but evil Tempers are long before they are exalted into good Habits. To help this by Puniſhments, is the ſame thing as killing a Man to cure him of a Diſtemper; when he comes to ſuffer Puniſhment in that one Circumſtance, he is brought below the Exiſtence of a rational Creature, and is in the State of a Brute that moves only by the

Admo-

Admonition of Stripes. But ſince this Cuſtom of educating by the Laſh is ſuffered by the Gentry of *Great Britain*, I would prevail only that honeſt heavy Lads may be diſmiſſed from Slavery ſooner than they are at preſent, and not whipped on to their fourteenth or fifteenth Year, whether they expect any Progreſs from them or not. Let the Child's Capacity be forthwith examined, and he ſent to ſome Mechanick Way of Life, without Reſpect to his Birth, if Nature deſigned him for nothing higher; let him go before he has innocently ſuffered, and is debaſed into a Dereliction of Mind for being what it is no Guilt to be, a plain Man. I would not here be ſuppoſed to have ſaid, that our learned Men of either Robe who have been whipped at School, are not ſtill Men of noble and liberal Minds; but I am ſure they had been much more ſo than they are, had they never ſuffered that Infamy.

BUT tho' there is ſo little Care, as I have obſerved, taken, or Obſervation made of the natural Strain of Men, it is no ſmall Comfort to me, as a SPECTATOR, that there is any right Value ſet upon the *bona Indoles* of other Animals; as appears by the following Advertiſement handed about the County of *Lincoln*, and ſubſcribed by *Enos Thomas*, a Perſon whom I have not the Honour to know, but ſuppoſe to be profoundly learned in Horſe-Fleſh.

A Cheſnut Horſe called Cæſar, *bred by* James Darcy, *Eſq*; *at* Sedbury *near* Richmond *in the County of* York; *his Grandam was his old royal Mare, and got by* Blunderbuſs, *which was got by* Hemſly-Turk, *and he got Mr.* Courant's Arabian, *which got Mr.* Minſhul's Jewſtrump. *Mr.* Cæſar *ſold him to a Nobleman (coming five Years old, when he had but one Sweat) for three hundred Guineas. A Guinea a Leap and Trial, and a Shilling the Man.*

Enos Thomas.

N° 158. *Friday, August* 31.

——— *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.* Martial.

OUT of a firm Regard to Impartiality I print these Letters, let them make for me or not.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Have observed through the whole Course of your 'Rhapsodies, (as you once very well called them) 'you are very industrious to overthrow all that many 'your Superiors who have gone before you have made 'their Rule of writing. I am now between fifty and 'sixty, and had the Honour to be well with the first Men 'of Taste and Gallantry in the joyous Reign of *Charles* the 'Second: We then had, I humbly presume, as good Under-'standings among us as any now can pretend to. As for your-'self, *Mr.* SPECTATOR, you seem with the utmost Ar-'rogance to undermine the very Fundamentals upon which 'we conducted our selves. It is monstrous to set up for a 'Man of Wit, and yet deny that Honour in a Woman is any 'thing else but Peevishness, that Inclination is the best Rule 'of Life, or Virtue and Vice any thing else but Health 'and Disease. We had no more to do but to put a Lady 'in good Humour, and all we could wish followed of 'Course. Then again, your *Tully*, and your Discourses 'of another Life, are the very Bane of Mirth and good 'Humour. Pr'ythee don't value thy self on thy Reason at 'that exorbitant Rate, and the Dignity of humane Na-'ture; take my Word for it, a Setting-dog has as good Rea-'son as any Man in *England*. Had you (as by your Diur-'nals one would think you do) set up for being in vogue 'in Town, you should have fallen in with the Bent of 'Passion and Appetite; your Songs had then been in every 'pretty Mouth in *England*, and your little Distichs had 'been the Maxims of the Fair and the Witty to walk by: 'But alas, Sir, what can you hope for from entertaining 'People with what must needs make them like themselves 'worse

'worse than they did before they read you? Had you made 'it your Business to describe *Corinna* charming, though 'inconstant, to find something in humane Nature it self to 'make *Zoilus* excuse himself for being fond of her; and 'to make every Man in good Commerce with his own 'Reflections, you had done something worthy our Ap-'plause; but indeed, Sir, we shall not commend you for 'disapproving us. I have a great deal more to say to you, 'but I shall sum it up all in this one Remark, In short, Sir, 'you do not write like a Gentleman.

I am, SIR, Your most humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE other Day we were several of us at a Tea-Table, 'and according to Custom and your own Advice 'had the *Spectator* read among us: It was that Paper where-'in you are pleased to treat with great Freedom that Cha-'racter which you call a Woman's Man. We gave up all 'the Kinds you have mentioned, except those who, you 'say, are our constant Visitants. I was upon the Occasion 'commissioned by the Company to write to you, and tell 'you, That we shall not part with the Men we have at 'present, 'till the Men of Sense think fit to relieve them, 'and give us their Company in their Stead. You cannot 'imagine but that we love to hear Reason and good Sense 'better than the Rivaldry we are at present entertained with, 'but we must have Company, and among us very in-'considerable is better than none at all. We are made for 'the Cements of Society, and came into the World to 'create Relations among Mankind; and Solitude is an un-'natural Being to us. If the Men of good Understanding 'would forget a little of their Severity, they would find 'their Account in it; and their Wisdom would have a Plea-'sure in it, to which they are now Strangers. It is natural 'among us, when Men have a true Relish of our Com-'pany and our Value, to say every thing with a better 'Grace; and there is without designing it something Orna-'mental in what Men utter before Women, which is lost 'or neglected in Conversation of Men only. Give me 'Leave to tell you, Sir, it would do you no great Harm if 'you your self came a little more into our Company; it 'would certainly cure you of a certain positive and deter-

'mining manner in which you talk ſometimes. In hopes 'of your Amendment,

I am, SIR, Your gentle Reader.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR profeſſed Regard to the Fair Sex, may per- 'haps make them value your Admonitions when 'they will not thoſe of other Men. I deſire you, Sir, to 'repeat ſome Lectures upon Subjects which you have now 'and then in a curſory manner only juſt touched. I would 'have a *Spectator* wholly writ upon good Breeding; and 'after you have aſſerted that Time and Place are to be ve- 'ry much conſidered in all our Actions, it will be proper 'to dwell upon Behaviour at Church. On *Sunday* laſt a 'grave and reverend Man preached at our Church: There 'was ſomething particular in his Accent, but without any 'manner of Affectation. This Particularity a Set of Gig'lers 'thought the moſt neceſſary Thing to be taken Notice of 'in his whole Diſcourſe, and made it an Occaſion of Mirth 'during the whole Time of Sermon: You ſhould ſee one 'of them ready to burſt behind a Fan, another pointing to 'a Companion in another Seat, and a fourth with an arch 'Compoſure, as if ſhe would if poſſible ſtifle her Laughter 'There were many Gentlemen who looked at them ſted- 'faſtly, but this they took for ogling and admiring them: 'There was one of the merry ones in particular, that found 'out but juſt then that ſhe had but five Fingers, for ſhe 'fell a reckoning the pretty Pieces of Ivory over and over 'again, to find her ſelf Employment and not laugh out. 'Would it not be expedient, Mr. SPECTATOR, that the 'Church-Warden ſhould hold up his Wand on theſe Oc- 'caſions, and keep the Decency of the Place as a Magi- 'ſtrate does the Peace in a Tumult elſewhere?

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am a Woman's Man, and read with a very fine Lady 'your Paper, wherein you fall upon us whom you en- 'vy: What do you think I did? you muſt know ſhe was 'dreſſing, I read the *Spectator* to her, and ſhe laughed at 'the Places where ſhe thought I was touched; I threw 'away your Moral, and taking up her Girdle cryed out,

Give me but what this Ribbon bound,
Take all the reſt the Sun goes round.

'SHE

'SHE ſmiled, Sir, and ſaid you were a Pedant; ſo ſay 'of me what you pleaſe, read *Seneca*, and quote him a-'gainſt me if you think fit.

T *I am, SIR, Your humble Servant.*

N° 159. *Saturday, September* 1.

——— *Omnem quæ nunc obducta tuenti*
Mortales hebetat viſus tibi, & humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam ——— Virg.

WHEN I was at *Grand Cairo* I picked up ſeveral Oriental Manuſcripts, which I have ſtill by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Viſions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great Pleaſure. I intend to give it to the Publick when I have no other Entertainment for them; and ſhall begin with the firſt Viſion, which I have Tranſlated Word for Word as follows.

'ON the fifth Day of the Moon, which according 'to the Cuſtom of my Forefathers I always keep 'holy, after having waſhed my ſelf, and offered up my 'Morning Devotions, I aſcended the high Hills of *Bagdat*, 'in order to paſs the reſt of the Day in Meditation and 'Prayer. As I was here airing my ſelf on the Tops of the 'Mountains, I fell into a profound Contemplation on the 'Vanity of humane Life; and paſſing from one Thought 'to another, Surely, ſaid I, Man is but a Shadow and Life 'a Dream. Whilſt I was thus muſing, I caſt my Eyes to-'wards the Summit of a Rock that was not far from me, 'where I diſcovered one in the Habit of a Shepherd, with 'a Muſical Inſtrument in his Hand. As I looked upon him 'he applied it to his Lips, and began to play upon it. The 'Sound of it was exceeding ſweet, and wrought into a 'Variety of Tunes that were inexpreſſiby melodious, and 'altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: 'They put me in mind of thoſe heavenly Airs that are played 'to the departed Souls of good Men upon their firſt Arri-'val in Paradiſe, to wear out the Impreſſions of their laſt

Agonies, and qualifie them for the Pleasures of that happy Place. My Heart melted away in secret Raptures.

'I had been often told that the Rock before me was the Haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with Musick who had passed by it, but never heard that the Musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my Thoughts, by those transporting Airs which he played, to taste the Pleasures of his Conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his Hand directed me to approach the Place where he sat. I drew near with that Reverence, which is due to a superior Nature; and as my Heart was entirely subdued by the captivating Strains I had heard, I fell down at his Feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a Look of Compassion and Affability that familiarized him to my Imagination, and at once dispelled all the Fears and Apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the Ground, and taking me by the Hand, *Mirzah*, said he, I have heard thee in the Soliloquies; follow me.

'HE then led me to the highest Pinnacle of the Rock, and placing me on the Top of it, Cast thy Eyes Eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge Valley and a prodigious Tide of Water rolling thro' it. The Valley that thou seest, said he, is the Vale of Misery, and the Tide of Water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity. What is the Reason, said I, that the Tide I see rises out of a thick Mist at one End, and again loses it self in a thick Mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that Portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the Sun, and reaching from the Beginning of the World to its Consummation. Examine now, said he, this Sea that is thus bounded with Darkness at both Ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a Bridge, said I, standing in the Midst of the Tide. The Bridge thou seest, said he, is humane Life, consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely Survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire Arches, with several broken Arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the Number about an hundred. As I was counting the Arches, the Genius told me that this Bridge consisted at first of a

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'thouſand Arches; but that a great Flood ſwept away the 'reſt and left the Bridge in the ruinous Condition I 'now beheld it. But tell me further, ſaid he, what thou 'diſcovereſt on it. I ſee multitudes of People paſſing o-'over it, ſaid I, and a black Cloud hanging on each End of 'it. As I looked more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral of the 'Paſſengers dropping thro' the Bridge, into the great Tide 'that flowed underneath it; and upon further Examina-'tion, perceived there were innumerable Trap-doors that 'lay concealed in the Bridge, which the Paſſengers no ſoon-'er trod upon, but they fell through them into the Tide 'and immediately diſappeared. Theſe hidden Pit-falls were 'ſet very thick at the Entrance of the Bridge, ſo that 'Throngs of People no ſooner broke through the Cloud, 'but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner 'towards the middle, but multiplied and lay cloſer toge-'ther towards the End of the Arches that were entire.

'THERE were indeed ſome Perſons, but their Num-'ber was very ſmall, that continued a kind of hobbling 'March on the broken Arches, but fell through one after 'another, being quite tired and ſpent with ſo long a Walk.

'I paſſed ſome Time in the Contemplation of this won-'derful Structure, and the great Variety of Objects which 'it preſented. My Heart was filled with a deep Melan-'choly to ſee ſeveral dropping unexpectedly in the midſt of 'Mirth and Jollity, and catching at every thing that ſtood 'by them to ſave themſelves. Some were looking up to-'wards the Heavens in a thoughtful Poſture, and in the 'Midſt of a Speculation ſtumbled and fell out of Sight. 'Multitudes were very buſy in the Purſuit of Bubbles that 'glittered in their Eyes and danced before them, but often 'when they thought themſelves within the reach of them 'their Footing failed and down they ſunk. In this Confuſi-'on of Objects, I obſerved ſome with Scymetars in their 'Hands, and others with Urinals, who ran to and fro upon 'the Bridge, thruſting ſeveral Perſons on Trap-doors which 'did not ſeem to lie in their Way, and which they might 'have eſcaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

'THE Genius ſeeing me indulge my ſelf in this me-'lancholy Proſpect, told me I had dwelt long enough up-'on it: Take thine Eyes off the Bridge, ſaid he, and tell 'me if thou yet ſeeſt any thing thou doſt not comprehend.

'Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great Flights 'of Birds that are perpetually hovering about the Bridge, 'and settling upon it from time to time? I see Vultures, 'Harpyes, Ravens, Cormorants; and among many other 'feathered Creatures several little winged Boys, that perch 'in great Numbers upon the middle Arches. These, said 'the Genius, are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, 'Love, with the like Cares and Passions that infest hu-'mane Life.

'I here fetched a deep Sigh, Alas, said I, Man was made 'in vain! How is he given away to Misery and Mortality! 'tortured in Life, and swallowed up in Death! The Geni-'us being moved with Compassion towards me, bid me 'quit so uncomfortable a Prospect. Look no more, said 'he, on Man in the first Stage of his Existence, in his set-'ting out for Eternity; but cast thine Eye on that thick 'Mist into which the Tide bears the several Generations of 'Mortals that fall into it. I directed my Sight as I was 'ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius strength-'ened it with any supernatural Force, or dissipated Part of 'the Mist that was before too thick for the Eye to pene-'trate) I saw the Valley opening at the further End, and 'spreading forth into an immense Ocean, that had a huge 'Rock of Adamant running through the midst of it, and 'dividing it into two equal Parts. The Clouds still rested 'on one Half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing 'in it: But the other appeared to me a vast Ocean planted 'with innumerable Islands, that were covered with Fruits 'and Flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining 'Seas that ran among them. I could see Persons dressed 'in glorious Habits with Garlands upon their Heads, pas-'sing among the Trees, lying down by the Sides of Foun-'tains, or resting on Beds of Flowers; and could hear a 'confused Harmony of singing Birds, falling Waters, hu-'mane Voices, and musical Instruments. Gladness grew in 'me upon the Discovery of so delightful a Scene. I wish-'ed for the Wings of an Eagle, that I might fly away to 'those happy Seats; but the Genius told me there was no 'Passage to them, except through the Gates of Death that 'I saw opening every Moment upon the Bridge. The 'Islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and 'with which the whole Face of the Ocean appears spot-

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'ted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in Number than 'the Sands on the Sea ſhore; there are Myriads of Iſlands 'behind thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching fur-'ther than thine Eye or even thine Imagination can extend 'it ſelf. Theſe are the Manſions of good Men after Death, 'who according to the Degree and Kinds of Virtue in 'which they excelled, are diſtributed among theſe ſeveral 'Iſlands, which abound with Pleaſures of different Kinds 'and Degrees, ſuitable to the Reliſhes and Perfections of 'thoſe who are ſettled in them; every Iſland is a Paradiſe 'accommodated to its reſpective Inhabitants. Are not 'theſe, O *Mirza*, Habitations worth contending for? Does 'Life appear miſerable, that gives thee Opportunities of 'earning ſuch a Reward? Is Death to be feared, that will 'convey thee to ſo happy an Exiſtence? Think not Man 'was made in vain, who has ſuch an Eternity reſerved 'for him. I gazed with inexpreſſible Pleaſure on theſe 'happy Iſlands. At length, ſaid I, ſhew me now, I be-'ſeech thee, the Secrets that lye hid under thoſe dark 'Clouds which cover the Ocean on the other Side of the 'Rock of Adamant. The Genius making me no Anſwer, 'I turned about to addreſs my ſelf to him a ſecond time, 'but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to 'the Viſion which I had been ſo long contemplating, but 'inſtead of the rolling Tide, the arched Bridge, and the 'happy Iſlands, I ſaw nothing but the long hollow Valley 'of *Bagdat*, with Oxen, Sheep, and Camels, grazing up-'on the Sides of it.

The End of the firſt Viſion of Mirzah. C

Nº 160. *Monday, September* 3.

——*Cui mens divinior, atque os*
Magna ſonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem. Hor.

THERE is no Character more frequently given to a Writer, than that of being a Genius. I have heard many a little Sonneteer called a *fine Genius*. There is not an Heroick Scribler in the Nation, that has not his

Admirers who think him a *great Genius*; and as for your Smatterers in Tragedy, there is ſcarce a Man among them who is not cried up by one or other for a *prodigious Genius*.

MY Deſign in this Paper is to conſider what is properly a great Genius, and to throw ſome Thoughts together on ſo uncommon a Subject.

AMONG great Genius's, thoſe few draw the Admiration of all the World upon them, and ſtand up as the Prodigies of Mankind, who by the meer Strength of natural Parts, and without any Aſſiſtance of Art or Learning, have produced Works that were the Delight of their own Times, and the Wonder of Poſterity. There appears ſomething nobly wild and extravagant in theſe great natural Genius's, that is infinitely more beautiful than all the Turn and Poliſhing of what the *French* call a *Bel Eſprit*, by which they would expreſs a Genius refined by Converſation, Reflection, and the Reading of the moſt polite Authors. The greateſt Genius which runs through the Arts and Sciences, takes a kind of Tincture from them, and falls unavoidably into Imitation.

MANY of theſe great natural Genius's that were never diſciplined and broken by Rules of Art, are to be found among the Ancients, and in particular among thoſe of the more Eaſtern Parts of the World. *Homer* has innumerable Flights that *Virgil* was not able to reach, and in the Old Teſtament we find ſeveral Paſſages more elevated and ſublime than any in *Homer*. At the ſame time that we allow a greater and more daring Genius to the Ancients, we muſt own that the greateſt of them very much failed in, or, if you will, that they were much above the Nicety and Correctneſs of the Moderns. In their Similitudes and Alluſions, provided there was a Likeneſs, they did not much trouble themſelves about the Decency of the Compariſon: Thus *Solomon* reſembles the Noſe of his Beloved to the Tower of *Libanon* which looketh toward *Damaſcus*; as the Coming of a Thief in the Night, is a Similitude of the ſame kind in the New Teſtament. It would be endleſs to make Collections of this Nature: *Homer* illuſtrates one of his Heroes encompaſſed with the Enemy, by an Aſs in a Field of Corn that has his Sides belaboured by all the Boys of the Village without ſtirring a Foot for it; and another of them toſſing to and fro in his Bed and burning with Reſentment,

ſentment, to a Piece of Fleſh broiled on the Coals. This particular Failure in the Ancients, opens a large Field of Raillery to the little Wits, who can laugh at an Indecency but not reliſh the Sublime in theſe ſorts of Writings. The preſent Emperor of *Perſia*, conformable to this Eaſtern way of Thinking, amidſt a great many pompous Titles, denominates himſelf the Sun of Glory, and the *Nutmeg of Delight*. In ſhort, to cut off all Cavilling againſt the Ancients, and particularly thoſe of the warmer Climates, who had moſt Heat and Life in their Imaginations, we are to conſider, that the Rule of obſerving what the *French* call the *Bienſeance* in an Alluſion, has been found out of latter Years, and in the colder Regions of the World; where we would make ſome Amends for our want of Force and Spirit, by a ſcrupulous Nicety and Exactneſs in our Compoſitions. Our Countryman *Shakeſpear* was a remarkable inſtance of this firſt kind of great Genius's.

I cannot quit this Head without obſerving that *Pindar* was a great Genius of the firſt Claſs, who was hurried on by a natural Fire and Impetuoſity to vaſt Conceptions of Things and noble Sallies of Imagination. At the ſame time, can any thing be more ridiculous than for Men of a ſober and moderate Fancy to imitate this Poet's Way of Writing in thoſe monſtrous Compoſitions which go among us under the Name of Pindaricks? When I ſee People copying Works, which, as *Horace* has repreſented them, are ſingular in their Kind, and inimitable; when I ſee Men following Irregularities by Rule, and by the little Tricks of Art ſtraining after the moſt unbounded Flights of Nature, I cannot but apply to them that Paſſage in *Terence*.

——— *Incertâ hæc ſi tu poſtules*
Ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quàm ſi des operam, ut cum ratione inſanias.

IN ſhort, a modern Pindarick Writer, compared with *Pindar*, is like a Sifter among the *Camiſars* compared with *Virgil*'s Sybil: There is the Diſtortion, Grimace, and outward Figure, but nothing of that divine Impulſe which raiſes the Mind above it ſelf, and makes the Sounds more than humane.

THERE is another kind of great Genius's which I ſhall place in a ſecond Claſs, not as I think them inferior to the firſt;

first, but only for Diſtinction's ſake, as they are of a different kind. This ſecond Claſs of great Genius's are thoſe that have formed themſelves by Rules, and ſubmitted the Greatneſs of their natural Talents to the Corrections and Reſtraints of Art. Such among the *Greeks* were *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*, among the *Romans Virgil* and *Tully*, among the *Engliſh Milton* and Sir *Francis Bacon*.

THE Genius in both theſe Claſſes of Authors may be equally great, but ſhews it ſelf after a different Manner. In the firſt it is like a rich Soil in a happy Climate, that produces a whole Wilderneſs of noble Plants riſing in a thouſand beautiful Landskips, without any certain Order or Regularity. In the other it is the ſame rich Soil under the ſame happy Climate, that has been laid out in Walks and Parterres, and cut into Shape and Beauty by the Skill of the Gardener.

THE great Danger in theſe latter kind of Genius's, is, leſt they cramp their own Abilities too much by Imitation, and form themſelves altogether upon Models, without giving the full Play to their own natural Parts. An Imitation of the beſt Authors is not to compare with a good Original; and I believe we may obſerve that very few Writers make an extraordinary Figure in the World, who have not ſomething in their Way of thinking or expreſſing themſelves that is peculiar to them, and entirely their own.

IT is odd to conſider what great Genius's are ſometimes thrown away upon Trifles.

I once ſaw a Shepherd, ſays a famous *Italian* Author, who uſed to divert himſelf in his Solitudes with toſſing up Eggs, and catching them again without breaking them: In which he had arrived to ſo great a Degree of Perfection, that he would keep up four at a Time for ſeveral Minutes together playing in the Air, and falling into his Hand by Turns. I think, ſays the Author, I never ſaw a greater Severity than in this Man's Face; for by his wonderful Perſeverance and Application, he had contracted the Seriouſneſs and Gravity of a Privy-Counſellor; and I could not but reflect with my ſelf, that the ſame Aſſiduity and Attention, had they been rightly applyed, might have made him a greater Mathematician than *Archimedes*.

C

Tueſday,

№ 161. *Tuesday, September* 4.

Ipſe dies agitat feſtos: Fuſuſque per herbam,
Ignis ubi in medio & Socii cratera coronant,
Te libans, Lenæe, vocat: pecoriſque magiſtris
Velocis Jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo.
Corporaque agreſti nudat prædura Palæſtra.
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,
Hanc Remus & Frater: Sic fortis Etruria crevit,
Scilicet & rerum facta eſt pulcherrima Roma. Virg. G. 2.

I Am glad that my late going into the Country has encreaſed the Number of my Correſpondents, one of whom ſends me the following Letter.

SIR,

'THOUGH you are pleaſed to retire from us ſo ſoon into the City, I hope you will not think the Affairs of the Country altogether unworthy of your Inſpection for the Future. I had the Honour of ſeeing your ſhort Face at Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY's, and have ever ſince thought your Perſon and Writings both extraordinary. Had you ſtayed there a few Days longer you would have ſeen a Country *Wake*, which you know in moſt Parts of *England* is the *Eve-Feaſt of the Dedication of our Churches*. I was laſt Week at one of theſe Aſſemblies, which was held in a neighbouring Pariſh; where I found their *Green* covered with a promiſcuous Multitude of all Ages and both Sexes, who eſteem one another more or leſs the following Part of the Year according as they diſtinguiſh themſelves at this Time. The whole Company were in their Holy-day Cloaths, and divided into ſeveral Parties, all of them endeavouring to ſhew themſelves in thoſe Exerciſes wherein they excelled, and to gain the Approbation of the Lookers on.

'I found a Ring of Cudgel Players, who were breaking one another's Heads in order to make ſome Impreſſion on their Miſtreſſes Hearts. I obſerved a luſty young Fellow

low, who had the Misfortune of a broken Pate; but what considerably added to the Anguish of the Wound, was his over-hearing an old Man, who shook his Head and said, *That he questioned now if black* Kate *would marry him these three Years.* I was diverted from a further Observation of these Combatants, by a Foot-ball Match, which was on the other Side of the *Green*; where *Tom. Short* behaved himself so well, that most People seemed to agree *it was impossible that he should remain a Batchelor till the next Wake.* Having played many a Match my self, I could have longer looked on this Sport, had I not observed a Country Girl, who was posted on an Eminence at some Distance from me, and was making so many odd Grimaces, and writhing and distorting her whole Body in so strange a manner, as made me very desirous to know the Meaning of it. Upon my coming up to her, I found that she was over-looking a Wring of Wrestlers, and that her Sweet-heart, a Person of small Stature, was contending with an huge brawny Fellow, who twirled him about, and shook the little Man so violently, that by a secret Sympathy of Hearts it produced all those Agitations in the Person of his Mistress, who I dare say, like *Cælia* in *Shakespear* on the same Occasion, could have *wished her self invisible to catch the strong Fellow by the Leg.* The Squire of the Parish treats the whole Company every Year with a Hogshead of Ale; and proposes a *Beaver Hat* as a Recompence to him who gives most *Falls.* This has raised such a Spirit of Emulation in the Youth of the Place, that some of them have rendered themselves very expert at this Exercise; and I was often surprised to see a Fellow's Heels fly up, by a Trip which was given him so smartly that I could scarce discern it. I found that the old Wrestlers seldom entered the Ring, till some one was grown formidable by having thrown two or three of his Opponents; but kept themselves as it were in a reserved Body to defend the *Hat*, which is always hung up by the Person who gets it in one of the most conspicuous Parts of the House, and looked upon by the whole Family as something redounding much more to their Honour than a Coat of Arms. There was a Fellow who was so busie in regulating all the Ceremonies, and seemed to cary such an Air of Importance in

his

'his Looks, that I could not help inquiring who he was, 'and was immediately answered, *That he did not value 'himself upon nothing, for that he and his Ancestors had worn 'so many Hats, that his Parlour looked like a Haberda-'sher's Shop*: However this Thirst of Glory in them all, 'was the Reason that no one Man stood *Lord of the Ring* 'for above three *Falls* while I was amongst them.

'THE young Maids, who were not Lookers on at 'these Exercises, were themselves engaged in some Diver-'sion; and upon my asking a Farmer's Son of my own 'Parish what he was gazing at with so much Attention, 'he told me, *That he was seeing* Betty Welch, whom I 'knew to be his Sweet-Heart, *pitch a Bar*.

'IN short, I found the Men endeavoured to shew the 'Women they were no Cowards, and that the whole 'Company strived to recommend themselves to each o-'ther, by making it appear that they were all in a perfect 'State of Health, and fit to undergo any Fatigues of bo-'dily Labour.

'Your Judgment upon this Method of *Love* and *Gal-'lantry*, as it is at present practised amongst us in the Coun-'try, will very much oblige,

SIR, *Yours*, &c.

IF I would here put on the Scholar and Politician, I might inform my Readers how these bodily Exercises or Games were formerly encouraged in all the Common-wealths of *Greece*; from whence the *Romans* afterwards borrowed their *Pentathlum*, which was composed of *Run-ning*, *Wrestling*, *Leaping*, *Throwing*, and *Boxing*, tho' the Prizes were generally nothing but a Crown of Cypress or Parsley, Hats not being in fashion in those Days: That there is an old Statute, which obliges every Man in *Eng-land* having such an Estate, to keep and exercise the long Bow; by which Means our Ancestors excelled all other Nations in the Use of that Weapon, and we had all the real Advantages, without the Inconvenience of a standing Army: And that I once met with a Book of Projects, in which the Author considering to what noble Ends that Spi-rit of Emulation which so remarkably shews it self among our common People in these Wakes, might be directed, proposes that for the Improvement of all our handicraft

Trades

Trades there ſhould be annual Prizes ſet up for ſuch Perſons as were moſt excellent in their ſeveral Arts. But laying aſide all theſe political Conſiderations, which might tempt me to paſs the Limits of my Paper, I confeſs the greateſt Benefit and Convenience that I can obſerve in theſe Country Feſtivals, is the bringing young People together, and giving them an Opportunity of ſhewing themſelves in the moſt advantagious Light. A Country Fellow that throws his Rival upon his Back, has generally as good Succeſs with their common Miſtreſs; as nothing is more uſual than for a nimble-footed Wench to get a Husband at the ſame Time ſhe wins a Smock. Love and Marriages are the natural Effects of theſe anniverſary Aſſemblies. I muſt therefore very much approve the Method by which my Correſpondent tells me each Sex endeavours to recommend it ſelf to the other, ſince nothing ſeems more likely to promiſe a healthy Offspring or a happy Cohabitation. And I believe I may aſſure my Country Friend, that there has been many a Court Lady who would be contented to exchange her crazy young Husband for *Tom Short*, and ſeveral Men of Quality who would have parted with a tender Yoke-fellow for *Black Kate*.

I am the more pleaſed with having *Love* made the principal End and Deſign of theſe Meetings, as it ſeems to be moſt agreeable to the Intent for which they were at firſt inſtituted, as we are informed by the learned Dr. *Kennet*, with whoſe Words I ſhall conclude my preſent Paper.

THESE Wakes, ſays he, *were in Imitation of the antient ἀγάπαι, or Love-feaſts; and were firſt eſtabliſhed in* England *by Pope* Gregory *the Great, who in an Epiſtle to* Melitus *the Abbot, gave Order that they ſhould be kept in Sheds or Arbories made up with Branches and Boughs of Trees round the Church.*

HE adds, *That this laudable Cuſtom of Wakes prevailed for many Ages, till the nice Puritans began to exclaim againſt it as a Remnant of Popery; and by Degrees the preciſe Humour grew ſo popular, that at an* Exeter *Aſſizes the Lord Chief Baron* Walter *made an Order for the Suppreſſion of all Wakes; but on Biſhop* Laud's *complaining of this innovating Humour, the King commanded the Order to be reverſed.*

X

Wedneſday,

№ 162. *Wednesday, September 5.*

——Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet. Hor.

NOTHING that is not a real Crime makes a Man appear so contemptible and little in the Eyes of the World as Inconstancy, especially when it regards Religion or Party. In either of these Cases, tho' a Man perhaps does but his Duty in changing his Side, he not only makes himself hated by those he left, but is seldom heartily esteemed by those he comes over to.

IN these great Articles of Life therefore a Man's Conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed that worldly Advantages may seem to have no Share in it, or Mankind will be ill-natured enough to think he does not change Sides out of Principle, but either out of Levity of Temper or Prospects of Interest. Converts and Renegadoes of all Kinds should take particular Care to let the World see they act upon honourable Motives; or whatever Approbations they may receive from themselves, and Applauses from those they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the Scorn of all good Men, and the publick Marks of Infamy and Derision.

IRRESOLUTION on the Schemes of Life which offer themselves to our Choice, and Inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal Causes of all our Disquiet and Unhappiness. When Ambition pulls one Way, Interest another, Inclination a third, and perhaps Reason contrary to all, a Man is likely to pass his Time but ill who has so many different Parties to please. When the Mind hovers among such a Variety of Allurements, one had better settle on a Way of Life that is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without determining our Choice, and go out of the World, as the greatest Part of Mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one Method of setting our selves at Rest in this Particular, and that is by adhering stedfastly to one great

great End as the chief and ultimate Aim of all our Purſuits. If we are firmly reſolved to live up to the Dictates of Reaſon, without any Regard to Wealth, Reputation, or the like Conſiderations, any more than as they fall in with our principal Deſign, we may go through Life with Steadineſs and Pleaſure; but if we act by ſeveral broken Views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a Value ſet upon it by the World, we ſhall live and die in Miſery and Repentance.

ONE would take more than ordinary Care to guard ones ſelf againſt this particular Imperfection, becauſe it is that which our Nature very ſtrongly inclines us to; for if we examine our ſelves throughly, we ſhall find that we are the moſt changeable Beings in the Univerſe. In Reſpect of our Underſtanding, we often embrace and reject the very ſame Opinions; whereas Beings above and beneath us have probably no Opinions at all, or at leaſt no Wavering and Uncertainties in thoſe they have. Our Superiors are guided by Intuition, and our Inferiors by Inſtinct. In Reſpect of our Wills, we fall into Crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the Eyes of our great Judge, and paſs our whole Life in offending and asking Pardon. On the contrary, the Beings underneath us are not capable of ſinning, nor thoſe above us of repenting. The one is out of the Poſſibilities of Duty, and the other fixed in an eternal Courſe of Sin, or an eternal Courſe of Virtue.

THERE is ſcarce a State of Life, or Stage in it, which does not produce Changes and Revolutions in the Mind of Man. Our Schemes of Thought in Infancy are loſt in thoſe of Youth; theſe too take a different Turn in Manhood, 'till old Age often leads us back into our former Infancy. A new Title or an unexpected Succeſs throws us out of our ſelves, and in a Manner deſtroys our Identity. A cloudy Day, or a little Sun-ſhine, have as great an Influence on many Conſtitutions, as the moſt real Bleſſings or Misfortunes. A Dream varies our Being, and changes our Condition while it laſts; and every Paſſion, not to mention Health and Sickneſs, and the greater Alterations in Body and Mind, makes us appear almoſt different Creatures. If a Man is ſo diſtinguiſhed among other Beings by this Infirmity, what can we think of ſuch as make themſelves remarkable for it even among their own Species? It is a very trifling Character

ter to be one of the most variable Beings of the most variable Kind, especially if we consider that He who is the great Standard of Perfection has in him no Shadow of Change, but is the same Yesterday, to Day, and for ever.

AS this Mutability of Temper and Inconsistency with our selves is the greatest Weakness of human Nature, so it makes the Person who is remarkable for it in a very particular Manner more ridiculous than any other Infirmity whatsoever, as it sets him in a greater Variety of foolish Lights, and distinguishes him from himself by an Opposition of party-coloured Characters. The most humorous Character in *Horace* is founded upon this Unevenness of Temper and Irregularity of Conduct.

——— *Sardus habebat*
Ille Tigellius hoc. Cæsar, qui cogere posset,
Si peteret per amicitiam patris, atque suam, non
Quidquam proficeret: Si collibuisset, ab ovo
Usque ad mala citaret. Iö Bacche, modo summâ
Voce, modo, hâc resonat quæ chordis quatuor ima,
Nil æquale homini fuit illi: Sæpe velut qui
Currebat fugiens hostem: Persæpe velut qui
Junonis sacra ferret. Habebat sæpe ducentos
Sæpe decem servos. Modò reges atque tetrarchas,
Omnia magna loquens. Modò, sit mihi mensa tripes, &c.
Concha salis puræ, & toga, quæ defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat. Decies centena dedisses
Huic parco paucis contento: quinque diebus
Nil erat in loculis. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum
Mane: Diem totam stertebat. Nil fuit unquam
Sic impar sibi. ——— Hor. Sat. 3. Lib. 1.

INSTEAD of translating this Passage in *Horace*, I shall entertain my *English* Reader with the Description of a Parallel Character, that is wonderfully well finished by Mr. *Dryden*, and raised upon the same Foundation.

IN the first Rank of these did Zimri *stand:*
A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by Starts, and Nothing long;
But, in the Course of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymist, Fiddler, Statesman, and Buffoon:

Then

Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking:
Beſides ten thouſand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt Madman, who cou'd every Hour employ,
With ſomething New to wiſh, or to enjoy! C

N° 163. *Thurſday, September 6.*

——— Si quid ego adjuero, curamve levaſſo
Quæ nunc te coquit, & verſat ſub pectore fixa,
Ecquid erit pretii? Enn. ap. Tullium.

ENQUIRIES after Happineſs, and Rules for attaining it, are not ſo neceſſary and uſeful to Mankind as the Arts of Conſolation, and ſupporting ones ſelf under Affliction. The utmoſt we can hope for in this World is Contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we ſhall meet with nothing but Grief and Diſappointments. A Man ſhould direct all his Studies and Endeavours at making himſelf eaſie now, and happy hereafter.

THE Truth of it is, if all the Happineſs that is diſperſed through the whole Race of Mankind in this World were drawn together, and put into the Poſſeſſion of any ſingle Man, it would not make a very happy Being. Though, on the contrary, if the Miſeries of the whole Species were fixed in a ſingle Perſon, they would make a very miſerable one.

I am engaged in this Subject by the following Letter, which, though Subſcribed by a fictitious Name, I have reaſon to believe is not Imaginary.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Am one of your Diſciples, and endeavour to live up 'to your Rules, which I hope will encline you to pity 'my Condition: I ſhall open it to you in a very few Words. 'About three Years ſince a Gentleman, whom, I am ſure, 'you your ſelf would have approved, made his Addreſſes 'to me. He had every thing to recommend him but an 'Eſtate, ſo that my Friends, who all of them applauded

'his

'his Perſon, would not for the ſake of both of us favour his
'Paſſion. For my own part I reſigned my ſelf up entirely
'to the Direction of thoſe who knew the World much
'better than my ſelf, but ſtill lived in hopes that ſome Jun-
'cture or other would make me happy in the Man whom,
'in my Heart, I preferred to all the World; being deter-
'mined if I could not have him, to have no Body elſe.
'About three Months ago I received a Letter from him,
'acquainting me, that by the Death of an Uncle he had a
'conſiderable Eſtate left him, which he ſaid was welcome
'to him upon no other Account, but as he hoped it would
'remove all Difficulties that lay in the Way to our mutual
'Happineſs. You may well ſuppoſe, Sir, with how much
'Joy I received this Letter, which was followed by ſeve-
'ral others filled with thoſe Expreſſions of Love and Joy,
'which I verily believe no Body felt more ſincerely, nor
'knew better how to deſcribe, than the Gentleman I
'am ſpeaking of. But, Sir, how ſhall I be able to tell it
'you! by the laſt Week's Poſt I received a Letter from an
'intimate Friend of this unhappy Gentleman, acquainting
'me, that as he had juſt ſettled his Affairs, and was pre-
'paring for his Journey, he fell ſick of a Fever and died.
'It is impoſſible to expreſs to you the Diſtreſs I am in up-
'on this Occaſion. I can only have recourſe to my De-
'votions, and to the reading of good Books for my Con-
'ſolation; and as I always take a particular Delight in
'thoſe frequent Advices and Admonitions which you give
'the Publick, it would be a very great Piece of Charity in
'you to lend me your Aſſiſtance in this Conjuncture. If
'after the reading of this Letter you find your ſelf in a
'Humour, rather to Rally and Ridicule, than to Comfort
'me, I deſire you would throw it into the Fire, and think
'no more of it; but if you are touched with my Misfor-
'tune, which is greater than I know how to bear, your
'Counſels may very much Support, and will infinitely
'Oblige the afflicted

LEONORA.

A Diſappointment in Love is more hard to get over than any other; the Paſſion it ſelf ſo ſoftens and ſubdues the Heart, that it diſables it from ſtruggling or bearing up againſt the Woes and Diſtreſſes which befal it. The Mind

meets with other Misfortunes in her whole Strength; she stands collected within her self, and sustains the Shock with all the Force which is natural to her; but a Heart in Love has its Foundations sapped, and immediately sinks under the Weight of Accidents that are disagreeable to its Favourite Passion.

IN Afflictions Men generally draw their Consolations out of Books of Morality, which indeed are of great use to fortifie and strengthen the Mind against the Impressions of Sorrow. Monsieur St. *Evremont*, who does not approve of this Method, recommends Authors who are apt to stir up Mirth in the Mind of the Readers, and fancies Don *Quixote* can give more Relief to an heavy Heart than *Plutarch* or *Seneca*, as it is much easier to divert Grief than to conquer it. This doubtless may have its Effects on some Tempers. I should rather have recourse to Authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us Instances of Calamities and Misfortunes, and shew human Nature in its greatest Distresses.

IF the Affliction we groan under be very heavy, we shall find some Consolation in the Society of as great Sufferers as our selves, especially when we find our Companions Men of Virtue and Merit. If our Afflictions are light, we shall be comforted by the Comparisons we make between our selves and our Fellow-Sufferers. A Loss at Sea, a Fit of Sickness, or the Death of a Friend, are such Trifles when we consider whole Kingdoms laid in Ashes, Families put to the Sword, Wretches shut up in Dungeons, and the like Calamities of Mankind, that we are out of Countenance for our own Weakness, if we sink under such little Strokes of Fortune.

LET the Disconsolate *Leonora* consider, that at the very time in which she languishes for the Loss of her deceased Lover, there are Persons in several parts of the World just perishing in a Shipwreck; others crying out for Mercy in the Terrors of a Death-bed Repentance; others lying under the Tortures of an infamous Execution, or the like dreadful Calamities; and she will find her Sorrows vanish at the Appearance of those which are so much greater and more astonishing.

I would further propose to the Consideration of my afflicted Disciple, that possibly what she now looks upon as the greatest Misfortune, is not really such in it self. For my own

own part, I queſtion not but our Souls in a ſeparate State will look back on their Lives in quite another View, than what they had of them in the Body; and that what they now conſider as Misfortunes and Diſappointments, will very often appear to have been Eſcapes and Bleſſings.

THE Mind that hath any Caſt towards Devotion, naturally flies to it in its Afflictions.

WHEN I was in *France* I heard a very remarkable Story of two Lovers, which I ſhall relate at length in my To-morrow's Paper, not only becauſe the Circumſtances of it are extraordinary, but becauſe it may ſerve as an Illuſtration to all that can be ſaid on this laſt Head, and ſhew the Power of Religion in abating that particular Anguiſh which ſeems to lye ſo heavy on *Leonora*. The Story was told me by a Prieſt, as I travelled with him in a Stage-Coach. I ſhall give it my Reader, as well as I can remember, in his own Words, after having premiſed, that if Conſolations may be drawn from a wrong Religion and a miſguided Devotion, they cannot but flow much more naturally from thoſe which are founded upon Reaſon, and eſtabliſhed in good Senſe. L

Nº 164. *Friday, September 7.*

Illa; Quis & me, inquit, miſeram, & te perdidit, Orpheu?
Famque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidaſque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas. Virg.

CONSTANTIA was a Woman of extraordinary Wit and Beauty, but very unhappy in a Father, who having arrived at great Riches by his own Induſtry, took Delight in nothing but his Money. *Theodoſius* was the younger Son of a decayed Family, of great Parts and Learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous Education. When he was in the twentieth Year of his Age he became acquainted with *Conſtantia*, who had not then paſſed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few Miles diſtance from her Father's Houſe, he had frequent Opportunities of ſeeing her; and by the Advantages of a good Perſon and a pleaſing Converſation, made ſuch an Impreſſion in her Heart as it was impoſſible for time to efface: He was himſelf no leſs ſmit-

ten with *Conſtantia*. A long Acquaintance made them ſtill diſcover new Beauties in each other, and by Degrees raiſed in them that mutual Paſſion which had an Influence on their following Lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midſt of this Intercourſe of Love and Friendſhip between *Theodoſius* and *Conſtantia*, there broke out an irreparable Quarrel between their Parents, the one valuing himſelf too much upon his Birth, and the other upon his Poſſeſſions. The Father of *Conſtantia* was ſo incenſed at the Father of *Theodoſius*, that he contracted an unreaſonable Averſion towards his Son, inſomuch that he forbad him his Houſe, and charged his Daughter upon her Duty never to ſee him more. In the mean time to break off all Communication between the two Lovers, who he knew entertained ſecret Hopes of ſome favourable Opportunity that ſhould bring them together, he found out a young Gentleman of a good Fortune and an agreeable Perſon, whom he pitched upon as a Husband for his Daughter. He ſoon concerted this Affair ſo well, that he told *Conſtantia* it was his Deſign to marry her to ſuch a Gentleman, and that her Wedding ſhould be celebrated on ſuch a Day. *Conſtantia*, who was over-awed with the Authority of her Father, and unable to object any thing againſt ſo advantagious a Match, received the Propoſal with a profound Silence, which her Father commended in her, as the moſt decent manner of a Virgin's giving her Conſent to an Overture of that kind. The Noiſe of this intended Marriage ſoon reached *Theodoſius*, who after a long Tumult of Paſſions which naturally riſe in a Lover's Heart on ſuch an Occaſion, writ the following Letter to *Conſtantia*.

'THE Thought of my *Conſtantia*, which for ſome
'Years has been my only Happineſs, is now be-
'come a greater Torment to me than I am able to bear.
'Muſt I then live to ſee you another's? The Streams, the
'Fields and Meadows, where we have ſo often talked to-
'gether, grow painful to me; Life it ſelf is become a Bur-
'den. May you long be happy in the World, but forget
'that there was ever ſuch a Man in it as

THEODOSIUS.

THIS Letter was conveyed to *Conſtantia* that very Evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next Morning ſhe was much more alarmed by two or three Meſſengers,

gers, that came to her Father's Houſe one after another to enqure if they had heard any thing of *Theodoſius*, who it ſeems had left his Chamber about Midnight, and could no where be found. The deep Melancholy which had hung upon his Mind ſome time before, made them apprehend the worſt that could befall him. *Conſtantia*, who knew that nothing but the Report of her Marriage could have driven him to ſuch Extremities, was not to be comforted: She now accuſed her ſelf for having ſo tamely given an Ear to the Propoſal of a Husband, and looked upon the new Lover as the Murderer of *Theodoſius:* In ſhort, ſhe reſolved to ſuffer the utmoſt Effects of her Father's Diſpleaſure, rather than comply with a Marriage which appeared to her ſo full of Guilt and Horror. The Father ſeeing himſelf entirely rid of *Theodoſius*, and likely to keep a conſiderable Portion in his Family, was not very much concerned at the obſtinate Refuſal of his Daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuſe himſelf upon that Account to his intended Son-in-Law, who had all along regarded this Alliance rather as a Marriage of Convenience than of Love. *Conſtantia* had now no Relief but in her Devotions and Exerciſes of Religion, to which her Afflictions had ſo entirely ſubjected her Mind, that after ſome Years had abated the Violence of her Sorrows, and ſettled her Thoughts in a kind of Tranquility, ſhe reſolved to paſs the Remainder of her Days in a Convent. Her Father was not diſpleaſed with a Reſolution, which would ſave Money in his Family, and readily complied with his Daughter's Intentions. Accordingly in the Twenty fifth Year of her Age, while her Beauty was yet in all its Height and Bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring City, in order to look out a Siſterhood of Nuns among whom to place his Daughter. There was in this Place a Father of a Convent who was very much renowned for his Piety and exemplary Life; and as it is uſual in the *Romiſh* Church for thoſe who are under any great Affliction, or Trouble of Mind, to apply themſelves to the moſt eminent Confeſſors for Pardon and Conſolation, our beautiful Votary took the Opportunity of confeſſing her ſelf to this celebrated Father.

We muſt now return to *Theodoſius*, who the very Morning that the above-mentioned Enquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious Houſe in the City, where now

Conſtantia reſided; and deſiring that Secrecy and Concealment of the Fathers of the Convent, which is very uſual upon any extraordinary Occaſion, he made himſelf one of the Order, with a private Vow never to enquire after *Conſtantia*; whom he looked upon as given away to his Rival upon the Day on which, according to common Fame, their Marriage was to have been ſolemnized. Having in his Youth made a good Progreſs in Learning, that he might dedicate himſelf more entirely to Religion he entered into holy Orders, and in a few Years became Renowned for his Sanctity of Life, and thoſe pious Sentiments which he inſpired into all who converſed with him. It was this holy Man to whom *Conſtantia* had determined to apply her ſelf in Confeſſion, tho' neither ſhe nor any other beſides the Prior of the Convent, knew any thing of his Name or Family. The gay, the amiable *Theodoſius* had now taken upon him the Name of Father *Francis*; and was ſo far concealed in a long Beard, a ſhaven Head, and a religious Habit, that it was impoſſible to diſcover the Man of the World in the venerable Conventual.

AS he was one Morning ſhut up in his Confeſſional, *Conſtantia* kneeling by him, opened the State of her Soul to him; and after having given him the Hiſtory of a Life full of Innocence, ſhe burſt out into Tears, and entered upon that Part of her Story, in which he himſelf had ſo great a Share. My Behaviour, ſays ſhe, has I fear been the Death of a Man who had no other Fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilſt he lived, and how bitter the Remembrance of him has been to me ſince his Death. She here pauſed, and lifted up her Eyes that ſtreamed with Tears towards the Father; who was ſo moved with the Senſe of her Sorrows, that he could only command his Voice, which was broke with Sighs and Sobbings, ſo far as to bid her proceed. She followed his Directions, and in a Flood of Tears poured out her Heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, inſomuch that in the Agonies of his Grief the Seat ſhook under him. *Conſtantia*, who thought the good Man was thus moved by his Compaſſion towards her, and by the Horror of her Guilt, proceeded with the utmoſt Contrition to acquaint him with that Vow of Virginity in which ſhe was going to engage her ſelf, as the proper Attone-

ment

ment for her Sins, and the only Sacrifice she could make to the Memory of *Theodosius*. The Father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in Tears upon hearing that Name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this Instance of an unparallel'd Fidelity from one who he thought had several Years since given her self up to the Possession of another. Amidst the Interruptions of his Sorrow, seeing his Penitent overwhelmed with Grief, he was only able to bid her from Time to Time be comforted —— To tell her that her Sins were forgiven her —— That her Guilt was not so great as she apprehended —— That she should not suffer her self to be afflicted above Measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the Absolution in Form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next Day, that he might encourage her in the pious Resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable Exhortations for her Behaviour in it. *Constantia* retired, and the next Morning renewed her Applications. *Theodosius* having manned his Soul with proper Thoughts and Reflections, exerted himself on this Occasion in the best Manner he could to animate his Penitent in the Course of Life she was entering upon, and wear out of her Mind those groundless Fears and Apprehensions which had taken Possession of it; concluding, with a Promise to her, that he would from Time to Time continue his Admonition when she should have taken upon her the holy Veil. The Rules of our respective Orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure your self not only of having a Place in my Prayers, but of receiving such frequent Instructions as I can convey to you by Letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious Course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a Peace and Satisfaction in your Mind, which it is not in the Power of the World to give.

CONSTANTIA's Heart was so elevated with the Discourse of Father *Francis*, that the very next Day she entered upon her Vow. As soon as the Solemnities of her Reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the Abbess into her own Apartment.

THE Abbess had been informed the Night before of all that had passed between her Noviciate and Father *Francis*. From whom she now delivered to her the following Letter.

'AS the first Fruits of those Joys and Consolations which 'you may expect from the Life you are now engaged in, I must acquaint you that *Theodosius*, whose Death 'sits so heavy upon your Thoughts, is still alive; and that the 'Father to whom you have confessed your self, was once 'that *Theodosius* whom you so much lament. The Love 'which we have had for one another will make us more 'happy in its Disappointment than it could have done in its 'Success. Providence has disposed of us for our Advantage, tho' not according to our Wishes. Consider your '*Theodosius* still as dead, but assure your self of one who 'will not cease to pray for you in Father *FRANCIS*.

CONSTANTIA saw that the Hand-writing agreed with the Contents of the Letter: and upon reflecting on the Voice of the Person, the Behaviour, and above all the extreme Sorrow of the Father during her Confession, she discovered *Theodosius* in every Particular. After having wept with Tears of Joy, It is enough, says she, *Theodosius* is still in Being; I shall live with Comfort and die in Peace.

THE Letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the Nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young Religious, in order to inspire them with good Resolutions and Sentiments of Virtue. It so happened, that after *Constantia* had lived about ten Years in the Cloyster a violent Fever broke out in the Place, which swept away great Multitudes, and among others *Theodosius*. Upon his Death-bed he sent his Benediction in a very moving manner to *Constantia*; who at that time was her self so far gone in the same fatal Distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the Interval which generally precedes Death in Sicknesses of this Nature, the Abbess finding that the Physicians had given her over, told her that *Theodosius* was just gone before her, and that he had sent her his Benediction in his last Moments. *Constantia* received it with Pleasure: And now, says she, If I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by *Theodosius*. My Vow reaches no farther than the Grave. What I ask is, I hope, no Violation of it — She died soon after, and was interred according to her Request.

THEIR Tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin Inscription over them to the following Purpose.

Here lie the Bodies of Father *Francis* and Sister *Constance. They were lovely in their Lives, and in their Deaths were not divided.*

Nº 165. *Saturday, September* 8.

——— *Si forte neceſſe eſt,*
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis,
Continget: labiturque licentia ſumpta prudenter. Hor.

I Have often wiſhed, that as in our Conſtitution there are ſeveral Perſons whoſe Buſineſs it is to watch over our Laws, our Liberties and Commerce, certain Men might be ſet apart, as Super-intendants of our Language, to hinder any Words of a Foreign Coin from paſſing among us; and in particular to prohibit any *French* Phraſes from becoming Current in this Kingdom, when thoſe of our own Stamp are altogether as valuable. The preſent War has ſo adulterated our Tongue with ſtrange Words that it would be impoſſible for one of our Great Grandfathers to know what his Poſterity have been doing, were he to read their Exploits in a Modern News-Paper. Our Warriours are very induſtrious in propagating the *French* Language, at the ſame time that they are ſo glorioufly ſucceſsful in beating down their Power. Our Soldiers are Men of ſtrong Heads for Action, and perform ſuch Feats as they are not able to expreſs. They want Words in their own Tongue to tell us what it is they atchieve, and therefore ſend us over Accounts of their Performances in a Jargon of Phraſes, which they learn among their conquered Enemies. They ought however to be provided with Secretaries, and aſſiſted by our Foreign Miniſters, to tell their Story for them in plain *Engliſh*, and to let us know in our Mother-Tongue what it is our brave Country-Men are about. The *French* would indeed be in the right to publiſh the News of the preſent War in *Engliſh* Phraſes, and make their Campaigns unintelligible. Their People might flatter themſelves that Things are not ſo bad as they really are, were they thus pal'iated with Foreign Terms, and thrown into Shades and Obſcurity: But the *Engliſh* cannot be too clear in their Narrative of thoſe Actions, which have raiſed their Country to a higher Pitch of Glory than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be ſtill the more admired the better they are explained.

FOR my part, by that time a Siege is carried on two or three Days, I am altogether loſt and bewildered in it, and meet with ſo many inexplicable Difficulties, that I ſcarce know which Side has the better of it, till I am informed by the Tower Guns that the Place is ſurrendred. I do indeed make ſome Allowances for this Part of the War, Fortifications having been Foreign Inventions, and upon that Account abounding in Foreign Terms. But when we have won Battles which may be deſcribed in our own Language, why are our Papers filled with ſo many unintelligible Exploits, and the *French* obliged to lend us a part of their Tongue before we can know how they are Conquered? They muſt be made acceſſary to their own Diſgrace, as the *Britains* were formerly ſo artificially wrought in the Curtain of the *Roman* Theatre, that they ſeemed to draw it up, in order to give the Spectators an Opportunity of ſeeing their own Defeat celebrated upon the Stage: For ſo Mr. *Dryden* has tranſlated that Verſe in *Virgil*.

Atque intertexti tollant aulæa Britanni.

Which interwoven Britains *ſeem to raiſe,*
And ſhew the Triumph that their Shame diſplays.

THE Hiſtories of all our former Wars are tranſmitted to us in our Vernacular Idiom, to uſe the Phraſe of a great Modern Critick. I do not find in any of our Chronicles, that *Edward* the Third ever reconnoitred the Enemy, tho' he often diſcovered the Poſture of the *French*, and as often vanquiſhed them in Battel. The *Black Prince* paſſed many a River without the help of Pontoons, and filled a Ditch with Faggots as ſucceſsfully as the Generals of our Times do it with Faſcines. Our Commanders loſe half their Praiſe, and our People half their Joy, by means of thoſe hard Words and dark Expreſſions in which our News-Papers do ſo much abound. I have ſeen many a prudent Citizen, after having read every Article, enquire of his next Neighbour what News the Mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable Year when our Country was delivered from the greateſt Fears and Apprehenſions, and raiſed to the greateſt height of Gladneſs it had ever felt ſince it was a Nation; I mean the Year of *Blenheim* I had the Copy of a Letter ſent me out of the Country, which

which was written from a young Gentleman in the Army to his Father, a Man of a good Eſtate and plain Senſe: As the Letter was very modiſhly chequered with this Modern Military Eloquence, I ſhall preſent my Reader with a Copy of it.

SIR,

'UPON the Junction of the *French* and *Bavarian* Armies they took Poſt behind a great Moraſs which 'they thought impracticable. Our General the next Day 'ſent a Party of Horſe to reconnoitre them from a little 'Hauteur, at about a quarter of an Hour's diſtance from 'the Army, who returned again to the Camp unobſerved 'through ſeveral Defiles, in one of which they met with 'a Party of *French* that had been Marauding, and made 'them all Priſoners at Diſcretion. The Day after a Drum 'arrived at our Camp, with a Meſſage which he would 'communicate to none but the General; he was followed 'by a Trumpet, who they ſay behaved himſelf very ſaucily, with a Meſſage from the Duke of *Bavaria*. The 'next Morning our Army being divided into two Corps, 'made a Movement towards the Enemy: You will hear 'in the publick Prints how we treated them, with the o'ther Circumſtances of that glorious Day. I had the 'good Fortune to be in the Regiment that puſhed the '*Gens d' Arms*. Several *French* Battalions, whom ſome ſay 'were a Corps de Reſerve, made a Show of Reſiſtance; 'but it only proved a Gaſconade, for upon our preparing 'to fill up a little Foſſé, in order to atttack them, they 'beat the Chamade, and ſent us *Charte Blanche*. Their 'Commandant, with a great many other General Officers, 'and Troops without Number, are made Priſoners of War, 'and will I believe give you a Viſit in *England*, the Cartel 'not being yet ſettled. Not queſtioning but theſe Particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your moſt dutiful Son, *&c.*

THE Father of the young Gentleman upon the Peruſal of the Letter found it contained great News, but could not gueſs what it was. He immediately communicated it to the Curate of the Pariſh, who upon the reading of it, being vexed to ſee any thing he could not underſtand, fell into a kind of Paſſion, and told him, that his Son had ſent him a

Letter

Letter that was neither Fiſh, Fleſh, nor good Red Herring. I wiſh, ſays he, the Captain may be *Compos Mentis*, he talks of a ſaucy Trumpet, and a Drum that carries Meſſages; Then who is this *Charte Blanche*? He muſt either banter us, or he is out of his Senſes. The Father, who always looked upon the Curate as a learned Man, began to fret inwardly at his Son's Uſage, and producing a Letter which he had written to him about three Poſts afore, You ſee here, ſays he, when he writes for Money he knows how to ſpeak intelligibly enough; there is no Man in *England* can expreſs himſelf clearer, when he wants a new Furniture for his Horſe. In ſhort, the old Man was ſo puzzled upon the Point, that it might have fared ill with his Son, had he not ſeen all the Prints about three Days after filled with the ſame Terms of Art, and that *Charles* only writ like other Men. L

Nº 166. *Monday, September* 10.

——Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetuſtas. Ovid.

ARISTOTLE tells us that the World is a Copy or Tranſcript of thoſe Ideas which are in the Mind of the firſt Being, and that thoſe Ideas which are in the Mind of Man, are a Tranſcript of the World: To this we may add, that Words are the Tranſcript of thoſe Ideas which are in the Mind of Man, and that Writing or Printing are the Tranſcript of Words.

AS the Supreme Being has expreſſed, and as it were printed his Ideas in the Creation, Men expreſs their Ideas in Books, which by this great Invention of theſe latter Ages, may laſt as long as the Sun and Moon, and periſh only in the general Wreck of Nature. Thus *Cowley* in his Poem on the Reſurrection, mentioning the Deſtruction of the Univerſe, has thoſe admirable Lines.

Now all the wide-extended Sky,
And all th'harmonious Worlds on high,
And Virgil's *ſacred Work ſhall die.*

THERE

THERE is no other Method of fixing thoſe Thoughts which ariſe and diſappear in the Mind of Man, and tranſmitting them to the laſt Periods of Time; no other Method of giving a Permanency to our Ideas, and preſerving the Knowledge of any particular Perſon, when his Body is mixed with the common Maſs of Matter, and his Soul retired into the World of Spirits. Books are the Legacies that a great Genius leaves to Mankind, which are delivered down from Generation to Generation, as Preſents to the Poſterity of thoſe who are yet unborn.

ALL other Arts of perpetuating our Ideas continue but a ſhort Time: Statues can laſt but a few Thouſands of Years, Edifices fewer, and Colours ſtill fewer than Edifices. *Michael Angelo*, *Fontana*, and *Raphael*, will hereafter be what *Phidias*, *Vitruvius*, and *Apelles* are at preſent; the Names of great Statuaries, Architects, and Painters, whoſe Works are loſt. The ſeveral Arts are expreſſed in mouldring Materials; Nature ſinks under them, and is not able to ſupport the Ideas which are impreſt upon it.

THE Circumſtance which gives Authors an Advantage above all theſe great Maſters, is this, that they can multiply their Originals; or rather can make Copies of their Works, to what Number they pleaſe, which ſhall be as valuable as the Originals themſelves. This gives a great Author ſomething like a Proſpect of Eternity, but at the ſame time deprives him of thoſe other Advantages which Artiſts meet with. The Artiſt finds greater Returns in Profit, as the Author in Fame. What an ineſtimable Price would a *Virgil* or a *Homer*, a *Cicero* or an *Ariſtole* bear, were their Works like a Statue, a Building, or a Picture, to be confined only in one Place, and made the Property of a ſingle Perſon?

IF Writings are thus durable, and may paſs from Age to Age throughout the whole Courſe of Time, how careful ſhould an Author be of committing any thing to Print that may corrupt Poſterity, and poiſon the Minds of Men with Vice and Errour? Writers of great Talents, who employ their Parts in propagating Immorality, and ſeaſoning vicious Sentiments with Wit and Humour, are to be looked upon as the Peſts of Society, and the Enemies of Mankind: They leave Books behind them (as it is ſaid of thoſe who die in Diſtempers which beeed an ill Will towards

wards their own Species) to ſcatter Infection and deſtroy their Poſterity. They act the Counter-parts of a *Confucius* or a *Socrates*; and ſeem to have been ſent into the World to deprave human Nature, and ſink it into the Condition of Brutality.

I have ſeen ſome Roman-Catholick Authors, who tell us, that vicious Writers continue in Purgatory ſo long as the Influence of their Writings continues upon Poſterity: For Purgatory, ſay they is nothing elſe but a cleanſing us of our Sins, which cannot be ſaid to be done away, ſo long as they continue to operate and corrupt Mankind. The vicious Author, ſay they, ſins after Death, and ſo long as he continues to ſin, ſo long muſt he expect to be puniſhed. Though the Roman-Catholick Notion of Purgatory be indeed very ridiculous, one cannot but think that if the Soul after Death has any Knowledge of what paſſes in this World, that of an immoral Writer would receive much more Regret from the Senſe of corrupting, than Satisfaction from the Thought of pleaſing his ſurviving Admirers.

TO take off from the Severity of this Speculation, I ſhall conclude this Paper with a Story of an Atheiſtical Author, who at a time when he lay dangerouſly ſick, and had deſired the aſſiſtance of a neighbouring Curate, confeſſed to him with great Contrition, that nothing ſat more heavy at his Heart than the Senſe of his having ſeduced the Age by his Writings, and that their evil Influence was likely to continue even after his Death. The Curate upon further Examination finding the Penitent in the utmoſt Agonies of Deſpair, and being himſelf a Man of Learning, told him, that he hoped his Caſe was not ſo deſperate as he apprehended, ſince he found that he was ſo very ſenſible of his Fault, and ſo ſincerely repented of it. The Penitent ſtill urged the evil Tendency of his Book to ſubvert all Religion, and the little Ground of Hope there could be for one whoſe Writings would continue to do Miſchief when his Body was laid in Aſhes. The Curate finding no other Way to comfort him, told him, that he did well in being afflicted for the evil Deſign with which he publiſhed his Book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no Danger of its doing any Hurt. That his Cauſe was ſo very bad, and his Arguments ſo weak, that he did not apprehend any ill Effects of it, In ſhort, that he might reſt

ſatisfied

ſatisfied his Book could do no more Miſchief after his Death, than it had done whilſt he was living. To which he added, for his further Satisfaction, that he did not believe any beſides his particular Friends and Acquaintance had ever been at the Pains of reading it, or that any Body after his Death would ever enquire after it. The dying Man had ſtill ſo much the Frailty of an Author in him, as to be cut to the Heart with theſe Conſolations; and without anſwering the good Man, asked his Friends about him (with a Peeviſhneſs that is natural to a ſick Perſon) where they had picked up ſuch a Block-head? And whether they thought him a proper Perſon to attend one in his Condition? The Curate finding that the Author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and ſincere Penitent, but as a Penitent of Importance, after a ſhort Admonition withdrew; not queſtioning but he ſhould be again ſent for if the Sickneſs grew deſperate. The Author however recovered, and has ſince written two or three other Tracts with the ſame Spirit, and very luckily for his poor Soul with the ſame Succeſs. C

Nº 167. *Tueſday, September* 11.

——— Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus ſeſſor plauſorque theatro;
Cætera qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſanè vicinus, amabilis hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem, poſſet qui ignoſcere ſervis,
Et ſigno læſo non inſanire lagenæ:
Poſſet qui rupem & puteum vitare patentem,
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe; Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervaſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus Error. Hor.

THE unhappy Force of an Imagination, unguided by the Check of Reaſon and Judgment, was the Subject of a former Speculation. My Reader may remember that he has ſeen in one of my Papers a Complaint of

of an unfortunate Gentleman, who was unable to contain himſelf, (when any ordinary Matter was laid before him) from adding a few Circumſtances to enliven plain Narrative. That Correſpondent was a Perſon of too warm a Complexion to be ſatisfied with things merely as they ſtood in Nature, and therefore formed Incidents which ſhould have happened to have pleaſed him in the Story. The ſame ungoverned Fancy which puſhed that Correſpondent on, in ſpite of himſelf, to relate publick and notorious Falſhoods, makes the Author of the following Letter do the ſame in Private; one is a prating, the other a ſilent Liar.

THERE is little purſued in the Errors of either of theſe Worthies, but mere preſent Amuſement: But the Folly of him who lets his Fancy place him in diſtant Scenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him who is ever forcing a Belief, and defending his Untruths with new Inventions. But I ſhall haſten to let the Liar in Soliloquy, who calls himſelf a CASTLE-BUILDER, deſcribe himſelf with the ſame Unreſervedneſs as formerly appeared in my Correſpondent abovemention'd. If a Man were to be ſerious on this Subject, he might give very grave Admonitions to thoſe who are following any thing in this Life, on which they think to place their Hearts, and tell them that they are really CASTLE-BUILDERS. Fame, Glory, Wealth, Honour, have in the Proſpect pleaſing Illuſions: but they who come to poſſeſs any of them will find they are Ingredients towards Happineſs, to be regarded only in the ſecond Place; and that when they are valued in the firſt Degree they are as diſappointing as any of the Phantoms in the following Letter.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Sept.* 6. 1711.

'I Am a Fellow of a very odd Frame of Mind, as you 'will find by the Sequel; and think my ſelf Fool 'enough to deſerve a Place in your Paper. I am unhap-'pily far gone in Building, and am one of that Species of 'Men who are properly denominated Caſtle-Builders, who 'ſcorn to be beholden to the Earth for a Foundation, or 'dig in the Bowels of it for Materials; but erect their 'Structures in the moſt unſtable of Elements, the Air, 'Fancy alone laying the Line, marking the Extent, and

'ſha-

ſhaping the Model. It would be difficult to enumerate what auguſt Palaces and ſtately Porticos have grown under my forming Imagination, or what verdant Meadows and ſhady Groves have ſtarted into Being by the powerful Feat of a warm Fancy. A Caſtle-Builder is even juſt what he pleaſes, and as ſuch I have graſped imaginary Scepters, and delivered uncontroulable Edicts, from a Throne to which conquered Nations yielded Obeiſance. I have made I know not how many Inroads into *France*, and ravaged the very Heart of that Kingdom; I have dined in the *Louvre*, and drank Champaign at *Verſailles*; and I would have you take Notice, I am not only able to vanquiſh a People already cowed and accuſtomed to Flight, but I could, *Almanzor* like, drive the *Britiſh* General from the Field, were I leſs a Proteſtant, or had ever been affronted by the Confederates. There is no Art or Profeſſion, whoſe moſt celebrated Maſters I have not eclipſed. Wherever I have afforded my ſalutary Preſence Fevers have ceaſed to burn, and Agues to ſhake the human Fabrick. When an eloquent Fit has been upon me, an apt Geſture and proper Cadence has animated each Sentence, and gazing Crowds have found their Paſſions work'd up into Rage, or ſoothed into a Calm. I am ſhort, and not very well made; yet upon Sight of a Woman, I have ſtretched into proper Stature, and killed with a good Air and Mien. Theſe are the gay Phantoms that dance before my waking Eyes and compoſe my Day-Dreams. I ſhould be the moſt contented Happy Man alive, were the chimerical Happineſs which ſprings from the Paintings of Fancy leſs fleeting and tranſitory. But alas! it is with Grief of Mind I tell you, the leaſt Breath of Wind has often demoliſhed my magnificent Edifices, ſwept away my Groves, and left no more Trace of them than if they had never been. My Exchequer has ſunk and vaniſhed by a Rap on my Door, the Salutation of a Friend has coſt me a whole Continent, and in the ſame Moment I have been pulled by the Sleeve, my Crown has fallen from my Head. The ill Conſequence of theſe Reveries is inconceivably great, ſeeing the Loſs of imaginary Poſſeſſions makes Impreſſions of real Woe. Beſides, bad Oeconomy is viſible and apparent in Builders of inviſible Manſions. My

Tenants

'Tenants Advertiſements of Ruins and Dilapidations often 'caſt a Damp on my Spirits, even in the Inſtant when the 'Sun, in all his Splendor, gilds my Eaſtern Palaces. Add 'to this the penſive Drudgery in Building, and conſtant 'graſping Aerial Trowels, diſtracts and ſhatters the Mind, 'and the fond Builder of *Babells* is often curſed with an 'incoherent Diverſity and Confuſion of Thoughts. I do 'not know to whom I can more properly apply my ſelf 'for relief from this Fantaſtical Evil, than to your ſelf; 'whom I earneſtly implore to accommodate me with a 'Method how to ſettle my Head and cool my Brain pan. 'A Diſſertation on Caſtle-Building may not only be ſer-'viceable to my ſelf, but all Architects, who diſplay their 'Skill in the thin Element. Such a Favour would oblige 'me to make my next Soliloquy not contain the Praiſes of 'my dear ſelf but of the SPECTATOR, who ſhall, by 'complying with this, make me

His Obliged, Humble Servant,

T Vitruvius.

N° 168. *Wedneſday, September* 12.

——*Pectus Præceptis format amicis.* Hor.

IT would be Arrogance to neglect the Application of my Correſpondents ſo far, as not ſometimes to inſert their Animadverſions upon my Paper; that of this Day ſhall be therefore wholly compoſed of the Hints which they have ſent me.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I Send you this to congratulate your late Choice of a 'Subject, for treating on which you deſerve publick 'Thanks; I mean that on thoſe licenſed Tyrants the School-'Maſters. If you can diſarm them of their Rods, you 'will certainly have your old Age reverenced by all the 'young Gentlemen of *Great Britain* who are now between 'ſeven and ſeventeen Years. You may boaſt that the in-'comparably wiſe *Quintillian* and you are of one Mind in

'this

'this Particular. *Si cui eſt* (ſays he) *mens tam illiberalis ut* 'objurgatione non corrigatur, is etiam ad plagas, ut peſſima 'quaque mancipia, durabitur. *If any Child be of ſo diſingenuous a Nature, as not to ſtand corrected by Reproof, he, like the very worſe of Slaves, will be hardened even againſt Blows themſelves*; and afterwards, *Pudet dicere in qua probra nefandi homines iſto cedendi jure abutantur*, i. e. *I bluſh to ſay how ſhamefully thoſe wicked Men abuſe the Power of Correction.*

'I was bred my ſelf, Sir, in a very great School, of 'which the Maſter was a *Welchman*, but certainly deſcended from a *Spaniſh* Family, as plainly appeared from his 'Temper as well as his Name. I leave you to judge what 'a ſort of School-Maſter a *Welchman* ingrafted on a *Spaniard* would make. So very dreadful had he made himſelf 'to me, that altho' it is above twenty Years ſince I felt 'his heavy Hand, yet ſtill once a Month at leaſt I dream 'of him, ſo ſtrong an Impreſſion did he make on my 'Mind. 'Tis a Sign he has fully terrified me waking, 'who ſtill continues to haunt me ſleeping.

'AND yet I may ſay, without Vanity, that the Buſineſs of the School was what I did without great Difficulty; and I was not remarkably unlucky; and yet ſuch 'was the Maſter's Severity that once a Month, or oftner, 'I ſuffered as much as would have ſatisfied the Law of 'the Land for a *Petty Larceny*.

'MANY a white and tender Hand, which the fond 'Mother has paſſionately kiſſed a thouſand and a thouſand 'Times, have I ſeen whipped 'till it was covered with 'Blood; perhaps for ſmiling, or for going a Yard and half 'out of a Gate, or for writing an O for an A, or an A for 'an O: Theſe were our great Faults! Many a brave and 'noble Spirit has been there broken; others have run from 'thence and were never heard of afterwards. It is a wor'thy Attempt to undertake the Cauſe of diſtreſt Youth; 'and it is a noble Piece of *Knight Errantry* to enter the 'Liſts againſt ſo many armed Pædagogues. 'Tis pity but 'we had a Set of Men, polite in their Behaviour and Me'thod of Teaching, who ſhould be put into a Condition of 'being above flattering or fearing the Parents of thoſe they 'inſtruct. We might then poſſibly ſee Learning become 'a Pleaſure, and Children delighting themſelves in that, 'which now they abhor for coming upon ſuch hard Terms

to

to them: What would be ſtill a greater Happineſs ariſing from the Care of ſuch Inſtructors, would be, that we ſhould have no more Pedants, nor any bred to Learning who have not Genius for it. I am, with the utmoſt Sincerity, *SIR*,

Your moſt affectionate humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Richmond, Sept.* 5th, 1711.

I Am a Boy of fourteen Years of Age, and have for this laſt Year been under the Tuition of a Doctor of Divinity, who has taken the School of this Place under his Care. From the Gentleman's great Tenderneſs to me and Friendſhip to my Father, I am very happy in learning my Book with Pleaſure. We never leave off our Diverſions any farther than to ſalute him at Hours of Play when he pleaſes to look on. It is impoſſible for any of us to love our own Parents better than we do him. He never gives any of us an harſh Word, and we think it the greateſt Puniſhment in the World when he will not ſpeak to any of us. My Brother and I are both together inditing this Letter: He is a Year older than I am, but is now ready to break his Heart that the Doctor has not taken any Notice of him theſe three Days. If you pleaſe to print this he will ſee it, and, we hope, taking it for my Brother's earneſt Deſire to be reſtored to his Favour, he will again ſmile upon him.

Your moſt obedient Servant,

T. S.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

YOU have repreſented ſeveral Sorts of *Impertinents* ſingly, I wiſh you would now proceed, and deſcribe ſome of them in Sets. It often happens in publick Aſſemblies, that a Party who came thither together, or whoſe Impertinencies are of an equal Pitch, act in Concert, and are ſo full of themſelves as to give Diſturbance to all that are about them. Sometimes you have a Set of Whiſperers who lay their Heads together in order to ſacrifice every Body within their Obſervation; ſometimes a Set of Laughers, that keep up an inſipid Mirth in their own Corners, and by their Noiſe and Geſtures ſhew they have

'have no Reſpect for the reſt of the Company. You frequently meet with theſe Sets at the Opera, the Play, the 'Water-works, and other publick Meetings, where their 'whole Buſineſs is to draw off the Attention of the Spectators from the Entertainment, and to fix it upon themſelves; and it is to be obſerved that the Impertinence is 'ever loudeſt, when the Set happens to be made up of 'three or four Females who have got what you call a 'Woman's Man among them.

'I am at a Loſs to know from whom People of Fortune ſhould learn this Behaviour, unleſs it be from the 'Footmen who keep their Places at a new Play, and are 'often ſeen paſſing away their Time is Sets at *All-fours* in 'the Face of a full Houſe, and with a perfect Diſregard to 'People of Quality ſitting on each Side of them.

'FOR preſerving therefore the Decency of publick 'Aſſemblies, methinks it would be but reaſonable that 'thoſe who diſturb others ſhould pay at leaſt a double 'Price for their Places; or rather Women of Birth and 'Diſtinction ſhould be informed, that a Levity of Behaviour in the Eyes of People of Underſtanding degrades 'them below their meaneſt Attendants; and Gentlemen 'ſhould know that a fine Coat is a Livery, when the Perſon who wears it diſcovers no higher Senſe than that of 'a Footman. I am,

SIR, Your Humble Servant.

Mr. SPECTATOR, *Bedfordſhire, Sept.* 1, 1711.

'I Am one of thoſe whom every Body calls a Pocher, 'and ſometimes go out to courſe with a Brace of 'Greyhounds, a Maſtiff, and a Spaniel or two; and when 'I am weary with Courſing, and have killed Hares enough, 'go to an Ale-houſe to refreſh my ſelf. I beg the Favour 'of you (as you ſet up for a Reformer) to ſend us Word 'how many Dogs you will allow us to go with, how 'many Full-Pots of Ale to drink, and how many Hares to 'kill in a Day, and you will do a great Piece of Service to 'all the Sports-men: Be quick then, for the Time of 'Courſing is come on.

Yours in Haſte,

T Iſaac Hedgeditch.

Thurſday,

Nº 169. *Thurſday, September* 13.

Sic vita erat: facile omnes perferre ac pati:
Cum quibus erat cunque una, his ſeſe dedere,
Eorum obſequi ſtudiis: advorſus nemini;
Nunquam præponens ſe aliis. Ita facillime
Sine invidia invenias laudem. ——— Ter. And.

MAN is ſubject to innumerable Pains and Sorrows by the very Condition of Humanity, and yet, as if Nature had not ſown Evils enough in Life, we are continually adding Grief to Grief, and aggravating the common Calamity by our cruel Treatment of one another. Every Man's natural Weight of Affliction is ſtill made more heavy by the Envy, Malice, Treachery, or Injuſtice of his Neighbour. At the ſame time that the Storm beats on the whole Species, we are falling foul upon one another.

HALF the Miſery of human Life might be extinguiſhed, would Men alleviate the general Curſe they lye under, by mutual Offices of Compaſſion, Benevolence and Humanity. There is nothing therefore which we ought more to encourage in our ſelves and others, than that Diſpoſition of Mind which in our Language goes under the Title of Good-nature, and which I ſhall chuſe for the Subject of this Day's Speculation.

GOOD-NATURE is more agreeable in Converſation than Wit, and gives a certain Air to the Countenance which is more amiable than Beauty. It ſhews Virtue in the faireſt Light, takes off in ſome meaſure from the Deformity of Vice, and makes even Folly and Impertinence ſupportable.

THERE is no Society or Converſation to be kept up in the World without Good-nature, or ſomething which muſt bear its Appearance, and ſupply its Place. For this Reaſon Mankind have been forced to invent a kind of Artificial Humanity, which is what we expreſs by the Word *Good Breding*. For if we examine thoroughly the Idea of what we call ſo, we ſhall find it to be nothing elſe but an Imitation and Mimickry of Good-nature, or in other Terms, Affability, Complaiſance and Eaſineſs of Temper reduced into an Art.

THESE

THESE exterior Shows and Appearances of Humanity render a Man wonderfully popular and beloved, when they are founded upon a real Good-nature; but without it are like Hypocriſie in Religion, or a bare Form of Holineſs, which, when it is diſcovered, makes a Man more deteſtable than profeſſed Impiety.

GOOD-NATURE is generally born with us; Health, Proſperity and kind Treatment from the World are great Cheriſhers of it where they find it, but nothing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not grow of it ſelf. It is one of the Bleſſings of a happy Conſtitution, which Education may improve but not produce.

XENOPHON in the Life of his Imaginary Prince, whom he deſcribes as a Pattern for Real ones, is always celebrating the *Philanthrophy*, or Good-nature of his Hero, which he tells us he brought into the World with him, and gives many remarkable Inſtances of it in his Childhood, as well as in all the ſeveral Parts of his Life. Nay, on his Death-bed, he deſcribes him as being pleaſed, that while his Soul returned to him who made it, his Body ſhould incorporate with the great Mother of all things, and by that means become beneficial to Mankind. For which reaſon he gives his Sons a poſitive Order not to enſhrine it in Gold or Silver, but to lay it in the Earth as ſoon as the Life was gone out of it.

AN Inſtance of ſuch an Overflowing of Humanity, ſuch an exuberant Love to Mankind, could not have entred into the Imagination of a Writer, who had not a Soul filled with great Ideas, and a general Benevolence to Mankind.

IN that celebrated Paſſage of *Saluſt*, where *Cæſar* and *Cato* are placed in ſuch beautiful, but oppoſite Lights; *Cæſar*'s Character is chiefly made up of Good-nature, as it ſhewed it ſelf in all its Forms towards his Friends or his Enemies, his Servants or Dependants, the Guilty or the Diſtreſſed. As for *Cato*'s Character, it is rather awful than amiable. Juſtice ſeems moſt agreeable to the Nature of God, and Mercy to that of Man. A Being who has nothing to Pardon in himſelf, may reward every Man according to his Works; but he whoſe very beſt Actions muſt be ſeen with Grains of Allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate and forgiving. For this reaſon, among all the monſtrous Characters in Human Nature, there is

none ſo Odious, nor indeed ſo exquiſitely Ridiculous, as that of a rigid ſevere Temper in a Worthleſs Man.

THIS Part of Good-nature, however, which conſiſts in the pardoning and over-looking of Faults, is to be exerciſed only in doing our ſelves Juſtice, and that too in the ordinary Commerce and Occurrences of Life; for in the Publick Adminiſtrations of Juſtice, Mercy to one may be Cruelty to others.

IT is grown almoſt into a Maxim, that Good-natured Men are not always Men of the moſt Wit. The Obſervation, in my Opinion, has no Foundation in Nature. The greateſt Wits I have converſed with are Men eminent for their Humanity. I take therefore this Remark to have been occaſioned by two Reaſons. Firſt, Becauſe Ill-nature among ordinary Obſervers paſſes for Wit, A ſpightful Saying gratifies ſo many little Paſſions in thoſe who hear it, that it generally meets with a good Reception. The Laugh riſes upon it, and the Man who utters it is looked upon as a ſhrewd Satyriſt. This may be one Reaſon, why a great many pleaſant Companions appear ſo ſurprizingly dull, when they have endeavoured to be Merry in Print; the Publick being more juſt than Private Clubs or Aſſemblies, in diſtinguiſhing between what is Wit and what is Ill-Nature.

ANOTHER Reaſon why the Good-natured Man may ſometimes bring his Wit in Queſtion, is perhaps, becauſe he is apt to be moved with Compaſſion for thoſe Misfortunes or Infirmities, which another would turn into Ridicule, and by that means gain the Reputation of a Wit. The Ill-natured Man, though but of equal Parts, gives himſelf a larger Field to expatiate in; he expoſes the Failings in Humane Nature which the other would caſt a Veil over, laughs at Vices which the other either excuſes or conceals, gives Utterance to Reflections which the other ſtifles, falls indifferently upon Friends or Enemies, expoſes the Perſon who has obliged him, and, in ſhort, ſticks at nothing that may eſtabliſh his Character of a Wit. It is no Wonder therefore he ſucceeds in it better than the Man of Humanity, as a Perſon who makes uſe of indirect Methods is more likely to grow Rich than the fair Trader. L

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 19 OCT

INDEX.

INDEX.

A.

ACTION the Felicity of the Soul, Numb. 116. Affliction and Sorrow, not always expreſt by Tears, N. 95. True Affliction labours to be inviſible, *ibid.*

Age, the unnatural Miſunderſtanding between Age and Youth, N. 153. The Authority of an aged virtuous Perſon preferable to the Pleaſures of Youth, *ibid.*

Albacinda, her Character, N. 144.

Alexander, his Artifice in his *Indian* Expedition, N. 127. His Anſwer to thoſe who ask'd him if he would not be a Competitor for the Prize in the Olympick Games, *ibid.*

Amaryllis, her Character, N. 144.

Ambition the Occaſion of Factions, N. 125.

Animals, the different Make of every Species, N. 120. The Inſtinct of Brutes, *ibid.* exemplify'd in ſeveral Inſtances, *ibid.* God himſelf the Soul of Brutes, 121. The Variety of Arms with which they are provided by Nature, *ibid.*

Amuſements of Life, when innocent, neceſſary and allowable, N. 93.

Apparitions, the Creation of weak Minds, N. 110.

Arable, (Mrs.) the great Heireſs, the *Spectator*'s Fellow-Traveller, N. 132.

Ariſtotle, his Account of the World, N. 166.

Ariſtus and *Aſpaſia*, an happy Couple, N. 128.

Artiſt, wherein he has the Advantage of an Author, N. 166.

Aſſociation of honeſt Men propoſed by the *Spectator*, N. 126.

Author, in what Manner one Author is a Mole to another, N. 124. Wherein an Author has the Advantage of an Artiſt, 166. The Care an Author ought to take of what he writes, *ibid.* A Story of an Atheiſtical Author, *ibid.*

B.

BAREFACE, his Succeſs with the Ladies, and the Reaſon for it, N. 156.

Bear-Garden, the *Spectator*'s Method for the Improvement of it, N. 141.

Beauties, whether Male or Female, very untractable, N. 87. and fantaſtical, 144. impertinent and diſagreeable, *ibid.* The Efficacy of Beauty, *ibid.*
Board Wages, the ill Effects of it, N. 88.
Bodily Exerciſes, of ancient Encouragement, N. 161.
Books reduced to their Quinteſſence, N. 124. The Legacies of great Genius's, 166.
Burnet (Dr.) Some Paſſages in his Theory of the Earth conſidered, N. 143 and 146.

C.

CÆSAR (*Julius*) his Reproof to an ill Reader, N. 147.
Cambray (the Biſhop of) his Education of a Daughter recommended, N. 95.
Cant, from whence ſaid to be derived, N. 147.
Care: what ought to be a Man's chief Care, N. 122.
Carneades, the Philoſopher, his Definition of Beauty, N. 144.
Caſſius, the Proof he gave of his Temper in his Childhood, N. 157.
Caſtle-Builders, who, and their Follies expoſed, N. 167.
Cenſure, a Tax, by whom paid to the Publick, and for what, N. 101.
Chaplain, the Character of Sir *Roger de Coverley*'s, N. 106.
Chaſtity, the great Point of Honour in Women, N. 99.
Chearfulneſs of Temper, how to be obtained and preſerved, N. 143.
Children: wrong Meaſures taken in the Education of the *Britiſh* Children, N. 157.
Children in the Wood, a Ballad, wherein to be commended, N. 85.
Church-yard, the Country Change on *Sunday*, N. 112.
Common Prayer, ſome Conſiderations on the reading of it, N. 147. The Excellency of it, *ibid.*
Compaſſion, the Exerciſe of it would tend to leſſen the Calamities of Life, N. 169.
Compliments in ordinary Diſcourſe cenſured, N. 103. Exchange of Compliments, 155.
Conde (Prince of) his Face like that of an Eagle, N. 86.
Connecte (*Thomas*) a Monk in the 14th Century, a zealous Preacher againſt the Women's Commodes in thoſe Days, N. 98.

3 19 OCT

Con-

Contentment, the utmoſt Good we can hope for in this Life, N. 163.

Converſation, uſually ſtuffed with too many Compliments, N. 103. What properly to be underſtood by the Word Converſation, 143.

Cottilus, his great Equanimity, N. 143.

Coverly (Sir *Roger de*) he is ſomething of an Humouriſt, N. 106. His Choice of a Chaplain, *ibid.* His Management of his Family, 107. His Account of his Anceſtors, 109. Is forced to have every Room in his Houſe exorciſed by his Chaplain, 110. A great Benefactor to his Church in *Worceſterſhire*, 112. in which he ſuffers no one to ſleep but himſelf, *ibid.* He gives the *Spectator* an Account of his Amours, and Character of his Widow, 113, 118. The Trophies of his ſeveral Exploits in the Country, 115. A great Fox-hunter, 116. An Inſtance of his good Nature, *ibid.* His Averſion to Confidents, 118. The manner of his Reception at the Aſſizes, 122. where he whiſpers the Judge in the Ear, *ibid.* His Adventure when a Schoolboy, 125. A Man for the landed Intereſt, 126. His Adventure with ſome Gypſies, 130. Rarely ſports near his own Seat, 131.

Country, the Charms of it, N. 118. Country Gentleman and his Wife, Neighbours to Sir *Roger*, their different Tempers deſcribed, 128. Country *Sunday*, the Uſe of it, 112. Country Wake deſcribed, 161.

Courage recommends a Man to the Female Sex more than any other Quality, N. 99. One of the chief Topicks in Books of Chivalry, *ibid.* Falſe Courage, *ibid.* Mechanick Courage, what, 152.

Cowley, his Magnanimity, N. 114.

Coxcombs, generally the Womens Favourites, N. 128.

D.

DEATH, the Contemplation of it affords a Delight mix'd with Terrour and Sorrow, N. 133. Intended for our Relief, *ibid.* Deaths of eminent Perſons the moſt improving Paſſages in Hiſtory, *ibid.*

Debt: the ill State of ſuch as run in Debt, N. 82.

Decency, nearly related to Virtue, N. 104.

Demurrers, what ſort of Women ſo to be called, N. 89.

Devotion, the great Advantage of it, N. 93. The moſt natural Relief in our Afflictions, 163.
Dick Craſtin challengeth *Tom Tulip*, N. 91.
Diſappointments in Love, the moſt difficult to be conquered of any other, N. 163.
Diſſenters, their canting way of Reading, N. 147.
Diſſimulation, the perpetual Inconvenience of it, N. 103.
Duelling, a Diſcourſe againſt it, N. 84. *Pharamond*'s Edict againſt it, 97.
Duration, the Idea of it how obtained according to Mr. *Lock*, N. 94. Different Beings may entertain different Notions of the ſame Parts of Duration, *ibid.*

E.

EDucation: an ill Method obſerved in the educating our Youth, N. 157.
Eminent Men, the Tax paid by them to the Publick, N. 101.
Engliſhmen, the peculiar Bleſſing of being born one, N. 135. The *Spectator*'s Speculations upon the *Engliſh* Tongue, *ibid.* *Engliſh* not naturally talkative, *ibid.* and 148. The *Engliſh* Tongue much adulterated, 165.
Epaminondas, his honourable Death, N. 133.
Ephraim, the Quaker, the *Spectator*'s Fellow-Traveller in a Stage-Coach, N. 132. His Reproof to a recruiting Officer in the ſame Coach, *ibid.* and Advice to him at their Parting, *ibid.*
Equanimity, without it we can have no true Taſte of Life, N. 143.
Equeſtrian Order of Ladies, N. 104. Its Origin, *ibid.*
Errors and Prepoſſeſſions difficult to be avoided, N. 117.
Eternity, a Proſpect of it, N. 159.
Eucrate, his Conference with *Pharamond*, N. 84.
Eucratia, her Character, N. 144.
Eudoſia, her Character, N. 144.
Eudoxus and *Leontine*, their Friendſhip, and Education of their Children, N. 123.
Exerciſe, the great Benefit and Neceſſity of bodily Exerciſe, N. 155.

F.

FAlſhood in Man, a Recommendation to the fair Sex, N. 156.
Families: the ill Meaſures taken by great Families in the Education of their younger Sons, N. 108.

Fan, the Exerciſe of it, N. 102.
Faſhion: Men of Faſhion, who, N. 151.
Fauſtina the Empreſs, her Notions of a pretty Gentleman, N. 128.
Female Virtues, which the moſt ſhining, N. 81.
Flavia, her Mother's Rival, N. 91.
Flutter of the Fan, the Variety of Motions in it, N. 102.
Freeport, (Sir *Andrew*) his Moderation in Point of Politicks, N. 126.
Frugality, the Support of Generoſity, N. 107.

G.

GAming, the Folly of it, N. 93.
Glory, the Love of it, N. 139. In what the Perfection of it conſiſts, *ibid.*
Genius, what properly a great one, N. 160.
Gentry of *England*, generally ſpeaking, in Debt, N. 82.
Geography of a Jeſt ſettled, N. 138.
Gigglers in Church reproved, N. 158.
Glaphyra, her Story out of *Joſephus*, N. 110.
Good-breeding, the great Revolution that has happened in that Article, N. 119.
Good-Humour, the Neceſſity of it, N. 100.
Good-Nature more agreeable in Converſation than Wit, N. 169. The Neceſſity of it, *ibid.* Good-Nature born with us, *ibid.*
Grandmother: Sir *Roger de Coverley*'s Great, Great, Great Grandmother's Receipt for an Haſty-Pudding and a White-Pot, N. 109.
Great Men, the Tax paid by them to the Publick, N. 101. Not truly known till ſome Years after their Deaths, *ibid.*
Gypſies: an Adventure between Sir *Roger*, the *Spectator*, and ſome Gypſies, N. 130.

H.

HAndſome People generally fantaſtical, N. 144. The *Spectator*'s Liſt of ſome handſome Ladies, *ibid.*
Harry Terſett and his Lady, their Way of Living, N. 160.
Hate: why a Man ought not to hate even his Enemies, N. 125.
Head-dreſs, the moſt variable thing in Nature, N. 98. Extravagantly high in the 14th Century, *ibid.* With what Succeſs attacked by a Monk of that Age, *ibid.*

Heathen Philoſopher, N. 150.
Heirs and Elder Brothers frequently ſpoiled in their Education, N. 123.
Hiſtorian in Converſation, who, N. 136.
Honeycomb (*Will.*) his Knowledge of Mankind, N. 105. His Letter to the *Spectator*, 131. His Notion of a Man of Wit, 151. His Boaſts, *ibid.* His Artifice, 156.
Honour, wherein commendable, N. 99. and when to be exploded, *ibid.*
Hunting, the Uſe of it, N. 116.

I.

ICHneumon, a great Deſtroyer of Crocodile's Eggs, N. 126.
Idols: Coffee-houſe Idols, N. 87.
Immortality of the Soul, Arguments in Proof of it, N. 111.
Impertinents, ſeveral Sorts of them deſcribed, N. 148, and 168.
Indigo, the Merchant, a Man of prodigious Intelligence, N. 136.
Indiſpoſition; a Man under any, whether real or imaginary, ought not to be admitted into Company, N. 143.
Indolence, what, N. 100.
Inſtinct, the Power of it in Brutes, N. 120.
Irreſolution, from whence ariſing, N. 151.
Irus's Fear of Poverty, and Effects of it, N. 114.

K.

KEnnett (Dr.) his Account of the Country Wakes, N. 161.
Knowledge, the Purſuits of it long, but not tedious, N. 94. The only Means to extend Life beyond its natural Dimenſions, *ibid.*

L.

LAbour: bodily Labour of two Kinds, N. 115.
Laertes, his Character in Diſtinction from that of *Irus*, N. 114.
Lancaſhire Witches, a Comedy, cenſured, N. 141.
Language, the *Engliſh*, much adulterated during the War, N. 165.
Leontine and *Eudoxus*, their great Friendſhip and Adventures, N. 123.

Letters

Letters to the *Spectator*; from *Roſalinda*, with a Deſire to be admitted into the Ugly Club, N. 87; from *T. T.* complaining of the Idols in Coffee-houſes, *ibid.* from *Philo-Britannicus* on the Corruption of Servants, 88; from *Sam. Hopewell*, 89. from *Leonora*, reminding the *Spectator* of the Catalogue, 92; from *B. D.* concerning real Sorrow, 95; from *Annabella*, recommending the Biſhop of *Cambray*'s Education of a Daughter, *ibid.* from *Tom. Truſty*, a Servant, containing an Account of his Life and Services, 96; from the Maſter of the Fan-Exerciſe, 102; from —— againſt the Equeſtrian Order of Ladies, 104; from *Will. Wimble* to Sir *Roger de Coverly*, with a Jack, 108; to the *Spectator* from —— complaining of the new Petticoat, 127; from a Lawyer on the Circuit, with an Account of the Progreſs of the Faſhions in the Country, 129; from *Will. Honeycomb*, 131; from *George Truſty*, thanking the *Spectator* for the great Benefit he has received from his Works, 134; from *William Wiſeacre*, who deſires his Daughter may learn the Exerciſe of the Fan, *ibid.* from a profeſs'd Lyar, 136; from *Ralph Valet*, the faithful Servant of a perverſe Maſter, 137; from *Patience Giddy*, the next Thing to a Lady's Woman, *ibid.* from *Lydia Novell*, complaining of her Lover's Conduct, 140; from *R. D.* concerning the corrupt Taſte of the Age, and the Reaſons of it, *ibid.* from *Betty Saunter* about a Wager, *ibid.* from *Parthenope*, who is angry with the *Spectator* for meddling with the Ladies Petticoats, *ibid.* from——upon Drinking, *ibid.* from *Rachael Baſto* concerning Female Gameſters, *ibid.* from *Parthenia*, *ibid.* from —— containing a Reflection on a Comedy called *The Lancaſhire Witches*, 141; from *Andromache*, complaining of the falſe Notion of Gallantry in Love, with ſome Letters from her Huſband to her, 142; from—— concerning Wagerers, 145; from —— complaining of Impertinents in Coffee-houſes, *ibid.* from —— complaining of an old Batchelour, *ibid.* from—— concerning the Skirts in Mens Coats, *ibid.* from —— on the reading the Common-Prayer, 147; from the *Spectator* to a dancing Outlaw, 148; from the ſame to a dumb Viſitant, *ibid.* to the *Spectator* from *Sylvia* a Widow, deſiring his Advice in the Choice of a Huſband, 149; the *Spectator*'s Anſwer, *ibid.* to the *Spectator* from *Simon*

Simon Honeycomb, giving an Account of his Modesty, Impudence, and Marriage, 154; from an Idol that keeps a Coffee-house, 155; from a beautiful Milliner, complaining of her Customers, *ibid.* from —— with a Reproof to the *Spectator*, 158; from —— concerning the Ladies Visitants, *ibid.* from —— complaining of the Behaviour of Persons in Church, *ibid.* from a Woman's Man, *ibid.* from —— with a Description of a Country Wake, 161; from *Leonora*, who had just lost her Lover, 163; from a young Officer to his Father, 165. To the *Spectator*, from a Castle-Builder, 167; from —— concerning the Tyranny of Schoolmasters, *ibid.* from *T. S.* a Schoolboy at *Richmond*, *ibid.* from —— concerning Impertinents, *ibid.* from *Isaac Hedgeditch*, a Pocher, *ibid.*

Lewis of *France*, compared with the Czar of *Muscovy*, N. 139.

Lye given, a great Violation of the Point of Honour, N. 103.

Life: in what Manner our Lives are spent, according to *Seneca*, N. 93. Life is not real but when chearful, 143. In what Manner to be regulated, *ibid.* How to have a right Enjoyment of it, *ibid.* A Survey of it in a Vision, 159.

Love, a Passion never well cured, N. 118. Natural Love in Brutes more intense than in reasonable Creatures, 120. The Gallantry of it on a very ill Foot, 142. Love has nothing to do with State, 149.

M.

M*Ackbeth*, the Incantations in that Play vindicated, N. 141.

Mahometans, a Custom among them, N. 85.

Males among the Birds have only Voices, N. 128.

Man, variable in his Temper, N. 162.

Malborough (*John* Duke of) took the *French* Lines with out Bloodshed, N. 139.

Marriage-Life, always a vexatious or happy Condition, N. 149.

Master, a good one, a Prince in his Family, N. 107. A Complaint against some ill Masters, 130.

Merab, her Character, N. 144.

Mirzah, the Visions of, N. 159.

Mode: a standing Mode or Dress recommended, N. 129.

Modesty in Men no ways acceptable to Ladies, N. 154.

Mourning: the Signs of true Mourning generally misunderſtood, N. 95.

N.

NIGRANILLA, a Party Lady, forced to patch on the wrong Side, N. 81.

Nutmeg of Delight, one of the *Perſian* Emperor's Titles, N. 160.

O.

OBSCURITY, the only Defence againſt Reproach, N. 101.

Oeconomy, wherein compared to good Breeding, N. 114.

Omniamante, her Character, N. 144.

P.

PAMPHILIO a good Maſter, N. 137.

Parties: an Inſtance of the Malice of Parties, N. 125. The diſmal Effects of a furious Party Spirit, *ibid.* It corrupts both our Morals and Judgment, *ibid.* And reigns more in the Country than Town, 126. Party Patches, 81. Party Scribblers reproved, 125.

Paſſions of the Fan, a Treatiſe for the Uſe of the Author's Scholars, N. 102.

Pedants, who ſo to be reputed, N. 105. The Book Pedant the moſt ſupportable, *ibid.*

Pericles, his Advice to the Women, N. 81.

Perſians, their Inſtitution of their Youth, N. 99.

Petticoat: a Complaint againſt the Hoop Petticoat, N. 127. Several Conjectures upon it, *ibid.* Compared to an *Egyptian* Temple, *ibid.*

Pharamond, ſome Account of him and his Favourite, N. 84. His Edict againſt Duels, 97.

Phocion, his Behaviour at his Death, N. 133.

Phyſiognomy, every Man in ſome degree Maſter of that Art, N. 86.

Place and Precedency more conteſted among Women of an inferiour Rank than Ladies of Quality, N. 119.

Plato, his Notion of the Soul, N. 90. Wherein, according to him and his Followers, the Puniſhment of a voluptuous Man conſiſts, *ibid.*

Pleaſure, when our chief Purſuit, diſappoints it ſelf, N. 151. The Deceitfulneſs of Pleaſure, *ibid.*

Pontignan (Monſieur) his Adventure with two Women, N. 90.

Poſterity, its Privilege, N. 101.
Poverty, the Inconveniences and Mortifications uſually attending it, N. 150.
Prejudice, the Prevalency of it, N. 101.
Procraſtination, from whence proceeding, N. 151.
Providence, demonſtrative Arguments for it, N. 120.
Puniſhments in Schools diſapproved, N. 157.

R.

REASON, not to be found in Brutes, N. 120.
Riding, a healthy Exerciſe, N. 115.
Rival Mother, the firſt Part of her Hiſtory, N. 91.
Roman and *Sabine* Ladies, their Example recommended to the *Britiſh*, N. 81.
Roſalinda, a famous Whig Partizan, her Misfortune, N. 81.

S.

SCHOOLMASTER, the Ignorance and Undiſcerning of the Generality of them, N. 157, 168.
Scipio, his Judgment of *Marius* when a Boy, N. 157.
Sentry, his Account of a Soldier's Life, N. 152.
Servants, the general Corruption of their Manners, N. 88. Aſſume their Maſter's Title, *ibid.* Some good among the many bad ones, 96. Influenced by the Example of their Superiors, *ibid.* and 107. The great Merit of ſome Servants in all Ages, 107. The hard Condition of many Servants, 137.
Shakeſpear, wherein inimitable, N. 141.
Sincerity, the great want of it in Converſation, N. 103.
Sloven, a Character affected by ſome, and for what Reaſon, N. 150. The Folly and Antiquity of it, *ibid.*
Snuff-box, the Exerciſe of it, where taught, N. 138.
Socrates, his Behaviour at his Execution, N. 133. His Speech to his Judges, 146.
Soldiers, when Men of Senſe, of an agreeable Converſation, N. 152.
Sorrow, the outward Signs of it very fallacious, N. 95.
Soul, the Immortality of it evidenced from ſeveral Proofs, N. 111.
Spectator, his inquiſitive Temper, N. 85. His Account of himſelf and his Works to be written 300 Years hence, 101. His great Modeſty, *ib.* He accompanies Sir *Roger de Coverley* into the Country, 106. His Exerciſe when young, 115. He goes with Sir *Roger* a hunting, 116.

and

and to the Aſſizes, 122. His Adventure with a Crew of Gypſies, 130. The ſeveral Opinions of him in the Country, 131. His Return to *London*, and Fellow-Travellers in the Stage Coach, 132. His Soliloquy upon the ſudden and unexpected Death of a Friend, 133.

Spirits, the Appearance of them not fabulous, N. 110.

Squeezing the Hand, by whom firſt uſed in making of Love, N. 109.

Story-Tellers, their ridiculous Punctuality, N. 138.

T.

TASTE (corrupt) of the Age, to what attributed, N. 140.

Tears, not always the Sign of true Sorrow, N. 95.

Theodoſius and *Conſtantia*, their Adventures, N. 164.

Time, our ill uſe of it, N. 93. The *Spectator*'s Direction how to ſpend it, *ibid.*

Tom. Touchy, a quarrelſome Fellow, N. 122.

Tom. Tulip challenged by *Dick Craſtin*, N. 91. Flies into the Country, *ibid.*

Truepenny (*Jack*) ſtrangely good-natured, N. 82.

V.

VALETUDINARIANS in Society, who, N. 100. Not to be admitted into Company, but on Conditions, 143.

Vapours in Women, to what to be aſcribed, N. 115.

Varillas, his Cheerfulneſs and good Humour makes him generally acceptable, N. 100.

Virgil, his beautiful Allegories founded on the Platonick Philoſophy, N. 90.

Virtue, the Exerciſe of it recommended, N. 93. Its Influence, *ibid.* Its near-Relation to Decency, 104.

Volumes: the Advantages an Author receives of publiſhing his Works in Volumes rather than in ſingle Pieces, N. 124.

Uranius, his great Compoſure of Soul, N. 143.

W.

WAGERING Diſputants expoſed, N. 145.

White (*Moll.*) a notorious Witch, N. 117.

Widow (the) her Manner of captivating Sir *Roger de Coverley*, N. 113. Her Behaviour at the Tryal of her Cauſe, *ibid.* Her Artifices and Beauty, *ibid.* Too deſperate a Scholar for a Country Gentleman, *ibid.* Her Reception of Sir *Roger*, *ibid.* whom ſhe helped to ſome Tanzy in the

the Eye of all the Country, *ibid.* She has been the Death of ſeveral Foxes, 115. Sir *Roger*'s Opinion of her that ſhe either deſigns to marry, or ſhe does not, 118. *William* and *Betty*, a ſhort Account of their Amours, N. 118. *Nimble* (*Will*) his Letter to Sir *Roger de Coverley*, N. 108. His Character, *ibid.* His Converſation with the *Spectator*, *ibid.* a Man of Ceremony, 119. thinks the *Spectator* a Fanatick, 126. and fears he has killed a Man, 131.

Wine not proper to be drunk by every one that can ſwallow, N. 140.

Women, the *Engliſh* excel all other Nations in Beauty, N. 81. Signs of their Improvement under the *Spectator*'s Hand, 92. The real Commendation of a Woman, what, 204 and 95. Their Pains in all Ages to adorn the Outſide of their Heads, 98. More gay in their Nature than Men, 128. Not pleaſed with Modeſty in Men, 154. Their Ambition, 156.

Woman's Man deſcribed, N. 156. His neceſſary Qualifications, *ibid.*

World, the preſent, a Nurſery for the next, N. 111.

The End of the Second Volume.

